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POST

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JOHN WAYNE

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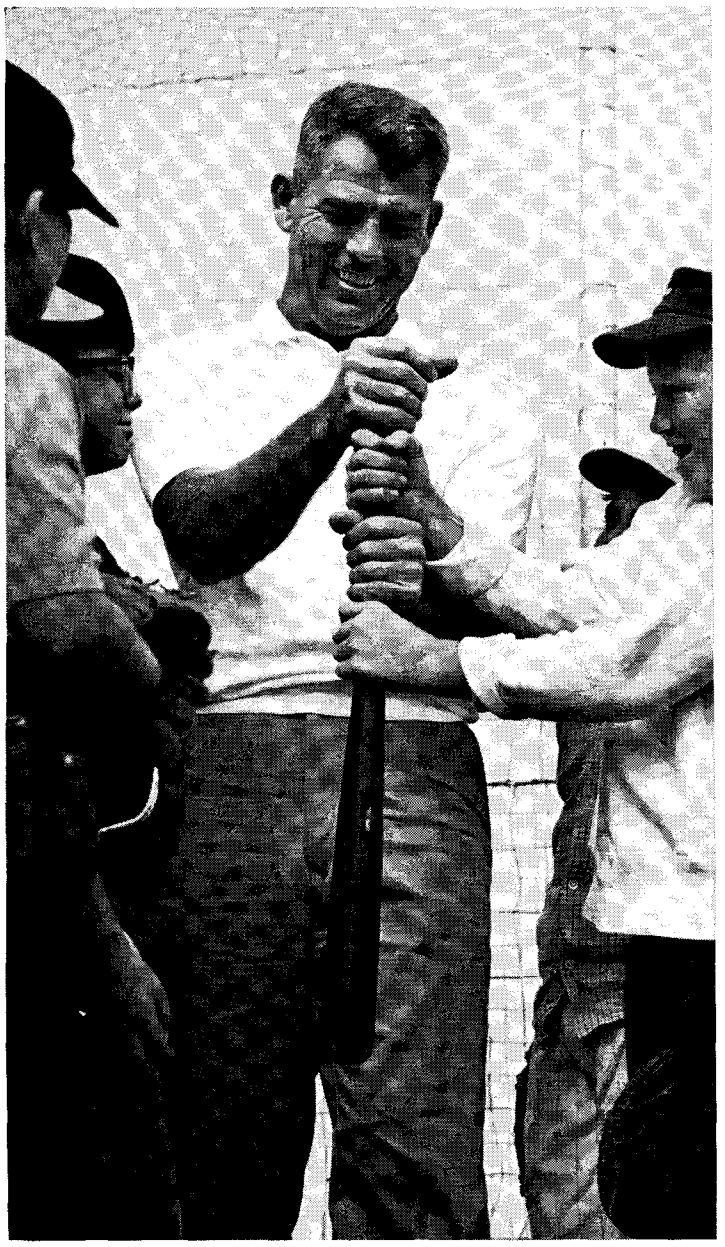

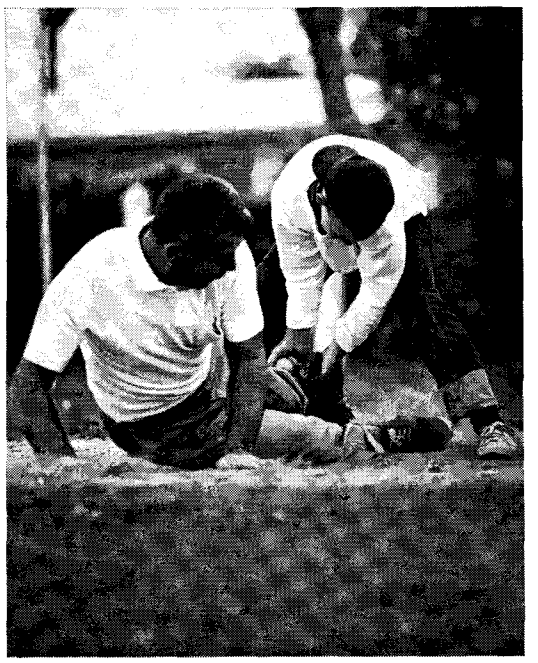

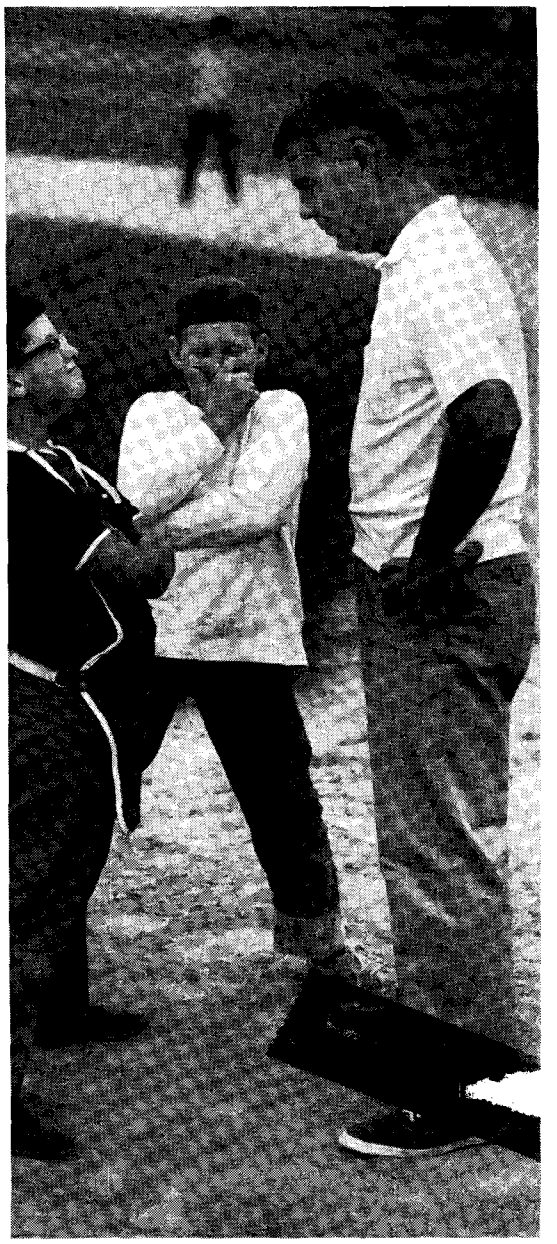

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About this issue

RAFAEL STEINBERG became a Korean War correspondent shortly after his graduation from Harvard in 1950 and since then has spent much of his life in the Far East. Since 1959 he has made his home in Tokyo with his Japanese wife, Tamiko, and two daughters. He speaks Japanese well enough to conduct interviews without an interpreter and feels that the Hiroshima victims were much more willing to talk to him because of his understanding of the language. . . .

Rafael Steinberg

Dexter Masters

DEXTER MASTERS is the author of a novel about Los Alamos, *The Accident*, published 10 years ago and now being reissued by Alfred A. Knopf. He is working on a book that is scheduled for completion next year./Cover photograph© by Karsh of Ottawa.

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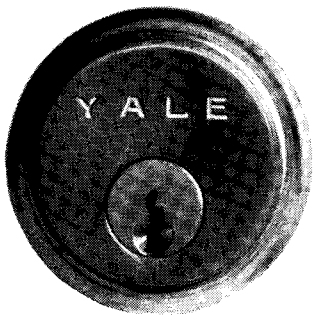

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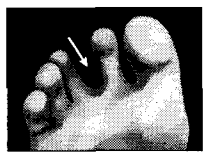

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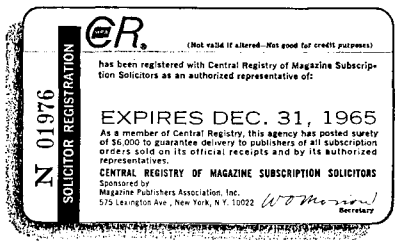
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Letters

Wooing China

Congratulations to Arnold J. Toynbee for his excellent analysis of the psychology of the Chinese people in his Speaking Out article, WE MUST WOO RED CHINA [July 17].

I cannot agree with some of his oversimplifications, however, such as his implicit identification of the Chinese people with their Communist government; their government was imposed on them by force and rules them with tyrannic and barbaric methods. Moreover, the United States and its government is not antagonistic to the Chinese people. They are in sympathy with them and acknowledge the legitimate government of National China on Formosa and its representation in the United Nations.

In addition, Doctor Toynbee should remember that the aim of Communism is world revolution and world domination.

REV. BRUNO SWITALSKI
Prof. of Philosophy, De Paul University
Chicago, Ill.

• You've done a great service by publishing Toynbee's WE MUST WOO RED CHINA. Reasonable ideas on the world situation are rarely heard now in the United States. Most of the press, fearful of the public and the politicians, urge us to dream that China will disappear or to believe that we can destroy, control or change that nation. This nonsense has become national policy; reason has almost become treason.

NORMAN GUTTMAN
Prof. of Psychology, Duke University
Durham, N.C.

• England gave Hitler the Sudetenland, Czechoslovakia, because of the concentration of German people living in that area, and, of course, because Hitler was acting like a petulant child. If the United States followed Toynbee's suggestions, we should give Red China a free hand in Korea, Vietnam and Taiwan, because they are Oriental areas and because China is behaving like a petulant child.

Toynbee may have an idea there. After all, didn't England find "peace in our time"?

ROBERT WILLIAMS
Minot, N. Dak.

Home on the ranch

Go out to a cow camp and call a cowboy a dude wrangler, and he will hang you from the first cottonwood tree. A true-bloods cowboy's job is tending the cattle and not holding a divorcée's hand [LAST OF THE DIVORCE RANCHES by Robert Wernick, July 17]. His knowledge centers about cattle, horses, and the miles of land which he commands. Where the wrangler gets up at 6 A.M., the cowboy more likely gets up at 3. Where the wrangler smells sweet to suit his tender guests, the cowboy more likely smells of sweat. Where the wrangler rides a pony broken and tame, the cowboy quite often has to ride ponies come straight out of hell. And where the wrangler enjoys the company of beautiful ladies, there is little female activity on a working ranch, and what there is is usually an old lady in the house.

JACK RADER
Winnemucca, Nev.

The rich

A hearty salute to every one of the men described in AMERICA'S NEW BIG RICH [by Stewart Alsop, July 17] and to J. Paul Getty [THE WORLD IS MEAN TO MILLIONAIRES, May 22]. These wonderful men you describe work harder and live no better than the many thousands depending on them for a livelihood. It is because of them and their kind that our economy has reached the topmost peak in history—I haven't had a veteran's pension or a Social Security check bounce yet, and our country has the highest standard of living ever.

JOHN WEISS
Norfolk, Va.

James Bond

My compliments to the chef, William K. Zinsser, who served up a most enjoyable article, THE BIG BOND BONANZA [July 17]. In my opinion, as both a James Bond fan and a journalist-editor, Zinsser's article surpasses the numerous accounts of Bond and the filming of *Thunderball*.

BILL HUNTER
Dallas, Tex.

• Banish writer Zinsser back to the corner bookstall (or bar) for further research: his ". . . special environment . . . where Martinis must be stirred and not shaken . . ." is inverted, not Bonded, Fleming.

STANLEY B. FLACK
Pittsburgh, Pa.

• Director Terence Young finds the filming of *Dr. No* "all a joke." Then, in a succeeding paragraph, he condones the brutality of these pictures on the grounds that it is a response to what children want, having seen so much "ordinary violence" on TV. Have we reached the point where we can gain entertainment and pleasure only from a display of callous brutality and flagrant immorality? If so, we have no right to complain about the sharp rise in juvenile delinquency and crime, and the decline in morals of our young people, for *we* are the direct cause of it all.

LINDA KOOPS
CAROLYN HAVERDINK
Holland, Mich.

A correction

A photograph appearing on page 87 of the June 19 issue of *The Post* carried a caption that may have been misleading. The photograph—illustrating William Bradford Huie's article, MURDER: THE KLAN ON TRIAL—showed a main street in Athens, Ga.; and a building in the foreground bore the sign: "Phillips & Penland Refrigeration Service." The caption said: "The Klan's headquarters was on a main street in Athens, yet few people knew of its activities." Three long-time residents of Athens, all of whom were thoroughly familiar with Klan activities, had erroneously identified the Phillips and Penland building to *Post* photographer Vernon Merritt III as the former location of the Klan's headquarters. Any implication that the Klan made its headquarters in this building is mistaken, however. The building is not owned, operated or leased by the Klan, or by Klan members, nor have Klan meetings been held there. There is no connection between the Klan and the Phillips and Penland Refrigeration Service. The building formerly occupied as Klan headquarters is actually located on the same side of the street as the Phillips and Penland Refrigeration Service building, but approximately five blocks away. *The Post* regrets this error.—Ed.

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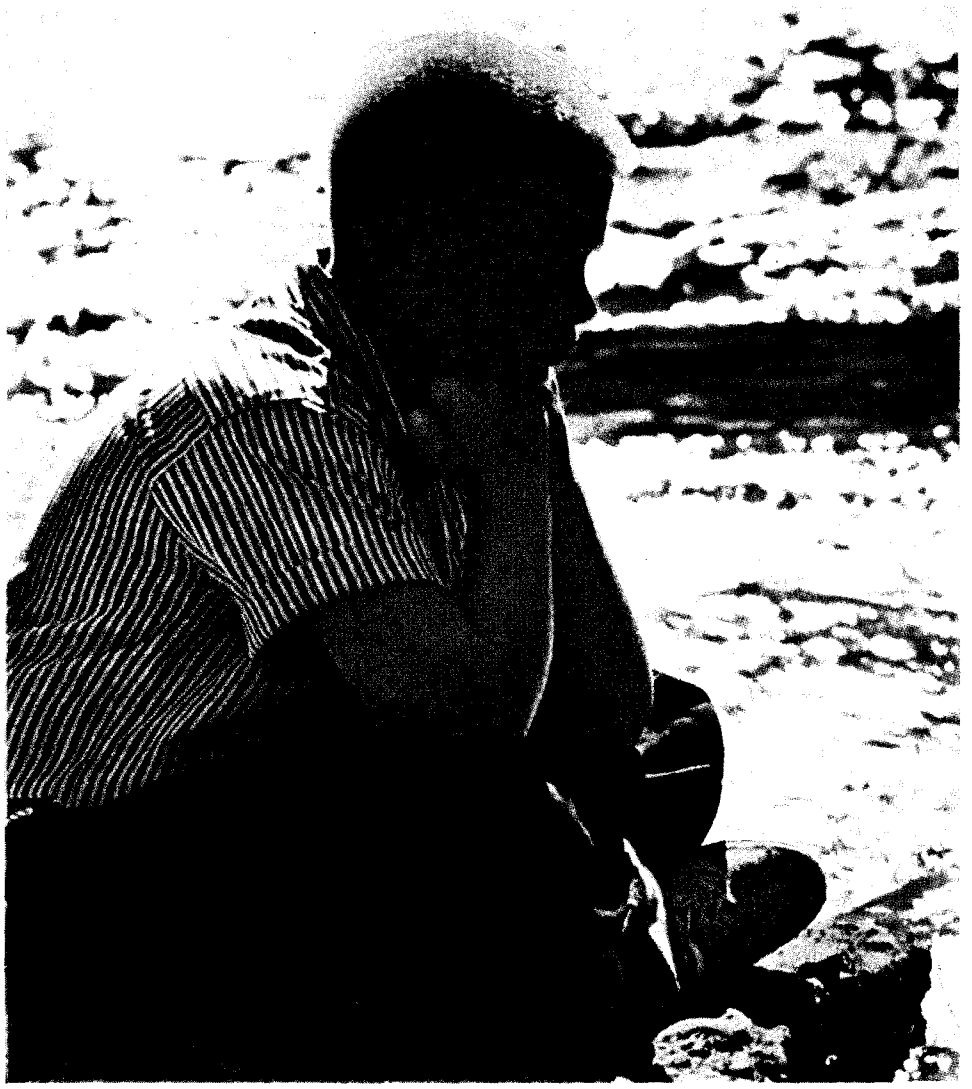

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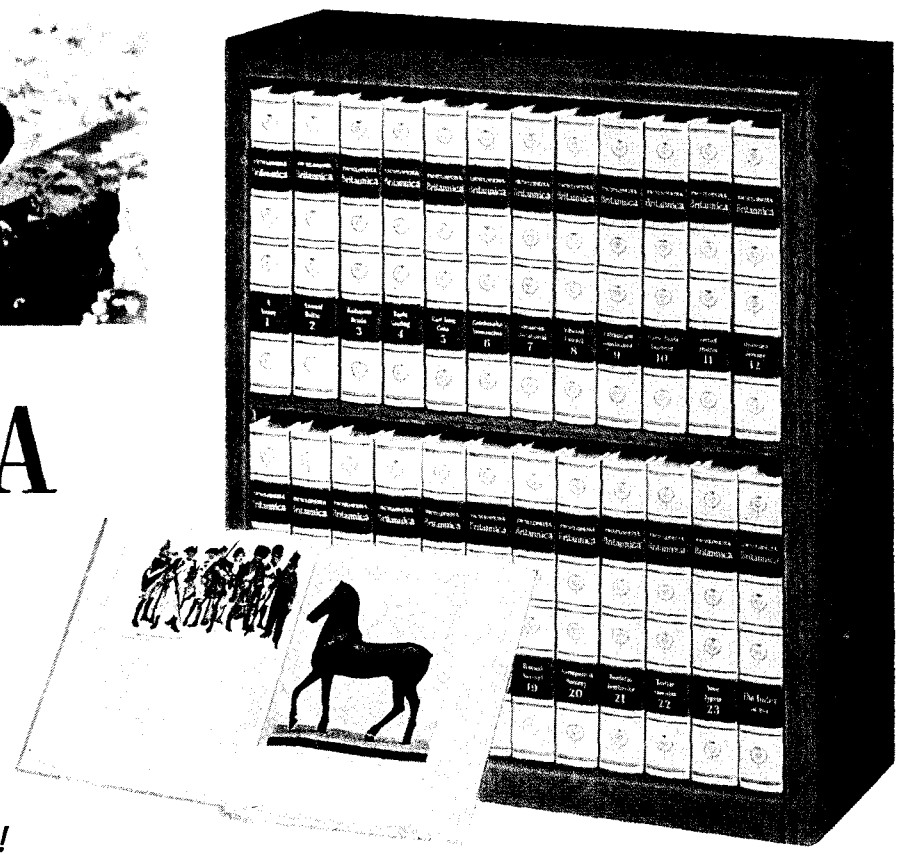

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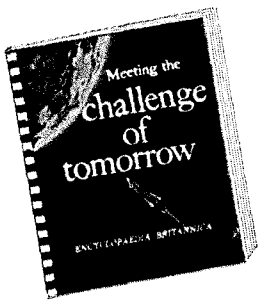

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Letters

The Russian woman

I read the article on THE RUSSIAN WOMAN by Olga Carlisle [June 19] with great interest. I quite agree that the Russian woman has more in her than the Western woman—she has suffered a great deal, and suffering forms the character and teaches one to work.

ALEXANDRA TOLSTOY, *President*
Tolstoy Foundation, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

● While the author made an effort to show both sides of the picture, I found that she did not raise a key question—whether Soviet women have any opportunity to make a choice as to their education, their employment, the organizations they join, and their way of life in general. Women in America cherish particularly their freedom of choice, by which they shape their lives.

ESTHER PETERSON
Assistant Secretary of Labor
Washington, D.C.

Adak

Having spent almost three years in the Aleutian Islands in World War II, from late 1943 until March 1946, I cannot agree with much that Eliot Asinof says in his article ADAK: 'A WOMAN BEHIND EVERY TREE' [July 17].

True, the weather was bad. But, contrary to Mr. Asinof's account, there were pleasures, recreations and diversions. The Army and Navy spent a lot of money for recreation for all personnel, not only officers: softball fields, bowling alleys, hangers converted into enormous gymnasiums with basketball, volleyball and badminton courts. The food was generally good and plenty of it; there were free movies nightly and frequent U.S.O. shows. And there was salmon fishing, catching delicious ocean crabs and ivory hunting (for sea lion tusks).

A fifth of whiskey didn't cost $75—an enlisted man bought whiskey "under cover" for about $20 and got a monthly beer allotment from the Government at a nominal cost. Mr. Asinof speaks of shortages: There were none in the Aleutians except women.

Though the weather was miserable, and we were bored sometimes, we still had "a piece of cake." Our bodies were not torn or shredded by shrapnel; we kept our arms and legs; no one had to inform our dependants that we were killed in combat.

CAPT. JOHN H. PERRY, USA, RET.
Dundee, Ill.

● Having served my time in Adak about nine years ago, the article stirred up memories. When the sun appeared in a cloudless sky, everybody got the afternoon off. One thing the author didn't mention, though, was the earthquakes that hit the island every year; the recreation facilities that we did have were completely destroyed in the quakes of March, 1957.

WALTER FELGAR
Findlay, Ohio

Take your medicine

With marked interest I began the article in your July 3 issue entitled THE SECRET OF LIFE by Max Gunther, and I came across the quote: "'We cannot sleep!' said young Soviet biochemist A. S. Spirin. 'We must know more!'" I scanned through the rest of the article to see if equal time was given to his cohort, A. Nacin, for if this one could not sleep, it could well be serious. Finding no such reference, I concluded that *The Post* had made a serious omission, especially since that other Science-Medico Buff, Erin, was not mentioned either.

ED CHENSKY
Riverside, Ill.

All these puns about A. S. Spirin are more than I can Bayer. According to a private eye I've hired, Al K. Seltzer, Dr. A. S. Spirin actually exists, works at the Bakh Institute of Biochemistry in Moscow, and last July in New York presented a paper entitled, "The Structure and Functioning of Ribosomes."—Max Gunther.

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(Part II)

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2. On your Entry Blank, print your name and address, and the name and address of your Pepsi dealer. In the boxes provided, place the numbers of the baby pictures which correspond to the Miss Americas whose names are printed to the right of the boxes.

3. Each entry must be accompanied by 6 cork liners from the caps of any Pepsi-Cola Company product or 6 plain pieces of paper on which you have hand-printed the name "Pepsi-Cola" in plain block letters. DO NOT SEND BOTTLE CAPS.

4. Mail completed entry to: "Matching Picture" Contest, Box 474, New York, N.Y. 10046. All entries must be postmarked by midnight Aug. 23, 1965 and received by midnight Aug. 29, 1965. Enter as often as you wish, but mail each entry separately.

5. Winners will be selected in random drawings from correct entries by the D. L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization. Only one prize to a family. Judges' decisions are final.

6. Employees (and their families) of Pepsi-Cola Company, its subsidiaries or affiliates, Pepsi-Cola Bottlers, The Miss America Pageant, D. L. Blair Corporation and their advertising agencies are not eligible to enter.

7. No substitutions will be made for any prize offered. Tax liability on prizes will be the responsibility of prize winners. Winners (except "First Prize") will be notified by mail approximately 30 days after the close of the offer. All entries become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co.

8. The Pepsi-Cola Miss America "Matching Picture" Contest is open to residents of areas where it is made available by local Pepsi-Cola Bottlers. Residents of Missouri should disregard Rule #3 in submitting their entries. Offer void where prohibited by law. Special contest for residents of those areas.

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Vonda Kay Van Dyke is Baby #2

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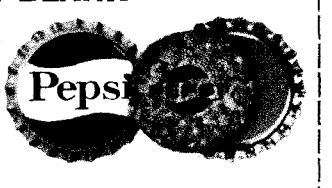
Fill in the blanks below, placing the numbers of the baby pictures next to the names of the Miss Americas to which they correspond. (To get you started, we have correctly placed the number 2 next to Vonda Kay Van Dyke.) Then enclose six corks from under the caps of any Pepsi-Cola Company product (DO NOT MAIL BOTTLE CAPS) or enclose six plain pieces of paper on which you have hand-printed "Pepsi-Cola" in plain block letters and mail to: "MATCHING PICTURE" CONTEST, Box 474, New York, N.Y. 10046.



BONUS GIVEAWAY:
☒ 2 1965 Vonda Kay Van Dyke
☐ 1964 Donna Axum ☐ 1962 Maria Fletcher
☐ 1963 Jacquelyn Mayer ☐ 1961 Nancy Fleming

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Speaking Out

Hypocrisy is no sin

A professor at Cambridge University, Sir Denis is the leading British authority on U.S. history and affairs. His latest book is AMERICAN ASPECTS, *a volume of essays.*

In our insistence that truth conquers all, we find excuses for our misconduct.

by D. W. Brogan

A generation ago a defense of hypocrites and pharisees would have seemed blasphemous, for then the New Testament was widely read and all well-brought-up children knew the parable of the noxious Pharisee who went to the front of the Temple to thank God he was not sinful like other men. Yet today we pursue a policy of truth quite recklessly, and even take the view that it does not matter what we do so long as we are frank about it. "Honesty" and "sincerity": These are the great modern virtues, and they are being used to cover a multitude of sins. To reveal a vice is to merit forgiveness for it: Such seems to me to be a keystone of modern moral philosophy. And it seems to me that a great deal of this philosophy is nonsense. The pursuit and declaration of truth at all costs may in fact produce worse results than the old Victorian hypocrisy we have been trained to despise.

It is perhaps time to attack the modern philosophy by launching a campaign for economy in the use of truth, and for a certain degree of humbug and evasion. I should like to recommend, despite the modern philosophy, some degree of suppression of truth. Despite the Cult of Unrelenting Truth which now has so much power, few of us could stand a continual battering by all truths. In a society where nothing but the truth were told, quarrels, divorces, bankruptcies, violent assaults and even murder would be very common.

I want to make it clear that I have no objection to *all* truth. Indeed, if a woman is dazzlingly beautiful, I consider it a duty to say so to her and also, despite the risk, to other women as well. If a child is brilliantly clever, I consider it a duty to tell the child's mother, for though it may not be news to her, she is glad to have the flattering unction laid to her soul again. There also is no reason for not answering a factual question if you know the right answer—but even here hypocrisy may find a place. It is just as well to avoid implying that the questioner is a dolt for not knowing the date of the Declaration of Independence or the chemical composition of water. Should some friend or stranger make a foolish or incorrect remark, he should be answered only with the hypocrisy of a smile, and if you can convey with even greater hypocrisy that it is most extraordinary that he made a mistake, so much the better.

But there are far more serious problems raised by the Cult of Truth. These problems, it seems to me, stem from the failure of the tell-the-truth philosophers to make some distinctions. The man who sells you a dry oil well or a salted gold mine is not a hypocrite; he is a crook. The man who, accompanied by a lady friend, signs a false name at a hotel may be a hypocrite, but he is not necessarily a crook, unless he pays the hotel bill with a check drawn on his mythical character. The man who makes a living out of bogus religion is both a hypocrite and a crook. He is Elmer Gantry or, to appeal to a more celebrated work of art, he is Molière's Tartuffe.

But here is where we go wrong, for under the guise of seeking truth, we use the charge of "hypocrisy" very freely to condemn those whose activities we dislike, perhaps for reasons which have nothing to do with truth at all. Religion is a common example. True, there have been religious frauds from the beginning of history, but I think that, historically speaking, most religious leaders have believed a great deal of what they have said, perhaps all of it. It was a very crude 18th-century rationalism that assumed that Mohammed and Saint Paul were frauds. If they were deceivers, their first victims were themselves. To found a false religion, the founder must have some belief in its truth.

Many people today, obsessed with "truth," regard with grave suspicion *any* expression of high ethical principles, especially if they are based on alleged religious beliefs. And here is a major harm done by the Truth Cult, since it really demands a certain kind of attitude which it insists is the only truth, while other attitudes, particularly religious ones, are hypocritical and pharisaical. A great deal of modern religiosity is based on the view that religion is good for business or good for the United States, not often that it is good in a deep and permanent sense for the devotee. Still less is it insisted that the Christian has a duty to behave like a Christian, not because it is profitable but because it is right. It seems to me that such skepticism is, in part, due to the belief that right and wrong is an extremely flexible concept, and that if people insist that things are wrong or are right, they must be doing it for some private interest.

People denounce as hypocrisy what may be a perfectly genuine religious belief supported by perfectly genuine religious practice. More than that, the denunciation of the hypocrisy of professing Christians is itself often a rather ugly kind of hypocrisy—a kind I could hardly support. The late great French historian of the English, Élie Halévy, used to say that Molière would have detested Tartuffe even more if Tartuffe had been sincere: that is to say, a real practicing Christian. I rather think Sinclair Lewis might have detested Elmer Gantry more if he had not only preached a fanatic creed but also practiced it. The late James Branch Cabell, no censorious type, once argued plausibly that there was, in fact, no evidence that church members behaved worse than nonchurch members. He even appeared to assert that, on the whole, they behaved better. And even if they had phony motives for allegiance to what their religious denominations asserted were the laws of God, nevertheless, if they *did* follow these laws, they behaved, in most instances, better than if they had had no standards of conduct except those provided by our highly acquisitive and competitive society.

John D. Rockefeller may have been a conscious or unconscious humbug in combining deep piety with his immense capacity for acquiring wealth, but as robber barons go, he was superior to Jay Gould or Jim Fisk. And to quote Halévy again, "Many a man has become a good man by a lifetime of hypocrisy. Good behavior becomes a habit." I know enough of moral philosophy to know that this kind of good behavior is not what the philosophers call true virtue; but in this wicked world—and in this wicked age—we may have to settle for it. Hypocritical virtue is better than unhypocritical vice.

But we are concerned today with an ostentatious candor, and that does not encourage concealment of what used to be thought vice; rather it encourages display of vices, and this is still another menace of the Truth Cult. I should suggest that a great deal of the "powerful" novels, plays, movies, and books of popular philosophy which tell all, with increasing detail of anatomy, increasing concentration on eccentricities of sexual and social behavior, are themselves a new and worse—and indeed, objectionable—form of hypocrisy, which finds concealment behind accusations of hypocrisy against others. I am a great reader of the columns of the highly entertaining ladies who give advice, mainly on erotic points, to young people, mainly female young people. None of them ever seems to advise a young woman not to go to bed with a young man before marriage because it is sinful, or even because it is wrong. It is merely imprudent.

Victorian repression admittedly caused a great deal of unhappiness, a great deal of frustration. But so does the present working philosophy that anything that is done can be done in public and talked about freely, if necessary, to total strangers. In the 1920's someone bragged that young people

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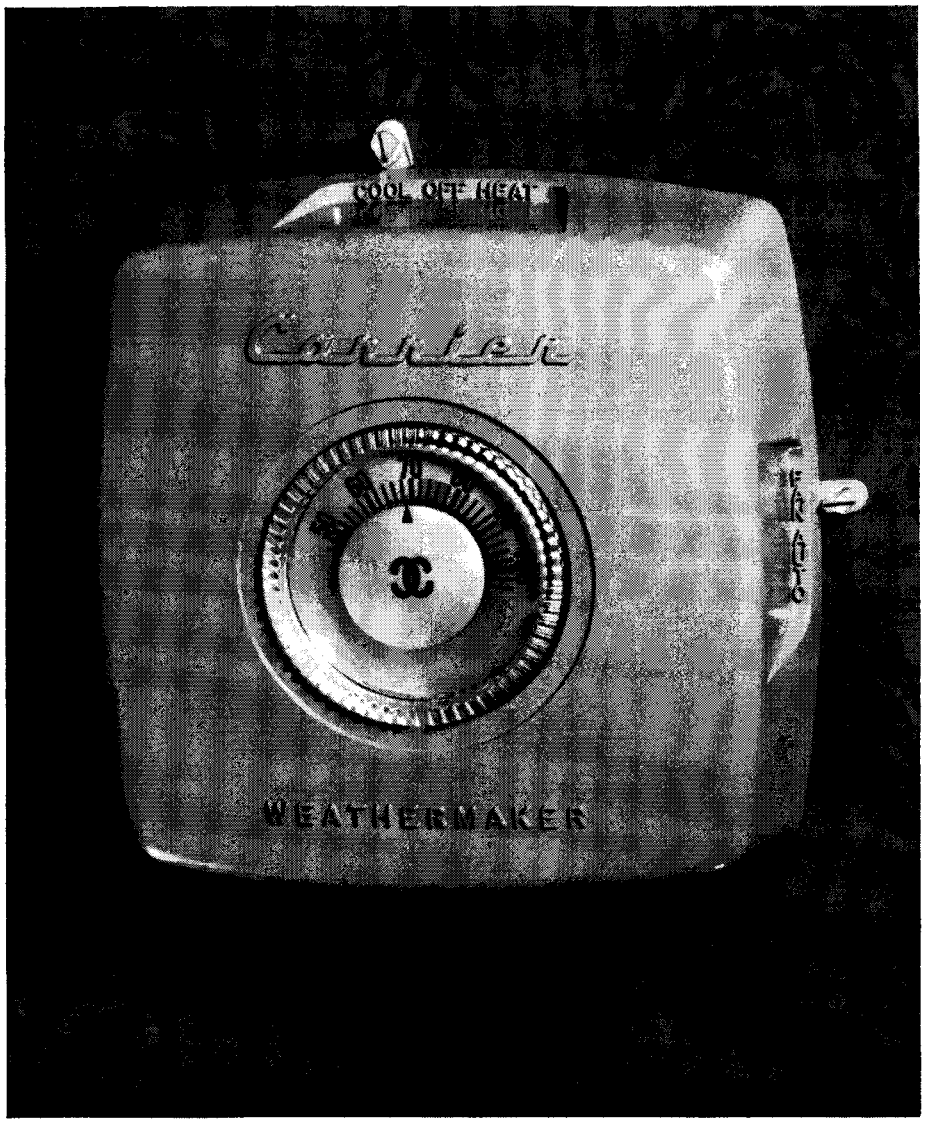

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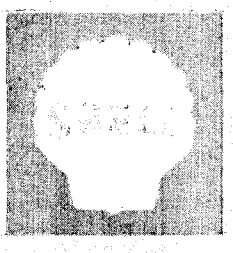

Enameled gold cup, 16th Century, by Benvenuto Cellini.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art. Bequest of Benjamin Altman, 1913.

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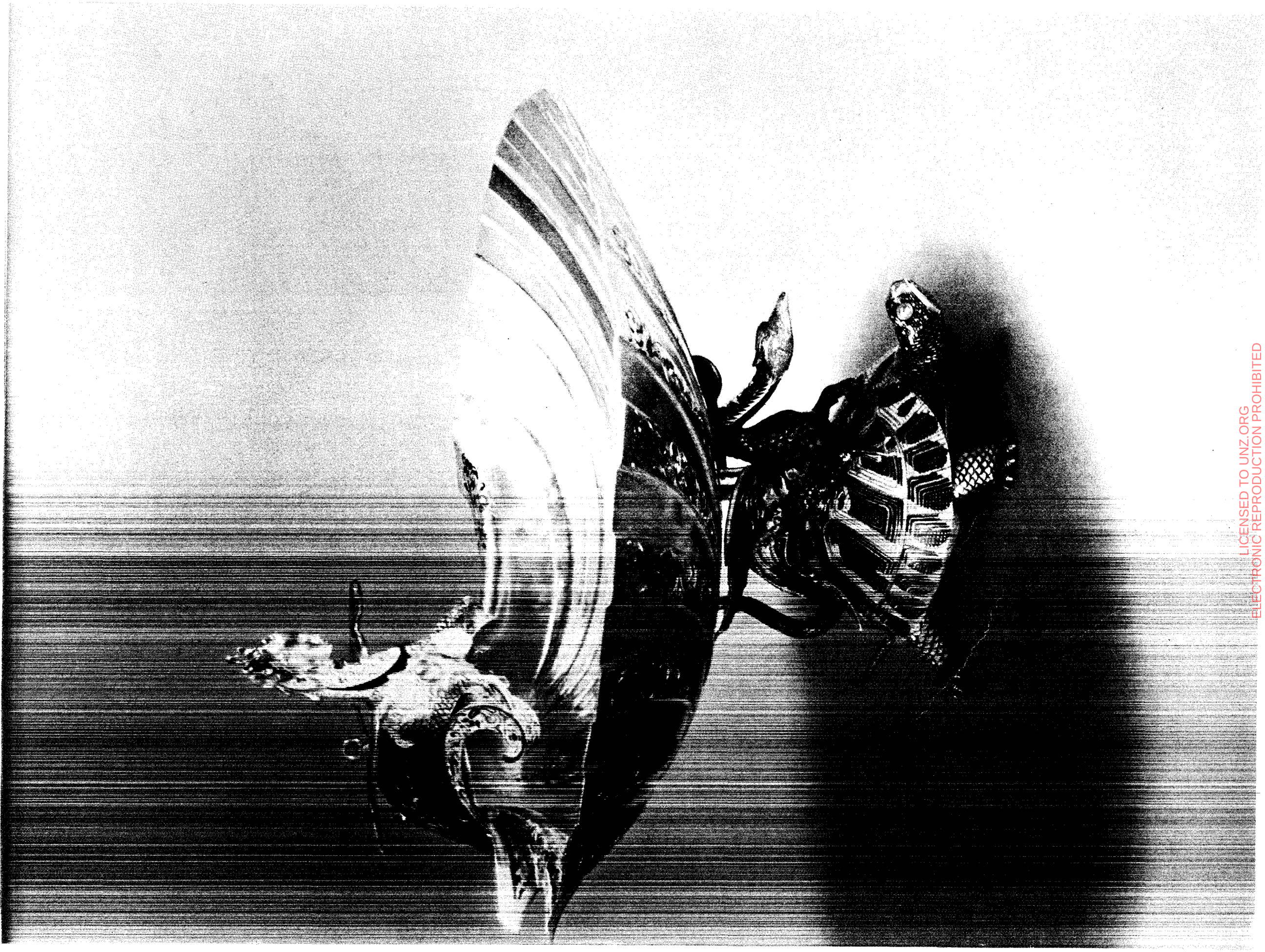

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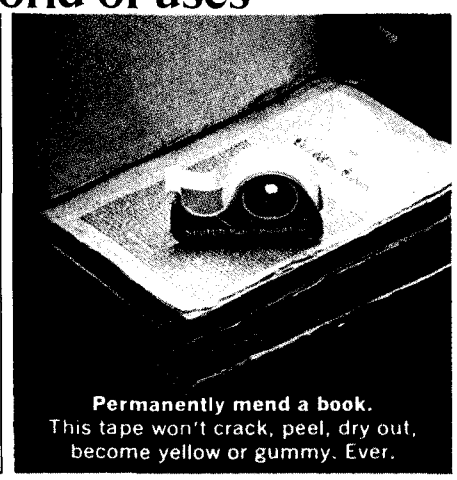

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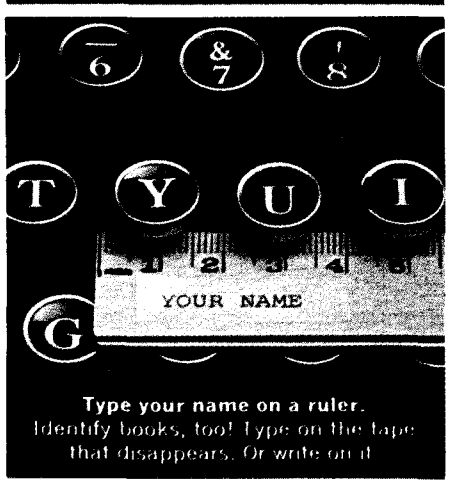

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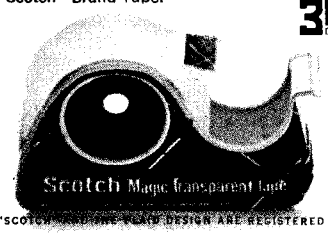

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could "talk about anything," and a somewhat sour critic replied, "Yes, they cannot talk of anything else"—and the critic had a point. It is, as Justice Holmes insisted, civilized not to be shocked in the old and rather silly sense. But one has a right to preserve one's own moral and aesthetic preferences, and the disappearance of verbal taboos, the fig leaves of any art, shocks by destroying the aesthetic pleasures even of such a remarkable event as seduction. It is probable that Shakespeare is the most erotic and the most obscene of English authors, but he raises the comedy of sex to the level of great art. And it is not always comedy; it is sometimes tragedy. Yet if we do not accept the fact that a great deal of sex is intrinsically funny, we fall into the new heresy in which all sexual diversions are profoundly serious—and the more crudely they are represented the better. I am against any form of censorship, but I think *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is a very silly book, and all the nonsense about its being a sort of elaborate defense of Christian love and Christian marriage is a new kind of hypocrisy, more irritating to me than saying limbs for legs, or pretending that babies are born under cabbages. The fact that so much nonsense is talked today about the freedom to use four-letter words and describe all the four-letter acts makes me much less anxious to condemn the Victorians, and more anxious than ever to say some kind words about them.

It is not only in the field of sex (which takes up so much time in conversation and printing today, although it is possible it takes up less time in practice than in the past), that hypocrisy has its place. The old diplomatic conventions by which governments at war with each other continued to use urbane language had a very great value. Modern ideological wars, with their flow of candid and violent abuse, are connected with the decline of politeness in the making of war, and in the making of peace. Then, in politics, there is a good deal to be said for blunting the weapons of controversy through hypocritical techniques. In the British House of Commons, for example, members invariably refer to each other as "Honorable," as "Honorable and Learned" if they are lawyers, as "Honorable and Gallant" if they are soldiers. The rhetoric of politics, of which Senator Dirksen is today the greatest American master, involves the use of highly exaggerated, highly implausible and thus hypocritical declarations of immutable principles and the threat of almost unmentionable disasters, when, in fact, no one thinks the principles are immutable or the disasters imminent.

Without question American politicians overdo their devotion to the religion of democracy, just as American clerics overdo their appeal to Christian principles, and so they should. Oscar Wilde's definition of a liar is pertinent: "The aim of the liar is simply to charm, to delight, to give pleasure."

The late New York Mayor Jimmie Walker, who had not, I fear, a very truthful mind, may have lived up too much to the definition, and yet his kind is a basis of civilized society. A country cannot afford many Walkers and perhaps cannot afford any in the higher offices, but it would be absurd to compare politicians like Walker with the great sinners of our age, Hitler and Stalin, who unfortunately did not understand the merits and uses of hypocrisy.

I will concede that there are dangers in hypocrisy. One is that the hypocrite may come to believe his own deceits. By becoming sincere, he becomes a menace to himself and to his country. As that great Englishman Doctor Johnson put it admirably, "Clear your mind of cant." You can say, with comparatively little harm, many things that are exaggerated, absurd, untrue, but do no great harm; but you must not believe them yourself. The Madison Avenue type who *really* believes that a new detergent or a new filter is a discovery nearly as important as penicillin is a dangerous man. This is still more true when a politician comes to believe in his own murderous nonsense. I have no doubt at all that Hitler was sincere. I wish he had been more of a hypocrite; he would have been more open to argument and prudence if not to humanity.

Beneath the present custom of saying everything as truly and as crudely as possible there is buried the illusion that telling the truth is easy. In fact, the question posed by Pilate, "What is truth?" is still hard to answer. Robert Burns, who produced cheerful humbug, may not have known truth, but he knew what he was doing. He wrote what I think is a deeply bogus poem about Scottish religious life, but he also wrote some beautiful but amorous poetry to his numerous mistresses, and also wrote some extremely obscene and funny verses. He made it possible for Scottish ministers to propose his health annually, although he disliked ministers, and although a minister who held him up as an example of conduct would deserve to be unfrocked.

Milton denounced hypocrisy as: "The only evil that walks invisible except to God alone." Hypocrisy that is as successful as this is, I think, quite uncommon, although Milton might have thought otherwise since he was a highly censorious and bossy type, for whom it was possible to regret the Garden of Eden. The unrelenting insistence on truth destroys the occasional valuable use of taboo words to shock *profitably* and reduces us all to a steady level of misleading candor. Since Freudianism suggests that we cannot tell the truth anyway, that whatever we say is, in some way or another, covering up, it might be as well to fall back on the old hypocritical conventions, or, at any rate, allow some of us to fall back on them without being suspected of not knowing the facts of life.

Dems Brogan

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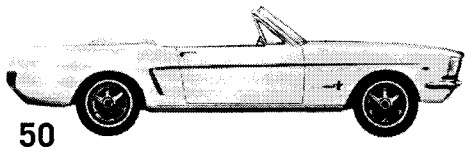

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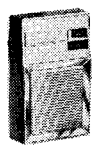

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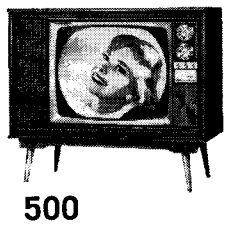

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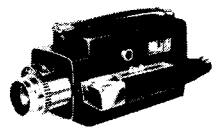

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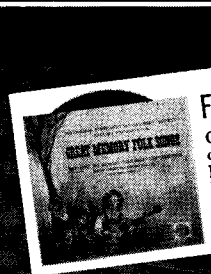

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The anti-Johnson underground

WASHINGTON:

This town is obsessed by Lyndon Johnson. No other President has so fascinated Washington, and so dominated the city's conversation. Whenever two or three Washingtonians are gathered together, the talk soon veers from such traditional Washington topics as the weather and real estate to the subject of Lyndon B. Johnson. All this talk about President Johnson is interesting as a symptom of a peculiar political phenomenon—the existence of an anti-Johnson underground.

At any given time, dozens of "Johnson stories" are circulating in the town. These stories do not—and should not—see print. Some of them are simply made-up jokes, often salacious and often wholly unfunny. Johnson is the first President since Franklin Roosevelt to be the subject of this brand of "joke."

In another category are the stories which are told as true, and some of which, allowing for embellishment, are true. Some, of course, are mere malicious gossip, and most are unprintable because they reflect the President's now well-advertised penchant for earthy language. But all the Johnson stories, from the trivial anecdotes to the supposedly authentic accounts of Johnsonian rages at press "leaks" or Johnsonian bullyings of Cabinet members, have one central theme.

This central theme is the President's famous pride, *hubris*, ego, call it what you will. And what is interesting about the Johnson stories is the people who tell them. In Franklin Roosevelt's day, the dirty stories about "Franklin and Eleanor" were recounted by rich Republican businessmen over the brandy and cigars. So were the supposedly authentic and often totally imaginary accounts of the "goings-on in the White House." The Johnson stories are told, and with relish, by Democrats with liberal leanings who are ostensibly supporters and admirers of Lyndon Johnson.

There is, of course, some open opposition to the President. The formal Republican opposition is feeble to the point of anemia. On the central issue of Vietnam policy, the most articulate opposition comes from non-Republicans, such as Walter Lippmann in journalism, Sen. Wayne Morse on Capitol Hill or Dr. Hans Morgenthau in the academic community. But the anti-Johnson underground—the covert, unacknowledged opposition from Democrats or liberals with Democratic leanings—is in some ways more significant than the open opposition to the President.

There seem to be several reasons for the existence of an anti-Johnson underground. A man who is very powerful is always the object of a kind of instinctive and covert protest, especially if he is also feared. There is a certain fear of Lyndon Johnson in Washington.

Some of the Johnson stories concern his use of FBI files, income-tax records and wire taps as instruments of reprisal. These stories are doubtless apocryphal, but everyone knows that Lyndon is a rough, tough, powerful President with no compunctions about using his power in a rough, tough way. The Johnson stories, in fact, have something in common with the antimonarchic lampoons which circulated in the London coffeehouses in Charles II's day, in protest against his stubborn claim to the "divine right of kings." The king's police arrested the satirists, put them in stocks, cut off their ears, and occasionally hanged them, but the lampoons went right on circulating.

Another reason for the existence of an anti-Johnson underground is, curiously enough, the memory of John F. Kennedy. A good many people who deeply admired the late President tend, irrationally, to think of Lyndon Johnson as a usurper. This irrationality finds its mirror image in the White House—the best way not to get a good job in the Johnson Administration is to be tagged "close to the Kennedys."

The press also plays a key role in the anti-Johnson underground—reporters are the principal disseminators of the "Johnson stories." Some of the tension between the press and the President springs from petty causes, like the President's perfectly justifiable habit of suiting his own convenience rather than the reporters'. But there are causes which are not petty. The President has done his powerful best to cut off all news sources other than himself, or those willing to dispense only the official line. The press has reacted instinctively and angrily, for a press without independent news sources is a kept press.

There are also, of course, honest but unexpressed doubts among some liberal Democrats about the President's conduct of foreign policy, especially in Vietnam. But the main reason for the existence of an anti-Johnson underground seems to be the kind of man Lyndon Johnson is. Many people in this town—on Capitol Hill, in the press, even in the higher reaches of the Johnson Administration itself—have a feeling of being crowded, pushed, used and managed by the President. Take, as an example, the handling of the supplemental $700 million appropriation for the Vietnamese war.

The President asked that the money be voted on a few hours' notice, without serious debate. Actually, the money was badly needed, but the way the matter was handled made it look like a presidential power play, designed to force blank-check approval from Congress of his Vietnamese policies.

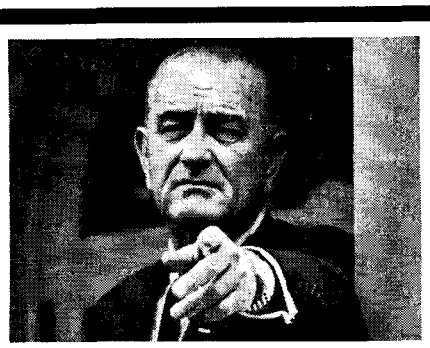
As such it was deeply resented by a good many senators. The Kennedy brothers briefly considered voting against the appropriation, and if they had, they would have been joined by a dozen or more senators.

In the end, only three senators voted "nay." But there was a lot of sympathy for the private explanation of one nay-sayer, Sen. Gaylord Nelson: "Here was this tough Texan pointing his gun at my feet and saying 'dance,' and I was damned if I'd do it."

The importance of such small episodes can of course be exaggerated. Lyndon Johnson himself, when he was Majority Leader, enjoyed needling reporters for constantly predicting a "liberal revolt against Johnson" that never happened. The anti-Johnson underground is largely confined to Washington, and it is largely manned by people who basically admire the President.

Yet the fact that the anti-Johnson underground is so largely a creation of Lyndon Johnson is a phenomenon worth noting for future reference. What Tom Wicker of *The New York Times* has called the President's "rage for love, respect, approval," runs counter to his equally powerful rage to dominate, to manage, to run everything. One rage can be satisfied, but not both. This irreconcilability of his twin rages is one weakness of a very strong President. If things start to go really wrong, at home or abroad, the weakness may turn out to be a deeply serious one.

Stewart Alsop



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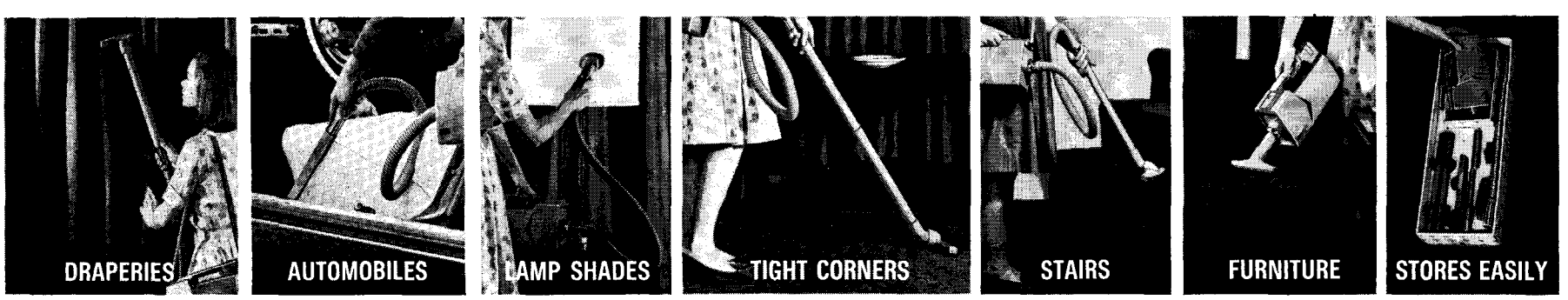

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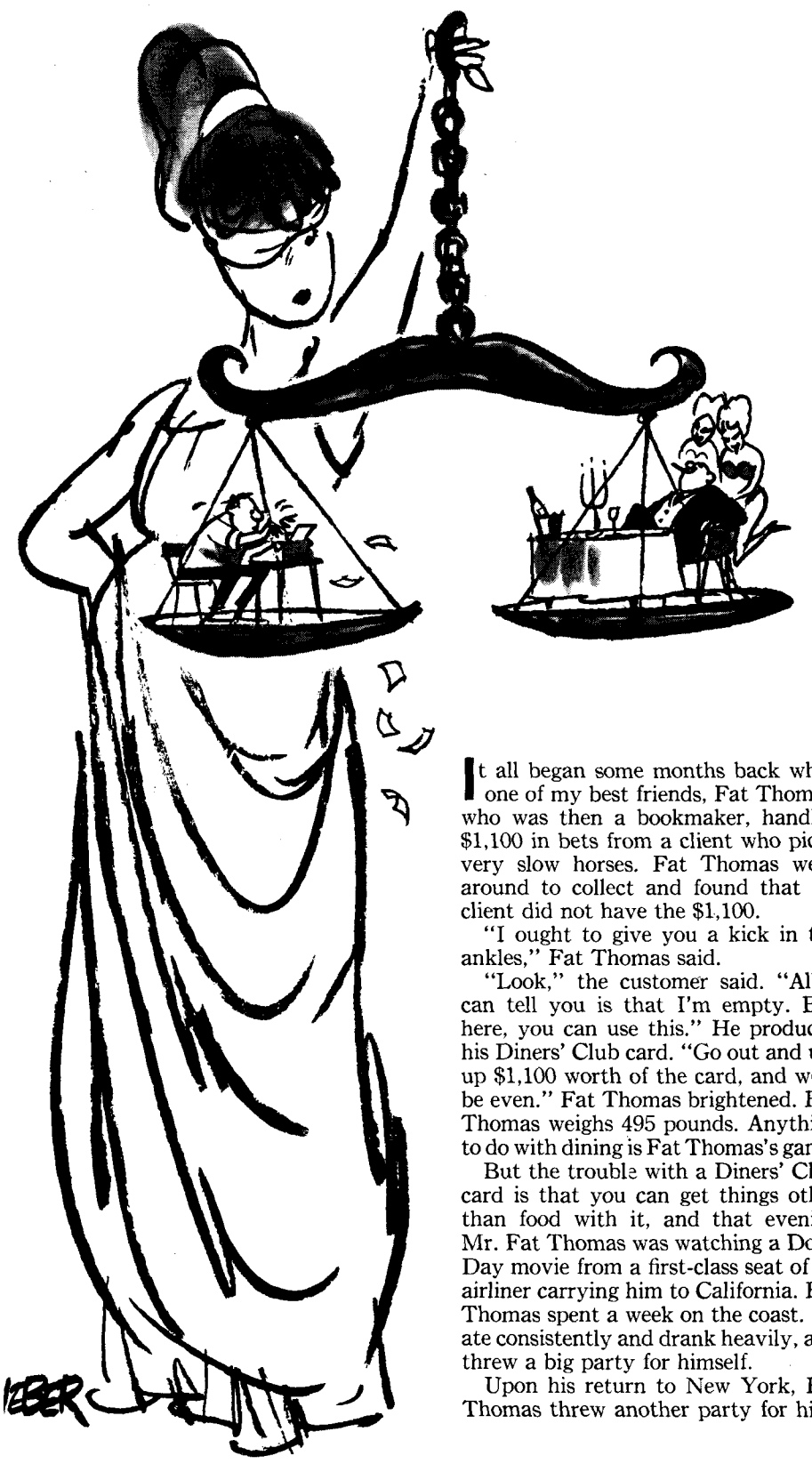
The Human Comedy

I am a fugitive from the Diners' Club

By Jimmy Breslin



It all began some months back when one of my best friends, Fat Thomas, who was then a bookmaker, handled $1,100 in bets from a client who picks very slow horses. Fat Thomas went around to collect and found that his client did not have the $1,100.

"I ought to give you a kick in the ankles," Fat Thomas said.

"Look," the customer said. "All I can tell you is that I'm empty. But here, you can use this." He produced his Diners' Club card. "Go out and use up $1,100 worth of the card, and we'll be even." Fat Thomas brightened. Fat Thomas weighs 495 pounds. Anything to do with dining is Fat Thomas's game.

But the trouble with a Diners' Club card is that you can get things other than food with it, and that evening Mr. Fat Thomas was watching a Doris Day movie from a first-class seat of an airliner carrying him to California. Fat Thomas spent a week on the coast. He ate consistently and drank heavily, and threw a big party for himself.

Upon his return to New York, Fat Thomas threw another party for himself at a midtown restaurant. Fat Thomas's party was the biggest thing to happen in New York in six months. His guest list included Mr. Bad Eddie, Mr. Cheech Vanella, Mr. Pep McGuire, Mr. Albie Silver, Mr. Angelo, some private handicappers, and several other people, including newspaper editors and television announcers. At one A.M. the party sent out for a masseur, who gave rubdowns at the table. At the end of the evening the waiter came with the check and Fat Thomas, pencil in hand, jumped up, signed a huge tip on the check, then bounced between the tables and made his way to the street and home for a week's rest.

At this point the Diners' Club personally contacted the real owner of the card. The bill was $3,985 and the Diners' Club said it would appreciate a slight gesture. This loser looked at the figure and started to faint. Then he pulled himself together and said, "I don't know nothing about this. I lost my Diners' Club card a month ago. Somebody stole it off me."

The Diners' Club was a bit taken back by this. They happened to mention the matter to a detective from the 16th Precinct in New York City. The detective happened to mention the matter to the waiters in the midtown restaurant. The waiters happened to mention Fat Thomas. Two days later Fat Thomas called me up and happened to mention that he was in the Tombs, which is our local prison.

"Bres, come down and get me," he said. "And bring a friend."

"Who?"

"Louis Topper, the bail bondsman."

The charge was forgery one, which is not a joke. And the judge who had the case is not very funny either. He said something about Fat Thomas and six months in jail. Now I know Fat Thomas all of my life. He dropped out of my class in P.S. 108 to run bets for a bookmaker, and he never stopped. He is a big, delightful bum who never really does anything wrong. He always is broke, and he can't meet this dinner bill. For a friend, you do things. We got Fat Thomas's case postponed, and then I went to the offices of the Diners' Club, No. 10 Columbus Circle, and asked to see Matty Simmons, executive vice president. Matty Simmons knows me for a long time.

"You have a bill of $3,985 that Fat Thomas ran up," I said. "He is broke. You also have a magazine. It is called the *Diners' Club Magazine.* It comes out monthly. If I write stories for it, would you take them as restitution for Fat Thomas's bill?"

"The editor of our magazine doesn't like the way you write," he said. "He thinks Art Buchwald is much better."

"So my verbs are weak," I said. "Does that mean a guy has to go to jail?"

That swung Matty Simmons. He drew up a contract which called for me to write for the *Diners' Club Magazine,* and for him to give the judge a notice that restitution had been made. According to my contract, I am the featured writer for the magazine for something like the next 86 issues.

When this deal was taken to the courtroom, the judge and Fat Thomas's probation officer on the case looked it over. They held a conference. Then the judge coughed and said, "This is all right. But this Mr. Breslin, the court is informed, has a very bad name in the writing business. He makes promises to magazines and then never delivers the stories."

"He took a cash advance from *Sports Illustrated,* and he never wrote the story," the probation officer said.

"How do you know that?" I said.

"I have heard," the probation officer says, "that Time, Inc., has threatened a judgment against you."

"I saw Clare Booth Luce at a Goldwater rally, and I told her I was going to make good on the money," I yelled.

"You also took another advance two years ago from *The Saturday Evening Post* for a story about Louis Armstrong, and they haven't seen a line of it yet," the probation officer said.

"I got writer's block on Louis Armstrong," I said.

The judge stepped in. He asked when the first article was due. I gave him the date. He said, all right, sentencing is put off until a week after that date. At that time, the probation officer will report to the court as to the status of the *Diners' Club Magazine* article. If it is done, Fat Thomas will not go to jail. He will be free, pending the delivery of the next article.

"What does all this mean?" I ask.

"It means I'm your assignment editor, and the judge is the managing editor," the probation officer says. "I report to him. If you're late with your story, Fat Thomas goes to jail. What you better do is forget all these other magazines and concentrate on the Diners' Club. If I see you in *The Saturday Evening Post* and not in the *Diners' Club,* then Fat Thomas goes to jail."

Court was dismissed. Fat Thomas went out into the world a free man. I was left as the unpaid feature writer for the *Diners' Club Magazine.* And, with a judge and probation officer as my personal editors, I am the most tied-up writer in America.

This past month I told *Good Housekeeping* I was too busy to do a piece on Barbra Streisand, I told Viking Press I was absolutely overloaded and could not come up with the chapter on a book I owe them, I told *Life* that I was exhausted and couldn't write a story on New York politics. And on top of it all, my literary agent called me up the day the *Diners' Club Magazine* came out with my first story.

"I have not received my commission from your article," he said.

"You want a piece of this deal?" I told him. "All right, you got it. You get ten percent of nothing. And if I fall down, you do ten percent of Fat Thomas's sentence. And be sure to bring a toothbrush. They got no Rexall store at Riker's Island."

That night Fat Thomas came over to the house with the magazine in his hand and a worried look on his face.

"Bres," he said. "Bres, baby. I just read the article. Bres, do me a favor. Write somethin' better next month. I hear the judge don't like the way the story reads at all."

I don't care. I'm busted out, and I have to take a chance. The milkman is on my back, I owe my tailor $21.75, and my morning mail is full of letters with window envelopes. I have bills all over the place. I'm bootlegging this story because I'm broke. There probably will be a helluva lot of trouble about it in a certain judge's chambers. □

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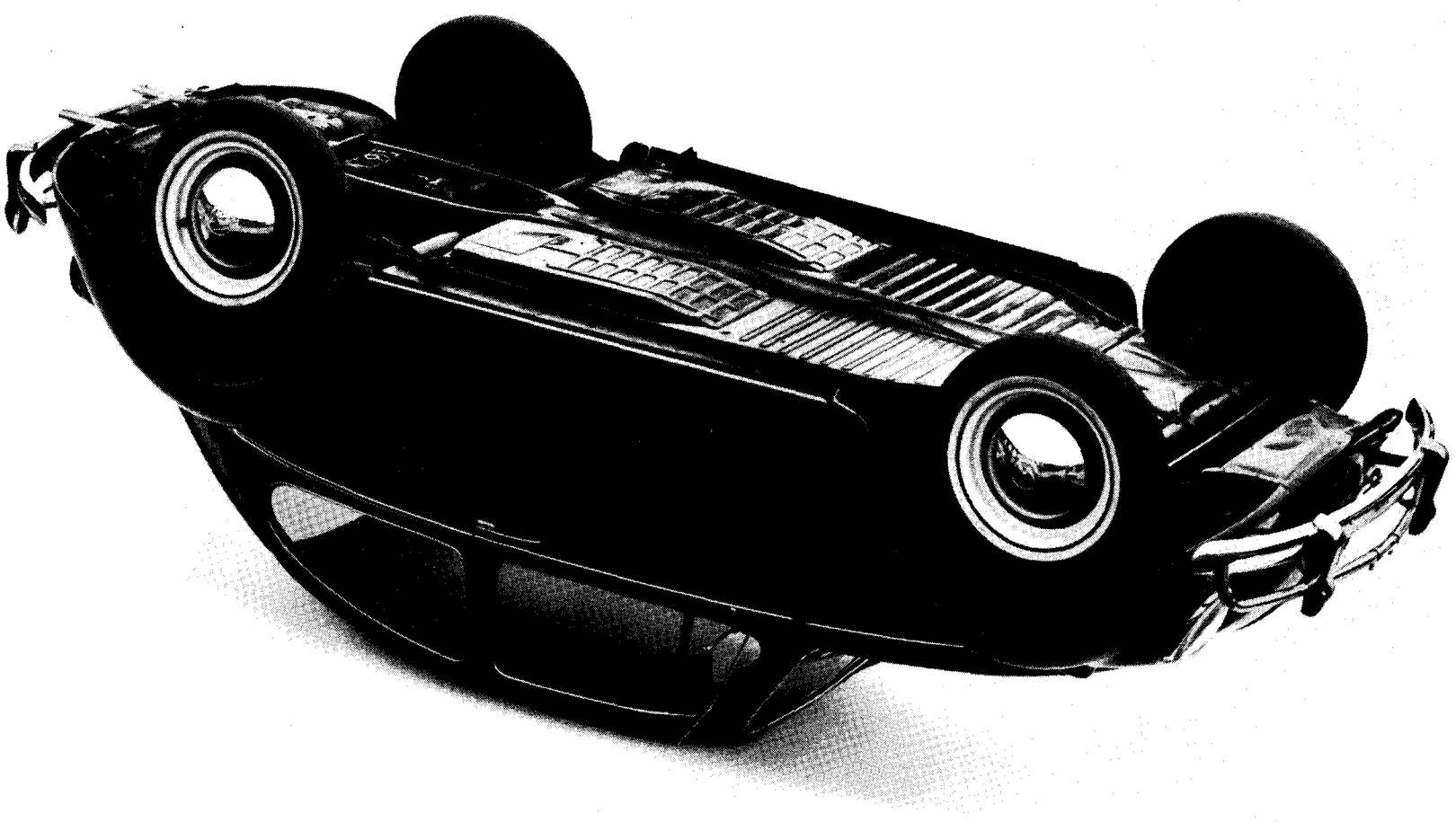

Will we ever kill the bug?

Never.

How could we?

We brought the Volkswagen into the world, and gave it the best years of our life.

When people laughed at its looks, we helped it make friends all over the world. 8 million of them.

And we promised them that this was one car that would never go out of style (much less out of sight).

We won't deny that the bug's been changed. But not so you'd notice.

The 5,000-odd changes we've made since 1948 don't do a thing to the VW except make it work better and longer.

A few purists feel we kill the bug each time we improve it. But we have no choice.

We've got to keep killing the bug every chance we get.

That's the only sure way to keep it from dying.

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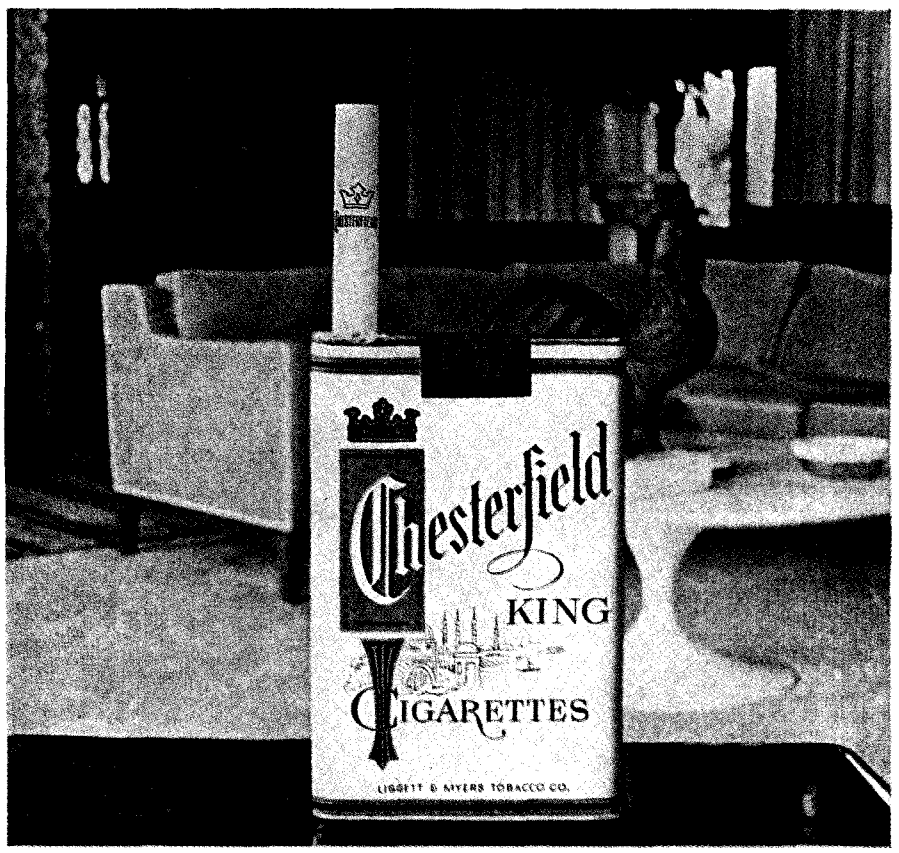
Chesterfield People:

They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)

Dale McRoberts, Sr. is a building security guard in California

Tami Apt operates an art gallery in New York



Chesterfield People get the taste that satisfies. Do you?

Floyd Cummins is a commercial fisherman in Washington

If you like a mild smoke, but don't like filters, try today's Chesterfield King—mildest-tasting Chesterfield in 53 years. Vintage tobaccos—grown mild, aged mild, blended mild. Made to taste even milder through longer length. They satisfy!

CHESTERFIELD KING tastes great...tastes mild!

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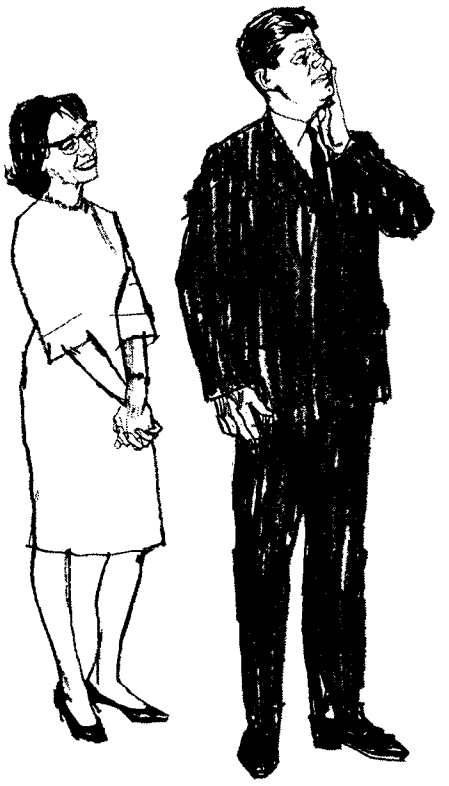
POST

MY TWELVE YEARS WITH KENNEDY

By Evelyn Lincoln



As his personal secretary until the end, she shared
his moments of private mirth and witnessed the cruel ordeals of office.
She picked up after him, coordinated his love life
and took the brunt of his tantrums. When he tried to fire her, she refused to quit.
When he almost died of back trouble, so did she.
Never has a secretary written so revealingly about such a boss.

Drawings by AUSTIN BRIGGS

© 1965 BY EVELYN LINCOLN

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"What did you leave for?" the senator yelled at Mrs. Lincoln. "Where is my other sock?"

At twilight the nurse brought Caroline and John to the west wing of the White House for a romp with their father before they went to bed. He played with them on the floor, and as he was lying there with the two of them climbing all over him, I said with a smile, "What would the people think if they saw the President down on the floor?"

He looked at me and said, "After all, Mrs. Lincoln, I'm a father too."

"There's no doubt about that," I replied.

After they had romped and played awhile, the President went back into his office, and the nurse, the children and I went out on the steps leading to the garden. The air was mild for the time of year—it was mid-November, 1963—and the darkening sky was cloudless. John was running around chasing Shannon, the Irish cocker spaniel, and Caroline looked up and saw a star.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star," she said.

I suddenly felt the President standing beside me. He wasn't saying a thing, just looking up in the sky.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star," Caroline said again.

"How I wonder what you are," I prompted, and she repeated it after me.

"Up above the world so high," the President said, and she repeated it after him. Finally he said to Caroline, "Why don't you go over and say that to Mommy?" And then he slowly walked away.

I said goodnight to the children and went into my office. I had the strangest feeling. I couldn't explain it—eerie, like a warning. I shook my head and thought to myself, *Once you get out in the air and get away from here, it will go away.* But it stayed with me for days.

John Fitzgerald Kennedy was a 35-year-old Democratic congressman from Massachusetts when I decided I was going to work for him. I had often seen his picture in the papers and read about him, and I was impressed by his sincerity and by what he had to say in his speeches.

In those days I was on the clerical staff of Congressman E. L. Forrester of Georgia. I was the third girl from the top, and my job was not particularly demanding. But I considered myself lucky to be working on Capitol Hill. My husband, Harold (Abe) Lincoln, was working on the Hill too, on the staff of one of the House committees, so it was almost as if we were working together.

One evening early in the spring of 1952, I announced to my amazed husband, "I'm going to work for a President of the United States. I've decided there's no use settling for anything less."

I told Abe I was going to study the question thoroughly and pick someone then in Congress who seemed to have what it takes to be President. A few weeks later, after a lot of reading of congressmen's speeches and reports to constituents, I went home and told Abe I had come to a decision. "The man I'm hoping to work for, the man who will someday be President, is John F. Kennedy."

I explained to Abe why I picked Kennedy. I had heard that he was planning to run for the Senate against Henry Cabot Lodge. Everyone considered Lodge, who was powerful in national politics as well as in Massachusetts, unbeatable. I told Abe, "If Kennedy takes on Lodge, he has courage. And if he wins, he will be on his way."

One night I asked Abe if it would be all right if we didn't eat at home in the evenings for a while, because I wanted to do volunteer work for Congressman Kennedy. For several weeks after that Abe and I would meet after work and get a quick bite to eat. Then I'd rush off to work in Congressman Kennedy's office until close to midnight. This went on for two or three weeks without my ever meeting Congressman Kennedy. My work was with Ted Reardon, his administrative assistant. But one night when I came in to work alone, I noticed that the light was on in the congressman's office. I heard a rustle, and a voice talking over the telephone. Then I heard footsteps coming across the room. Suddenly, there he was, standing by my typewriter.

My first thought was, *He looks so young and thin.* His gray suit seemed much too big for him, and he kept pushing his hair off his forehead. He asked my name, and what I was doing. After he had satisfied his curiosity he said, "Close the door when you leave," and he was gone.

I didn't see him again for several weeks. Then one day while I was waiting for Ted Reardon, the congressman came out of his office. He saw me right away and called, "Mrs. Lincoln, are you waiting to see me?" I was about to answer, when I saw he was leaning heavily on a cane. I was so surprised that I blurted out, "Did you hurt yourself?" He stared at me and ignored my question. Embarrassed, I said quickly, "Oh, I don't want to bother you."

On Election Day, when Kennedy beat Lodge, I was overjoyed. "See, I told you he's going to be President," I sang out to Abe. One of my prayers was answered, but what about the other one? I still hoped to find some little niche in Kennedy's office, and I kept hounding Ted Reardon, without success. I began to wonder whether I should quit my job on the Hill and perhaps go back to law school. Then one afternoon I was sitting at my

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desk in Congressman Forrester's office when the phone rang. It was Ted Reardon. "Would you like to work for the senator?" he asked. I could hardly believe it. Ted explained that the senator's secretary, Mary Davis, preferred to work for someone in the House of Representatives. At last I was going to work for John F. Kennedy.

The next morning another call came from Kennedy's office telling me he would like me to attend his swearing-in ceremony in the Senate chamber the following day. I shall never forget that day—January 3, 1953. My new boss seemed a little self-conscious standing with all those gray-haired, more experienced politicians, and I noticed him trying to button his coat to hide his necktie, which was hanging down far below his belt.

After the ceremony we all went to the Senate dining room for lunch. Ted Reardon hadn't told me what my job would be, and when he said at lunch that I was to be the senator's personal secretary, I couldn't believe it.

The senator never stopped to think that I was new to my job. He started right out as though there had been no change at all. It was, "Mrs. Lincoln, get me this . . . get me that . . . where is this . . . where is that. . . ?" I'd write things down and check them off as I finished them, and before the list was half completed, there would be more. My head whirled.

Reporters were constantly underfoot, asking for his time. "Should I try to discourage them so that you won't be interrupted so much?" I asked him.

"Miss Smith, this is Evelyn Lincoln, Senator Kennedy's secretary. The senator wonders if you'd like to go to the movies with him tonight."

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"Jacqueline was one girl the senator never asked me to call for a date."

"By no means. If I know one thing, it's that a politician can kill himself faster by playing hard-to-get with the press than he can by jumping off the Capitol dome. And besides, I used to be a newspaperman myself. As long as they want to talk to me, I want to talk to them. Maybe longer."

Despite his warm feeling for newspapermen, he was not always happy about what they wrote. "Get Sorensen," he would yell to me after reading an unfriendly piece. Ted Sorensen, his quiet, brilliant executive assistant, would come right in. "Ted, look at what this fellow has said about me. Let's give him the facts and blast him." For the next hour, drafts of answers would fly from office to office until, finally, a version was agreed upon.

Senator Kennedy evidently woke up each morning bursting with new ideas. Many mornings, as soon as he opened the door, he would begin, "I have several things for you to do. First . . . second . . . third . . ." and so on, all while he was taking off his overcoat. Then he would say enthusiastically, "Now bring me my mail." He would race through the letters, chuckling as he read a letter from a friend. "Nice letter," he would say, and then dictate a long answer. He couldn't sit still while dictating. He would pace back and forth in his office, or move out into the reception room. Sometimes he would stare out the window, and sometimes pick up a golf club and swing at an imaginary ball, without in the least slowing down the stream of words.

As with any new job, there was the problem of secretary and boss becoming adjusted to each other. The senator's handwriting caused me endless difficulty and heartache during my first year in his office. After I had seemingly overlooked some item, he would say, "But Mrs. Lincoln, I wrote it all out for you." And he had, too, except that no one but him could understand his dreadful handwriting. Gradually I learned, and found that I was the only one who had cracked the code.

He had some habits I didn't care for, and I am sure he didn't like some of my country-bred Nebraska ways. For example, he was careless in keeping track of things. He had a habit of writing a telephone number on any stray slip of paper and then stuffing the paper in his wallet or pocket. Later, when he needed the number, he would dump dozens of such wrinkled slips out of his wallet, add still others from his various pockets, and scratch around in the pile. If he couldn't find the one he was seeking, he would call, "Mrs. Lincoln, what's Tom's telephone number?" More often than not, I didn't even know who Tom was, much less where I might find his number.

The senator was always forgetting things, and I was continually tracking down some item, such as his overcoat or his briefcase. "Where did I leave it this time?" he would ask.

"In the closet of the hotel," I would reply. I really didn't mind checking hotels and planes to locate his forgotten belongings; that was something of a challenge. But the condition of his desk was maddening. It seemed as if someone had taken a wastepaper basket and turned it upside down on top of the desk. I tried to ignore it, but just couldn't. So each time he left the office, I would rush in, straighten up his desk, and file the papers that had accumulated there. When he came back from the Senate chamber, I would soon hear the buzzer summon me angrily. "How can you ever expect me to find anything? Why don't you leave my desk alone?"

"I'm sorry you're angry. I'm just trying to be helpful. And I know where everything is."

Actually I didn't want to be difficult, and most of the adjusting was mine. But sometimes I wondered if I could ever adjust fast or far enough. I was sure that he was wondering whether he had made a mistake in picking me for his secretary. Once, when things were somewhat more confused than usual, he looked at me and said, "I don't believe you and I understand each other." He saw how my face fell, and quickly added, "See if you can't do a little better."

I fully agreed with him. My shorthand was not the best, I didn't know the names of the towns in Massachusetts, and I didn't know his family and many of the things that were so much a part of him. But slowly I began to improve.

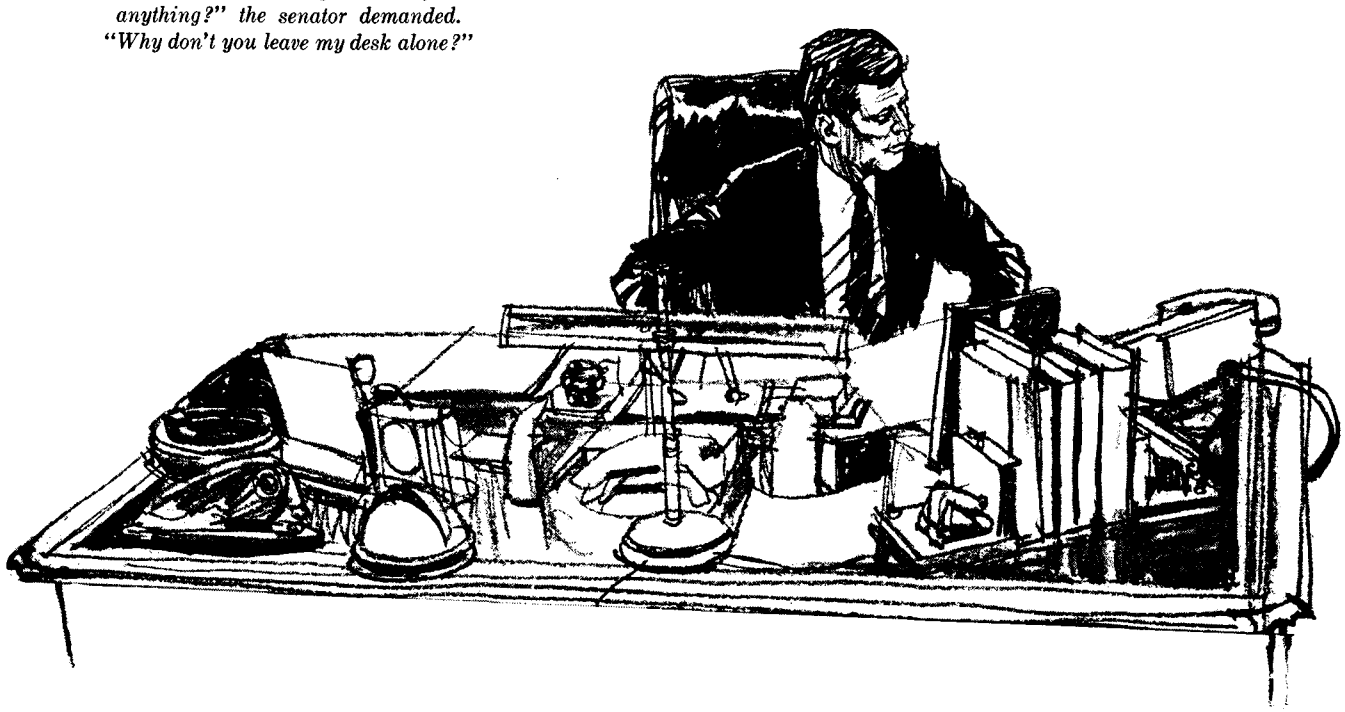
One of my most unusual secretarial duties was calling his girl friends to ask if they would like to go to the movies.

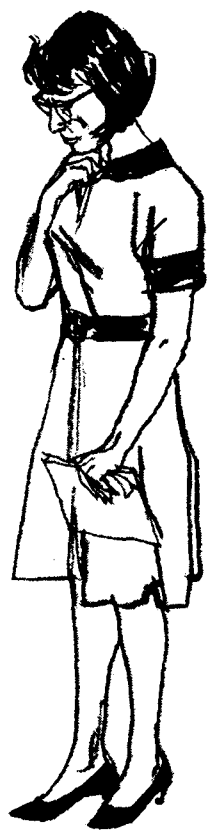
One evening after a busy day he sauntered by my desk and said in a low undertone, "See if Ellen can go to the movies tonight." Fortunately I knew who Ellen was. As it turned out, however, she had left her office and was on her way home. I called and called, and finally after half an hour she answered, a little breathless from having rushed up the stairs to get to the ringing telephone. As soon as I said, "This is Evelyn Lincoln," she knew why I was calling, and there was no need for me to say another word. I heard her excited answer: "Of course I can go. What time should I be ready?"

When I told the senator that I had located Ellen, he said, "Fine." But now it seemed that his enthusiasm had died. He was not in the slightest hurry to leave the office. He started to read, and then picked up the telephone and talked with one of his newspaper friends. While he hung around, I was closing drawers, stacking up mail, and making other signs that I was getting ready to go. Finally he strolled out, late, as usual .

Whenever I made one of these 11th-hour engagements for the senator, I could always imagine what was going through the girl's mind: "Why didn't I go to the hairdresser on my lunch hour as I had planned?" Or, "Why didn't I take that blue dress to the cleaner's? Well, next time I'll be ready." But as Ellen, Susan, Jane and so many others eventually discovered, often there was no next time. I never (*Continued on page 62*)

"How can you ever expect me to find anything?" the senator demanded. "Why don't you leave my desk alone?"





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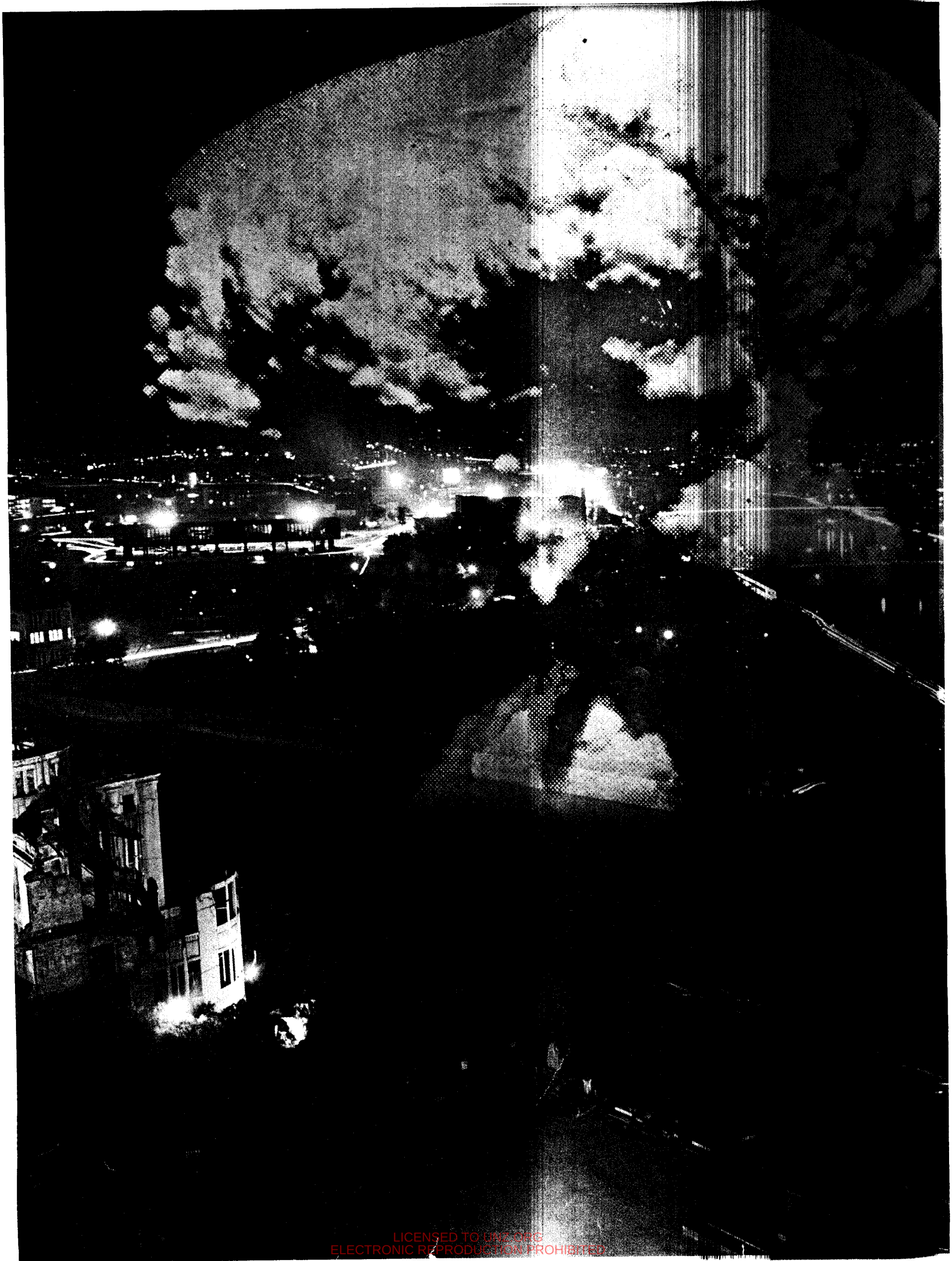

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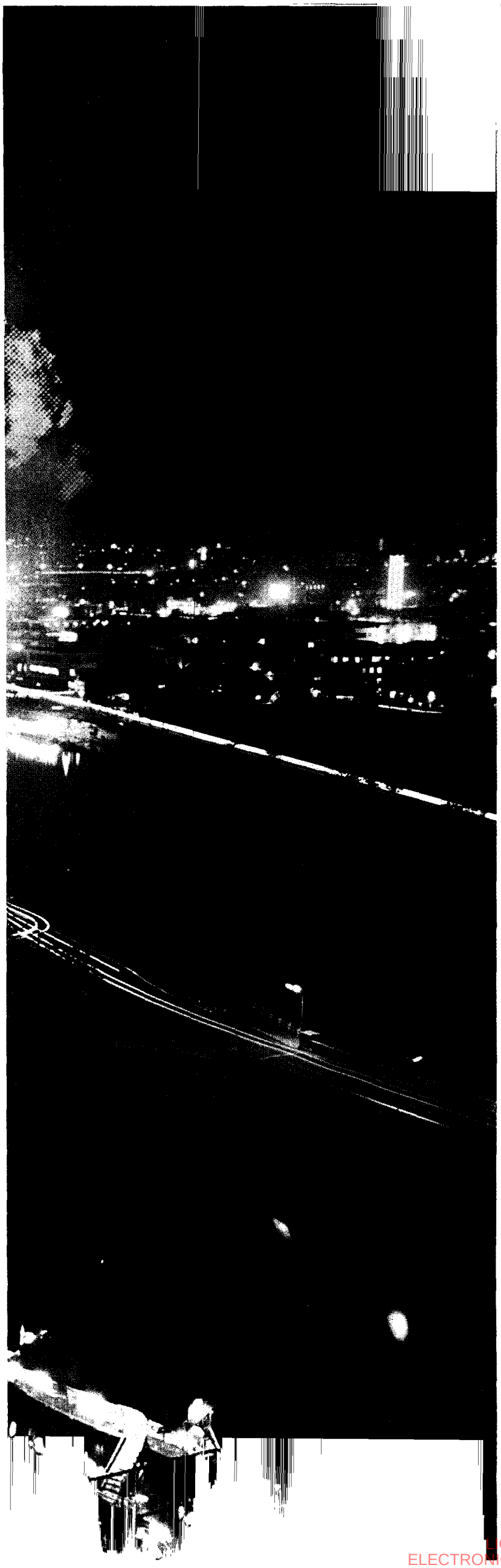

THE BOMB: A tale of two cities

HIROSHIMA

In a flash it was gone

The vanished city has been rebuilt, but the mushroom cloud haunts it still.

By RAFAEL STEINBERG

First came the *pika*—the flash—and for scores of thousands of people that was the end. Then came the blast—and the city was gone. Then came the mushroom cloud, and the living dead crying for water, and the rubbery faces dropping off like masks, and the corpses awash in the seven-fingered delta of the Ota River.

And then, afterward, came peace.

Twenty years, and the decision to drop the bomb is still debated. Twenty years of peace, and the city is bigger than ever, more prosperous than before, with a new generation of young adults who do not remember. Twenty years after surrender, and cancer, leukemia and accelerated aging, all induced by the bomb, still add to the casualty list of World War II.

"But the bitterness is gone," a civic leader tells American visitors. "You will not find hatred. No one will throw rocks at you because you are American."

Now at dusk, in the Park of Peace, lovers are approaching to lie in the summer grass; under the willows weeping down to the riverbank, solemn schoolchildren snap shut their paint boxes and tenderly roll up their pictures of the cenotaph, the monument to the dead who simply vanished, leaving no ashes. In the river, gay red-and-blue rowboats glide across the green water, propelled, it seems, by bursts of youthful laughter, while above them silent fishermen lean over the railing of the Aioi Bridge, content and at peace.

But it is on this bridge that the cross hairs of the *Enola Gay*'s bombsight were locked on that hot sunny morning 20 years ago. And there beside it on the opposite bank the grim, untouched ruin of Hiroshima's industrial exhibition hall looms incongruously over the bobbing rowboats. Piles of masonry lie jumbled beneath the

Watch records the moment 20 years ago when thousands died. Double exposure at left shows cloud (from official photo) over Ground Zero as it appears today.

Photographs by John Launois

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Grimacing as hypodermic needle enters her flesh, this survivor submits to semiannual blood analysis. Even now, apparently well survivors fall ill and die from effects of radiation from the first A-bomb ever dropped on a city.

remaining walls, and on top, like a crown of thorns, the rusting steel skeleton of the building's blasted dome is etched in black in the gathering mist. There was the center of the holocaust, almost directly above the dome, and without thinking the visitor looks up, searching. The "Peace Bell" in the park tolls mournfully. The shadows deepen. A soft breeze rustles the garlands of folded paper cranes draped on the Children's Monument. If there are ghosts, I am thinking, now is the time for them to speak.

A hand touches my elbow, and a smiling high-school boy is standing there, speaking awkward English. "May I have conversation with you, sir?" The boy holds a phonograph record in its cellophane cover. "You know this record?"

No.

"You know Beatles?" the boy asks.

Yes.

"They are very good. You know *Cash Box* magazine? *Billboard* magazine?"

Yes, I suppose so.

"Do you know, how can I get?"

Why do you want those magazines?

"I want learn American songs. American jazz, very good, very good."

His name is Toshio Nishiura, and he is 17 years old, and he comes often to the Peace Park to practice his high-school English, and his favorite record, the day I spoke to him, was *Mr. Lonely*, sung by Bobby Vinton. Toshio's mother was in Hiroshima when the bomb dropped, presumably received a dose of radiation and worried, like all Hiroshima parents, about whether her children would be affected. But Toshio seems to have all the normal instincts of his generation in Japan: Among other things, he would like to visit America some day. For him the rusty, ugly Atomic Dome, as the ruin of the exhibition hall is called, is merely part of the permanent furniture of his town, like cannons in the parks of small-town America, and he is barely aware of it.

But for the scarred and the bereaved, the dome is a public symbol of private suffering. Left unrepaired to commemorate the disaster, it is the last great visible scar on the city, and the survivors seem to regard it as a license to remember.

Mrs. Aiko Hamada remembers frequently—every time the Hiroshima Carps play a home game, in fact. The stadium is right across the street from the dome, and Mrs. Hamada, who is 45 now and a little stooped, has to pass right by the ruin on the way to her job in the concessionaires' booth in the grandstand. She rents out seat cushions and sells candy and earns $1.40 a day. "I was pregnant on that day, but I didn't know it yet—just about one month, probably. My oldest girl was with my mother, in Niho—that's behind Hijiyama Hill, so they were protected. And my husband—he had come back wounded from the war—was down near the harbor in Ujina on some veteran business." Mrs. Hamada, with 26 other housewives from her neighborhood association, had been put to work demolishing buildings to make firebreaks for the incendiary raids which Hiroshima, so far unscathed, was expecting soon.

"I saw the plane, circling it seemed, and it dropped something white that I thought was some more of the propaganda leaflets. I had been a little late, and I had just taken a drink of water from one of the faucets that remained from the demolished houses, and I must have been in the shade of a wall or something, because when I saw the bright flash, and I dropped to the ground, terrified, a pile of tiles and wood and dirt and dust fell on top of me, and I thought to myself, 'I'm going to perish here, like this.'"

But she didn't perish, although 23 of the 27 housewives did. Mrs. Hamada thought herself lucky—until her boy was born in March. "He didn't even live a few hours. We couldn't bathe him. His skin was loose, funny, and my husband says it was just like the skin of those he had seen right after the *pika*, loose skin falling off like a torn shirt. . . . But I think now, if I had not been pregnant, I would have died like the others in my group, or I would be suffering from 'A-bomb sickness,' like so many other people. We don't know, of course, but I think he took the poison from me. I think that baby saved my life."

Mrs. Hamada is tough, and before the baby came she had already faced death and walked through "First Street Hell," as she calls it, and had seen the corpses stretched out on the street, stomachs bloated, and breathed the stench of rotting flesh, and watched her friends cry pitifully for water and later die one by one—and she bore two more children.

Her two youngest daughters are now in high school, and it is "to give the kids some education and culture" that Mrs. Hamada works in the ball park, for her husband's salary as a city employee doesn't quite cover living expenses and high-school fees as well. She is concerned about the girls' upbringing and disturbed by the pace at which they live. "Young people nowadays do things that pain our eyes," Mrs. Hamada says.

But it would pain her even more to see the dome disappear. "They say that with the wind whistling around it all these years, and the rain, that it may eventually tumble down by itself. Well, if it does, I will be saddened, but it can't be helped. But it is not right to pull it down as some people are suggesting. People who did not see the *pika* do not understand. They say the dome is ugly, but I see it every day, and I don't think it is so ugly that it should not be kept as a reminder that such a tragedy should not be permitted to happen again."

Stand in the center of the Park of Peace and look through the arch of the cenotaph, and it is the ruined dome that you see. For two decades this symbol of Hiroshima has ruled the skyline, a living scar in ragged silhouette against the sky, a numbing shock for the visitor.

But now a nine-story office building, new headquarters of the Chamber of Commerce and Industry, is rising behind it, dominating it, belittling it, making it nearly invisible from some angles. Now it is this grander building that visitors see, with the dome, through the cenotaph, and the ruin looks like something left over from an uglier world. If the dome testifies to the power of the atom, the new building behind it speaks more eloquently of rebirth and reconstruction.

Japan's leading newspaper, the *Asahi* of Tokyo, reported that the new building "destroys the atmosphere" of the spot and that "half of the visitors say it profanes the sacred ground."

But walk along the bustling *Hondori*, the main street where the shops are overflowing with appliances, and stylish clothing, and candies, and books, and the storekeepers and businessmen may give you another story. Enter the big furniture emporium owned by Morikichi Sera, squeeze through the aisles between rows of towering cabinets and wardrobes, and squat down in a back room around a low lacquer table for a cup of tea and an hour of chat with the gray-haired, crew-cut proprietor and his bespectacled 35-year-old son. They are solid citizens, conservative, affluent, and, they admit, lucky to have survived the bomb without serious illness or injury in the family.

What about the charge that the chamber's new building defiles hallowed ground?

"That's just foolishness," says Sera, a vice chairman of the chamber. "If they want to talk about hallowed ground, then all of Hiroshima is

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hallowed, because people died everywhere in the *pika*. Anyway, I think the dome should be torn down, although I guess I'm in the minority. It represents the tragic past, and it should be forgotten."

He sipped his tea, and smiled slightly, and looked me in the eye. "What happened in war cannot be helped. But the atom bomb is different from other bombs, because it kills everyone, women and children too, without discrimination, and it spreads radiation which keeps on killing for years and years, and when you are atom-bombed, there is no escape, no place to hide, no succor, nothing. No one in Hiroshima hates America anymore, but America, I think, should acknowledge a spiritual responsibility at least. Americans should feel apologetic for what they have done to the people of Hiroshima."

For a visitor, strolling down the wide avenues, watching the screaming fans in the ball park, or sipping Scotch among the doe-eyed girls in the Club V, forgetting can be easy. Hiroshima is small in area, and Mayor Shinzo Hamai is proud of the fact that "unlike other cities in Japan we have been able to fulfill almost our entire city plan."

To do it, 21,000 of the myriad shanties built by survivors in the first months after the bomb were knocked down or moved, and so much property was swapped and purchased and expropriated in order to widen and pave streets, and build roads and bridges and parks, that not until later this year will the authorities start to even out the accounts: Some landowners will be compensated and some will have to pay the city for the more valuable land they acquired in the exchange. A strict and well-enforced construction code insists on fireproof steel-and-concrete buildings along all the main streets, and there is a government subsidy for building such structures more than three stories high. The result of the planning, and of some $14 million worth of government expenditure (half from the national government in Tokyo), is an air of modernity and prosperity.

This represents only part of the picture. The other part stretches along some of the riverbanks where, on land marked as a green belt on the planners' maps, several thousand ragpickers, laborers and petty hoodlums squat in shanties as squalid and ramshackle as the worst of Japan's big-city slums. The squatters cannot be evicted because the city has no place to put them. Seven small municipal apartment houses have been constructed, but these can't even accommodate a significant portion of the city's legitimate tenants, who have first call. These are the 40,000 people of Motomachi—an area where the Japanese Army II Corps had its wartime headquarters—who have been living in flimsy, three-room wooden houses that the city constructed as emergency housing 20 years ago. These have no running water, no city gas, and rent for about 75 cents a month. But they do have electricity, and many have television. Some Motomachi residents turn down the chance to move to the apartments, because they can't afford the five-dollar minimum monthly rent.

Only about 15 percent of the people in Motomachi are *hibakusha*—literally "explosion-affected people"—the A-bomb survivors. Thousands of other survivors live in similar poverty in other areas. Only 94,000 of Hiroshima's 520,612 citizens are *hibakusha*, less than one fifth, but survivors account for nearly one third of the families on relief, and more than 40 percent of those occasionally employed on city work projects for the poor. "It is clear," says a welfare official, "that for reasons of illness, or because all the breadwinners and potential breadwinners were wiped out in one blow, many survivor families have never made their postwar recovery."

Compared to other parts of Japan, however, newcomers find the city is "*sumi-yasui*"—the living is easy. Hiroshi Kawanishi was a taxi driver in Kure, only 15 miles from Hiroshima, but five years ago he moved to Hiroshima because "jobs were easy to find." Now he no longer drives a taxi himself: He is chairman of a taxi-driver's union, affiliated with SOHYO, the largest and furthest to the left of Japan's labor confederations. Hiroshima, says Kawanishi, "is a place where nature has not yet been spoiled. We can go fishing in the river, and swimming in the summertime."

Along the river where Kawanishi likes to fish, just a few hundred yards downstream from the blasted dome, and even closer to one of the squatter settlements, the bright-colored rowboats glide past a floating restaurant, the Kanawa. Hiroshima oysters, famous throughout Japan, are the specialty of the house, and *sake* and beer are plentiful on board. Kimonoed waitresses bearing trays of seafood delicacies glide along polished wood corridors and gracefully drop to their knees before sliding open the paper doors to the rooms over the water, where the guests sit on the grass-fresh *tatami* mats gazing at the deep, green river. By day it is sunny and quiet, with a cool river breeze. In the evening, reflections from colored lanterns twinkle like confetti on the water, the *sake* flows more freely, the parties are larger and louder, and

In a hospital festooned with paper cranes—a symbol of peace—survivor Setsuko Yoshimura awaits treatment.

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geisha flutter down the gangplank to the deck. Later still, from the darkened Peace Park just upstream, come the strollers, two by two, to board the oyster ark, some still with the grass of the hallowed ground in their hair.

Sumiko Ezuki, waitress, brings the beer and pours the *sake* and sets out the dishes for a feast; she can make conversation and can keep a tipsy customer from tipping into the river, without spoiling his fun. She is young enough for her age to matter, but too old to be asked it—anyway, she remembers the old Hiroshima, which she visited often before the war from her home in the suburbs. For 15 years now she has lived in Hiroshima and watched it grow, but Sumiko is sad.

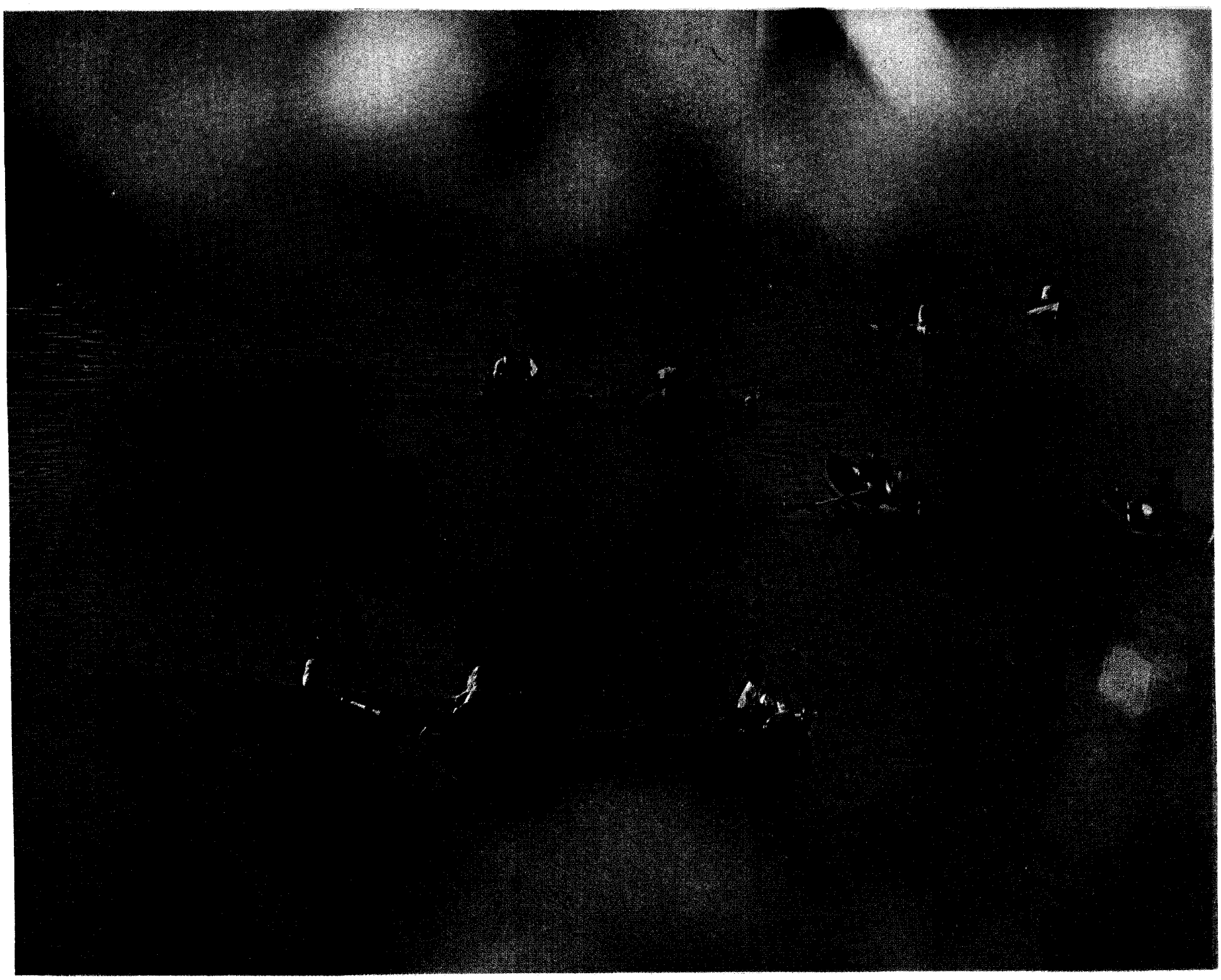
"It's a good place to live, all right; fresh food from the sea, and things from the mountains nearby too. But how I miss the old Hiroshima. It was *ottori* then—calm and placid. But now everything is *gasa-gasa*—all confused and hectic—with everybody scrambling around to make a living, and the streets so crowded. It was better before."

If any part of Hiroshima should be *ottori*, it is the Peace Park itself, but it lies too close to the center of the city for that. Signs proclaim that the park is a "place of repose," but townspeople come to romp with the kids, polish their cars, do push-ups, make pickups, hold rallies, give speeches and sing—in chorus. Even in the Peace Memorial Museum, there is little chance for *ottori* reflection on the grim array of melted artifacts, gruesome photographs, and burned clothing displayed over horribly livid wax dummies: The place is too jammed all day with touring bands of gawking, whispering students from every part of Japan.

Throughout the park the cameras click away like busy Geiger counters, and sometimes the photos assume particular significance. There is one such picture, snapped on a sunny Sunday last January, of an ordinary-looking family: a chubby two-year-old boy clumping across the grass of the park, a proud young father, a pretty, smiling mother in kimono and haori. But directly behind and above Mrs. Harue Sato, the mother, looms the skeleton of the dome in a white, winter day.

I take the photo from Mrs. Sato's thin, pale hand. She lies in the Atom Bomb Hospital now and keeps the picture tucked in a drawer by her bedside. She is suffering from an illness that doctors will identify to her only as "a blood disease," and it results from her having been 1,300 yards, about 14 city blocks, from the explosion center.

Harue, who was 10 years old then, grew up apparently healthy. She studied hard, let her hair grow long and lovely. At Hiroshima Junior College she majored in English literature, read Dickens and even some Shakespeare. For a while she



Seen through blossoming fruit trees, rowboats filled with Sunday sailors glide across the gently rippling Ota River near the Peace Park. The bomb exploded almost directly above this spot on a sunny morning. Corpses floated here then.

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taught English to neighborhood children and worked in a trading-company office, translating business letters (but she is too modest to use English with me). Four years ago she married; three years ago her son, Fumitaka, was born. Ten months after that, complaining of general weakness, Mrs. Sato entered the Atom Bomb Hospital, a unique institution specializing in radiation diseases and open to all survivors who fall ill. The hospital was built in 1956 with funds raised by the Japanese Post Office from the sale of special New Year's cards and is administered by the Red Cross Hospital that adjoins it. Hospital bills for Mrs. Sato—and for all other *hibakusha* who were within 3,300 yards of the center of the explosion—are paid by the national government.

Mrs. Sato spent four months in the hospital that first time, returned last year for five months, and this year, again in the spring, and shortly after the photo was taken, entered once more. For some reason many patients fall ill in the spring. "We have a saying in Hiroshima," she says: "*Ki-no-me tatsu, warui*"—"When the buds come out, trouble." Now she worries about her son and her husband, and how they are getting along without her. "Just one day sooner, if I could get out just one day sooner, it would make such a difference, to bring us together again."

I hand back the picture, say something hopeful, and leave. In the next bed, hunched over as if to hide the scars on her face and neck, a newly admitted patient quietly sews. Her left hand stays out of sight, holding the cloth she works on. Her name is Setsuko Yoshimura; she is 36 and unmarried. She entered the hospital for observation and diagnosis, complaining of heart palpitations.

"I was waiting at Hiroshima Station for a train to Okayama," she recalls in a low, almost inaudible voice. "The train was late. I think, if it had not been late, I would have been well out of the city when the bomb fell. I saw the plane, the B-29. I put my hand over my eyes to look at it, like this"—and her left hand, still twisted and grotesquely misshapen, darts out from under the covers and flits to her brow for an instant—"and then there was a bright flash, and I dove under a baggage cart on the platform." She sighs. "And when it was over, I ran home." Her hand at her brow had saved her eyes, and she had ducked the force of the blast, but her hand, face and body took the gamma rays.

In the corridor her mother and her married sister are waiting to talk to the doctors.

Shinto ceremony unites Shozo Furuta and Yoshiko Kikuta, who was orphaned by the bomb. Three years old when the blast came, they are now among the rising generation of survivors who—unlike Shozo's father—want the bomb forgotten.

"When she got home," her sister remembers, "her face was covered with burns, with the skin coming off. It was my own little sister, but I didn't recognize her." Later, skin was grafted from her abdomen, and she spent a year and a half in bed. "She could never marry," says the mother, a frail old lady in a kimono. "How could she manage a house in her condition?"

We talk awhile, and then I ask about the dome. "It should remain as it is," the sister replies, and Mother nods. "People should see it. We want to show it"—she bows, to apologize for speaking so frankly—"to people from your country."

Earlier Dr. Fumio Shigeto, the gentle director of the hospital, had pointed out a 19-year-old girl with a tiny head and child's body, who had been in her mother's womb only 1,000 yards from the explosion center, and who had never progressed through the first grade. As we walked through the wards, patients lighted up in grins at his approach. Doctor Shigeto had shown me an elderly man, exposed at 1,650 yards, whose blood two years ago had been normal, "but now, twenty years after the bomb, he has suddenly come down with leukemia. . . . He has not much more time."

And he had explained the grim statistics: The normal Japanese leukemia rate is only about two or three per 100,000 of population. But among *hibakusha* who were within 3,300 yards of the blast, the rate has gone as high as 15 per 100,000; it still hovers around eight, and is now rising slightly. For those survivors who were closest to the center, the rate rises even more dramatically: up to 200 for those within 1,100 yards. "Of course our statistics are not perfect, because many people said they were closer than they were in order to benefit from the medical-assistance law, while others did not want to register at all, because it is sometimes difficult to get jobs or get married if it is known that you are an *hibakusha*."

Doctor Shigeto had explained all this. Now, as I leave the ward, he is standing by himself at the nurses' office, looking at the admission chart for Miss Yoshimura. "I see she was at the railroad station," he says softly. "That's where I was. I thought I was fairly well shielded by concrete, but my blood, you know, is not normal either—I have a low white blood count myself."

Leukemia is a cancer of the blood, and for years Japanese doctors have been convinced that other cancers were also increasing among survivors. But the cautious American doctors of the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission were reluctant to concede that the bomb had induced any serious disease other than leukemia. Not until March of this year did the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, a cosponsor of the A.B.C.C., announce a "small but apparently significant" increase in thyroid cancer among survivors. Now American A.B.C.C. scientists have discovered "statistically significant" increases in all types of cancer among survivors.

An American pathologist has also conducted chemical tests on body tissues of survivors and the results "suggest the presence of accelerated aging" among persons closest to the bomb. A statistician for the A.B.C.C. reports that those *hibakusha* who survived the initial effects of the blast and were alive in 1950, but have since died, lost about a half year of life compared to the non-exposed population.

The early overriding fear that survivors' descendants would be born monsters has, however, largely faded away. The frightening numbers of abnormal births in the first nine months after the bomb—births of embryos exposed to radiation, as in Mrs. Hamada's case—contributed to this fear, but it was a fear held by those who did not distinguish between damage to growing embryos and genetic damage that could cause mutations in future generations.

To determine the extent of genetic damage caused by the bomb, the A.B.C.C. spent seven years compiling and studying the results of thousands of pregnancies in families where at least one parent was a survivor. The only genetic effect found was a change in the sex ratio: Radiated fathers sired more boys; radiated mothers bore more girls. The doctors are certain that the bomb did cause genetic damage, and that it will continue into future generations, but either it was too rare for their limited sample to detect it, or it produced mutations so "incompatible with life" that the

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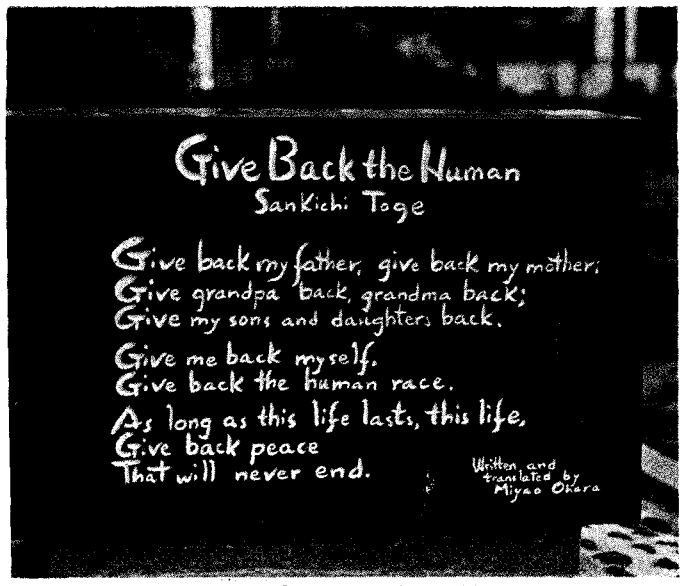

Give Back the Human
SanKichi Toge
Give back my father, give back my mother;
Give grandpa back, grandma back;
Give my sons and daughters back.
Give me back myself.
Give back the human race.
As long as this life lasts, this life,
Give back peace
That will never end.
Written and translated by Miyao Okura

A poetic appeal—displayed, significantly, in English—confronts visitors to Hiroshima's Peace Memorial Park.

embryos died almost as soon as conceived, and thus were never seen. At any rate, the fear of mutations does not now seem to be inhibiting procreation in Hiroshima.

Hospital patients, some of them, are willing to talk about their experience and even allow photographs. But *hibakusha* outside, trying to make their way in society, don't like to be singled out; the community resents the "professional survivors," who "peddle their scars." So it took a while before Manabu Nakai, the 33-year-old proprietor of the Bar Yodel, spoke to me candidly.

Nakai-*san* might have been a ruggedly handsome man if the bomb had dropped elsewhere. As it is, he bears the "claw mark" of the blast: The left side of his face is shiny and slightly pink, with a few unnatural creases in it, and his lower lip protrudes slightly and tilts to the left, as if it were holding a fat cigar in that corner of his mouth. "I have had plastic-surgery operations to take off the heavy scars," he says. "Luckily I was only hurt on the outside, and I'm not so ugly."

I had spoken at length to Nakai-*san* several times, on evenings when business was slow and we were alone in his tiny bar on Nagarekawa Street. In these early conversations Nakai the barkeep seemed to exemplify the new, optimistic Hiroshima, eyes on the future, lucky to be alive, concerned with business, leisure and progress. And then, over a bottle of Suntory beer late one rainy night shortly before my departure from Hiroshima, Manabu Nakai, bomb victim, bartender—and bachelor—started to talk.

For the first time he spoke of his failure to marry. "Those who have died are finished, forgotten. But what about people like me who are still living and cannot find happiness? This is what I want Americans to think about."

More than half a dozen times Nakai has gone forth expectantly and happily to a *miai*, the formal meeting of prospective bride and groom that is part of the Japanese system of an arranged marriage. "But when the parents saw me, they would call it off, and I would get word that they felt that if I got sick and died, their daughter would become a widow, and they were just trying to protect their daughter from that possibility, and I should try to understand. . . . But look at me. I'm healthy and strong, and running my own successful business, and I'm not so very ugly to look at in spite of these scars."

Hiroshima's scars are deep and lasting. Doctor Shigeto, who sees them so much, somehow maintains moderation. "What happened in wartime cannot be helped," he says. "Together Japan and America have dispelled the hatred that afflicted us. You haven't found hatred or bitterness in Hiroshima, have you?"

Yes, Doctor, I have.

In a darkened parlor they are waiting with their friends for me to come to hear them, three middle-aged and elderly *hibakusha*, steeped in venom. Michiyoshi Nukushina, 58, lost his left leg in the blast; Ikujiro Tanekyo, 70, lost all his relatives and children; Mrs. Mine Ebisudani, 70, lost health and what wealth she had. "It would take us until tomorrow morning to explain our bitterness," says Nukushina. "Ask us anything."

His voice is sharp and biting, his eyes flash, and he knocks on his wooden leg to emphasize his points and to remind his listeners of his credentials. "Look what America has done to us! The bomb violated international law. A Japanese court decided that. This old man over here will never have grandchildren. There are *hibakusha* who can't get medical attention, because they can't afford to stop working to go into the hospital. They die unattended with no medical care. Why did America drop such a bomb, when Japan was losing the war and was going to surrender anyway? Racial discrimination, that's why. I heard that the bomb was produced two years before it was used, so why was it not used against Germany?"

I start to protest, but Nukushina is laughing, almost sneering, and rapping on his leg. I desist.

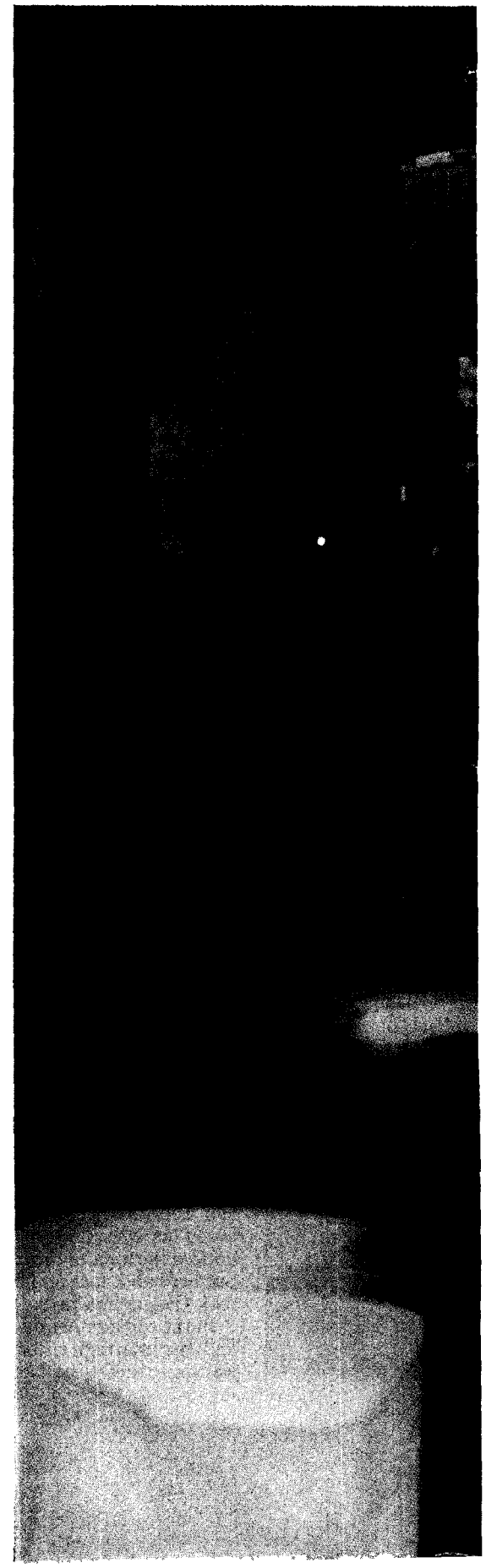
Mrs. Ebisudani, eyes wide in her long, sad face, is talking with simple childlike assurance. "Didn't they drop it for an experiment? Weren't they just making guinea pigs of us?"

Tanekyo, the man with no grandchildren, wears dark glasses, and he punctuates his sentences with grim chuckles, as if deriving some bitter satisfaction from finally telling off an American. "Japan would not have dropped such a weapon, had we developed it. In prewar Japan, we honored *bushido*, the code of the *samurai*, which protects women and children instead of slaughtering them. It is civilians in Hiroshima like us who are the most wretched, because we have suffered in the bomb but do not get the pensions or other aid that soldiers receive."

Whatever martyrs the bomb may have created, it apparently produced few saints. "Among the survivors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki," says American pacifist Barbara Reynolds, "I have wonderful friends, but I have not felt that their deep desire for a world without war has made them more peaceful, more tolerant, more loving and kind, than any of the rest of us." But the Japanese people do nevertheless harbor a deep and abiding fear of war. During the postwar years the Communists have exploited this antiwar feeling through peace demonstrations that were at the same time specifically anti-American, and many Japanese found themselves in accord with the Far Left in its denunciation of war. But the Communists eventually went too far. When followers of the Peking line demonstrated in opposition to the atomic-test-ban treaty, they lost any sympathy they had among *hibakusha*. Despite the diminishing preoccupation with the organized peace movement, most Japanese still regard war as the ultimate horror and evil of the world, and it is this feeling that leads almost every Japanese to bombard every American he meets with the demand to "get out of Vietnam." To many Japanese the idea of American planes bombing Asians automatically conjures up the vision of Hiroshima.

And how long will the vision last? According to Hiroshima third-grade teacher Tamae Nakatani, herself a scarred survivor of the bomb, children absorb it early. "We don't teach much about the causes of the war—just that it happened, that the bomb was dropped, and all the houses were burned. We show them pictures of that time, and we teach about the grief and pain, and how so many people were killed. And when I tell them that I, their teacher, have gone through this experience, the children in my class are extremely serious and pay strict attention.

"We don't touch the issue of morality, we don't give them anything about whether the bomb was justified or not. We have to take a neutral attitude. We just emphasize that war is a fearful thing in which many people were killed. And then we tell them how everyone cooperated until we have built up this fine city that they see today."



Paper lanterns, ceremonially dedicated to departed souls, float downstream past the Atomic Dome, a ruin left as a memorial.

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Naturally, Nakatani-*sensei* wants the Atom Dome to be preserved, "so it can be some kind of brake to help prevent that kind of thing from ever happening again, anywhere." Barkeep Nakai imagines it remaining as it is down through the centuries "as a signpost to guide future generations to the history of Japan, as the Roman Forum does for Rome." Doctor Shigeto, too, believes it should be preserved, "not to reproach America, but to show how powerful even the first atomic bomb was, and it is like a toy train compared to the bombs they are making today." And 22-year-old Kiyomi Ueda, sipping her beer at the end of the bar at Nakai's place, says, "If it goes, a hole will open in our hearts. As Japan has Mount Fuji, Hiroshima without the dome would be an unutterable disappointment and sadness."

Without the dome, Hiroshima would have only the memory and the pain. And without the public scar on the bank of the Ota, the private pains would be that much heavier to bear. Mayor Hamai, a wise politician, suggests that "we leave it as it is and let the next generation decide what to do with it." But when he stands before the citizens on August 6, to lead them in a moment of silent prayer, and to add to the cenotaph the names of those who died in the Atom Bomb Hospital during the year, he and all the others who saw the *pika* know what the verdict of the new generation will be.

Shozo Furuta and his father, Masaru, expressed it a few weeks ago, the night before Shozo married A-bomb orphan Yoshiko Kikuta at Hiroshima's Hijiyama shrine. Shozo is no dance-hall *samurai:* He does things in the traditional way, believes in arranged marriages, and thinks a woman's place is behind her man. And he will join his father in the family metal factory. But traditionalist though he is, he thinks the dome should be torn down, the bomb forgotten. "No," said his father. "Shozo was very young, and he doesn't understand. The dome is our witness, and we cannot forget." □

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THE BOMB: A tale of two cities

At Los Alamos, N. Mex., a team of brilliant scientists and engineers built the only two atomic bombs ever used with intent to kill. That memory still haunts the town they called

THE SECRET CITY ON THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN

By DEXTER MASTERS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES HARBUTT

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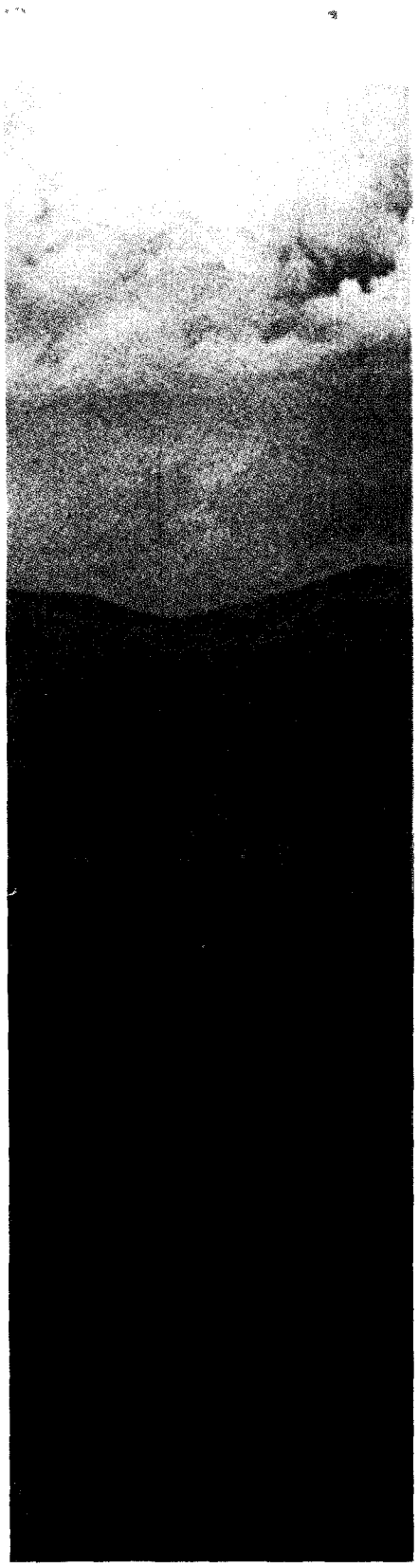
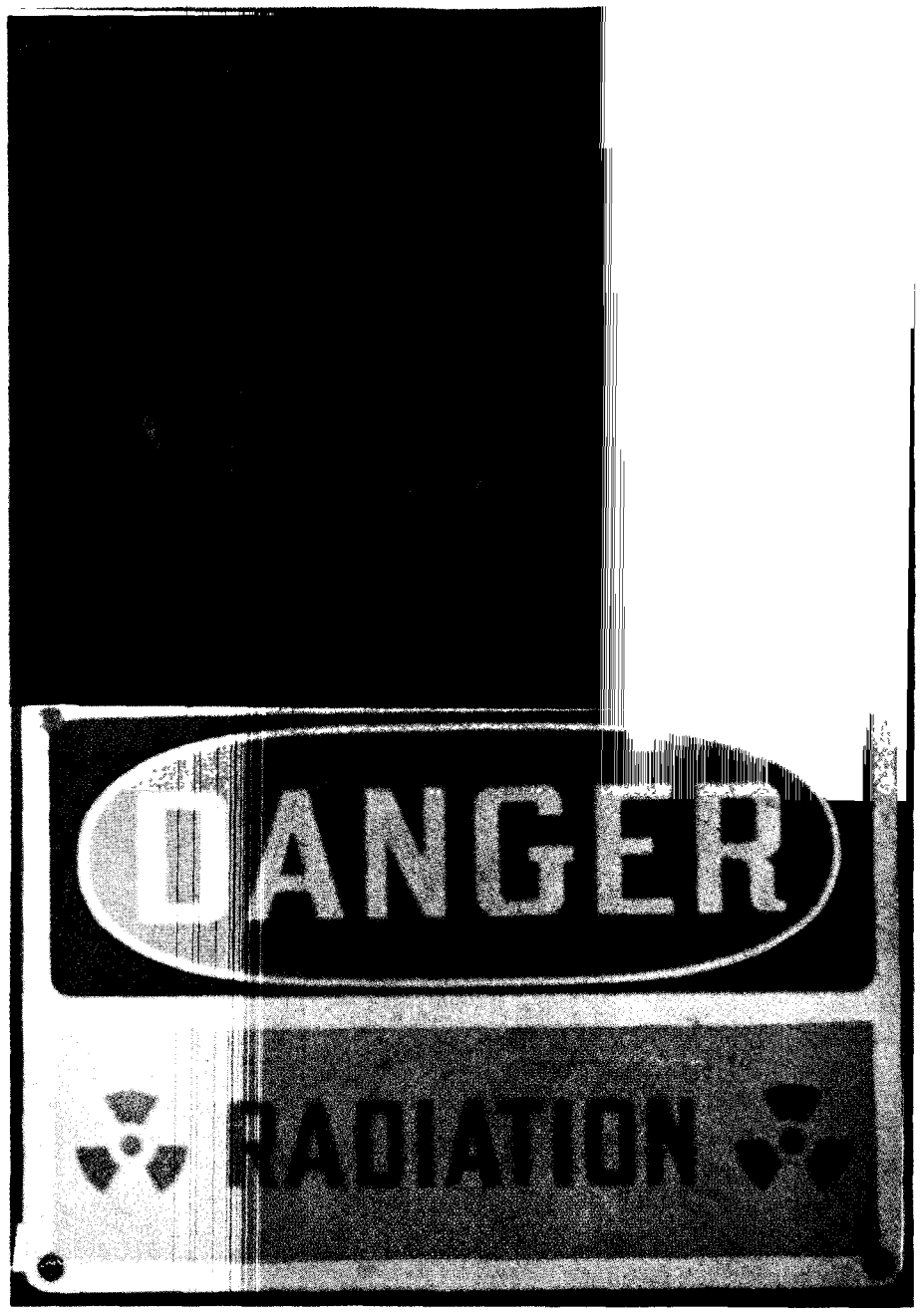


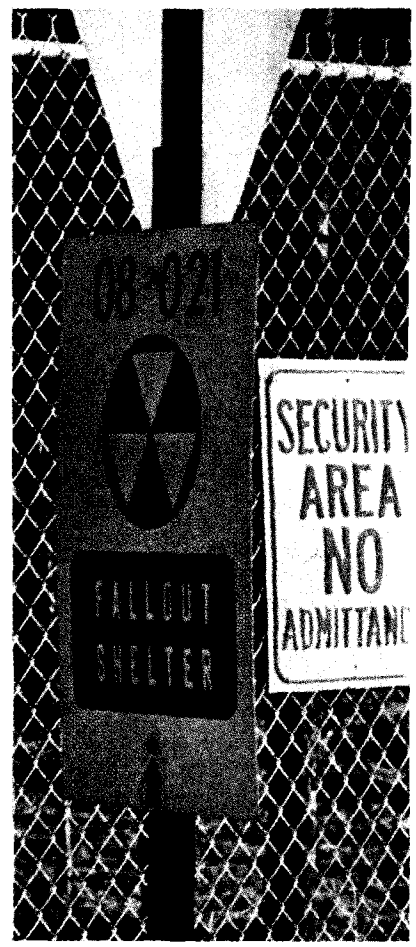


(Opposite page) Drab against a background of mountains, laboratory buildings stand near south end of plateau on which Los Alamos was built.

(Left) Familiar blue glow of radioactivity under water shows at port of test reactor.

(Below) Signs for a weapons center: places you can't go and places where you go if . . .

The best way to approach Los Alamos is from the west, coming down the Jemez Mountain road from the enormous quiet of the Valle Grande. In the war years, when Los Alamos was a tightly closed and secret town, the Jemez Mountains at its back door provided the places where the bomb builders went to relieve the tensions of bomb building, of secrecy and war. They went back into the mountains to ski, to picnic and to hunt for rocks, and they rode their horses into the great bowl of the Valle Grande, where the earth exploded hundreds of thousands of years ago, leaving one of the biggest volcanic craters known to man. There is a sea of grass there now in the summer, and the sheep and Hereford cattle grazing in it look like ants from State Highway 4, which runs along the crater's rim for a few miles, then turns off through stands of cork-bark fir and Engelmann spruce and the like, past slopes covered over with wild iris, pulling away from the rim at about 9,000 feet to start a slow descent. About 1,000 feet lower on the mountainside you get your first view of Los Alamos, 1,000 feet farther down but still almost a mile and a half above sea level. The town straddles a narrow plateau that has eroded into mesas at its farther edge just beyond the town, and the



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mesas fall off to the spacious valley of the Rio Grande, and the river glimmers faintly in the valley bottom a dozen miles beyond. The land is brown and palely green and silvery with dust down there; but Los Alamos itself is a clearing in the trees.

In the war years the scientists who came from many lands to settle Los Alamos and do its work sometimes called it "the secret city on the magic mountain," joking to themselves, although not entirely. Now that the secrecy is mostly gone you can see that the magic will always remain, at least partly. The glories of the setting assure that—and with very little help from the hand of man. The most noticeable single thing about Los Alamos from a distance is its water tower, which dominates the town like the water tower of any town in the Kansas prairies.

The best of man's contributions are the old log houses, warm in color and substantial in construction, that remain from the boys' school that was here before the scientists came. Compared to them, the pastel-tinted row houses of the fancier residential parts of town are very much the "Easter eggs" that a member of the school staff, back for a visit not long ago, called them. And the technical buildings, where the town's work is done, are matter-of-fact squares and rectangles built in the style of industrial buildings in any factory belt around any large U.S. city.

It is a pity, this failure of the town planners not only to work with nature but even to avoid interfering with her. But then the wartime function has never ended here, and the relations between Los Alamos and nature were tense from the first.

At all events, the opportunity to build a city worthy of its setting has been lost at Los Alamos. It is what it is, and there is not much likelihood that it will change. Its population has stayed roughly the same, around 13,000, for several years now. And its single industry, the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, which this year observes the 20th anniversary of the first use of its product over Hiroshima, continues to shape the town's character as it has from the beginning. There is more of the college town than of the industry town in this character, and more of the suburb than of any self-sufficient urban entity. But there is also more in the town's character than any such comparisons can convey.

The character is unique, as befits a town that was put together almost literally overnight and in complete secrecy, has been a ward of the Government for all its life, and was nearly 20 years old before it acquired a cemetery. As you come down the mountainside and approach the town head on, this character takes hold of you; and you begin to notice things you hadn't noticed from higher up.

There are no outskirts, no forests of billboards and gas stations, no dump heaps and blight, not a single neon sign to deface the approaches. The countryside comes to a stop, and the lawns and houses, the churches and schools, the buildings and stores all at once begin. There are no slums, either at the edge of town or anywhere within its limits. There is not a single structure in more than transient or minor disrepair, and virtually all of the houses, including the simplest prefabs on the smallest plots, are clean and well cared for.

The ultimate output of Los Alamos's single industry is the dirtiest, most devastating product that the mind of man has yet devised. But no smoke or smog hangs over the town, and in the air that is almost always bright there is not even the sound of production. Here and there within the town, and in clearings away from some of the roads reaching down into the canyons between the mesas on which the town is built, are the technical areas of the laboratory. They are gated and guarded, and frequently hidden, and neatly tended always. They are also generally quiet. The clicking sound of radiation counters is often heard, and the occasional ringing of bells, and perfectly ordinary sounds like motors starting and stopping, and none of these is strident in the clear air. Small directories stand here and there at the roadsides, pointing to the installations and printed with TA-16 . . . TA-37 . . . TA-11, with S SITE . . . K SITE, or with similar technical runes and rubrics. And fences run among the trees beside the roads, with warnings posted like hunting notices: U.S. GOVERNMENT PROPERTY—NO TRESPASSING; DANGER—EXPLOSIVES; PELIGRO—EXPLOSIVOS; SECURITY AREA—NO ADMITTANCE.

The gates and guards and the implications of the signs set up resonances for the mind to feel, but everything is very orderly and quiet to the immediate senses. The smells are of the trees and mountains. The roadrunners and the squirrels run unimpeded back and forth, under and through the fences. And from the middle of town none of this is visible. Here are only the stores of the Community Center—shoes, drugs, furniture, 31

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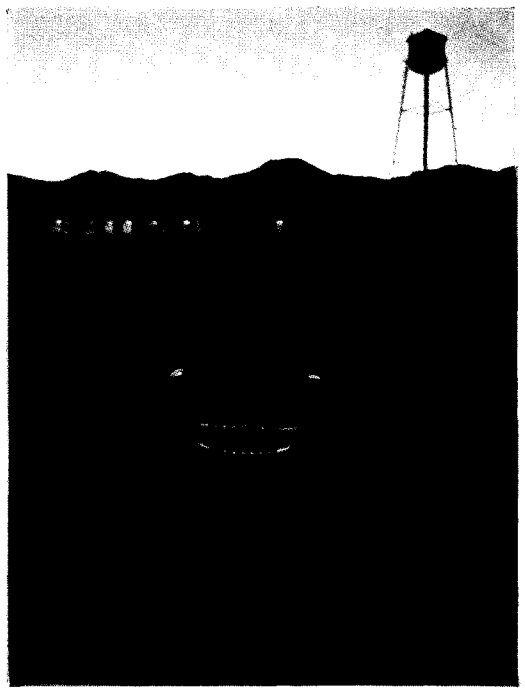
History has made Los Alamos old before its years, big beyond its size, and a symbol for events that have touched the lives of everyone in the world.

The symbolism of Los Alamos is not one of the town's favorite topics of conversation; old residents in particular, who plainly had their fill of the subject long ago, may look with some disenchantment at the visitor who delves that way, especially if he asks whether they feel any moral qualms about their town's past and present identification with weapons of such fearful destructiveness. A physicist who has been there for many years pondered the question only briefly.

"Not now," he said, "at least no more than I feel about paying taxes. Some qualms were felt a long time ago—it's a different world now."

The "long time ago" is a reference to the great exodus of late 1945 and 1946, the year following the war, when Los Alamos went through a crisis of survival that almost ended the town. There aren't many left at Los Alamos who were there then; and, indeed, since most of the town's population is well under 40, the great events of the early years were happening when most of the present residents were teen-agers or younger. The cryogenicist who graduated from Cornell in 1953 may simply look bored if you raise moral questions with him. Moreover, neither his work nor his interests may have a direct relevance to weaponry. The development of nuclear weapons involves so many aspects of science and engineering by now that relevance or irrelevance is often a matter of slight shadings in definition, and many who work at Los Alamos undoubtedly feel that weapons aren't really their concern at all.

Shadings are practiced even by official spokesmen, who sometimes deal rather selectively with the great events associated with Los Alamos. Thus, a recent 30,000-word, illustrated history of Los Alamos, prepared by the laboratory's Office of Public Relations, gave fewer than 50 words to the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and included not one word or picture about what the bombings did to those two cities. Nor did the



(Above) Placed near the spot where the bomb's mechanical parts were first put together, plain desk chair used by Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer dominates a view of the laboratory he headed.

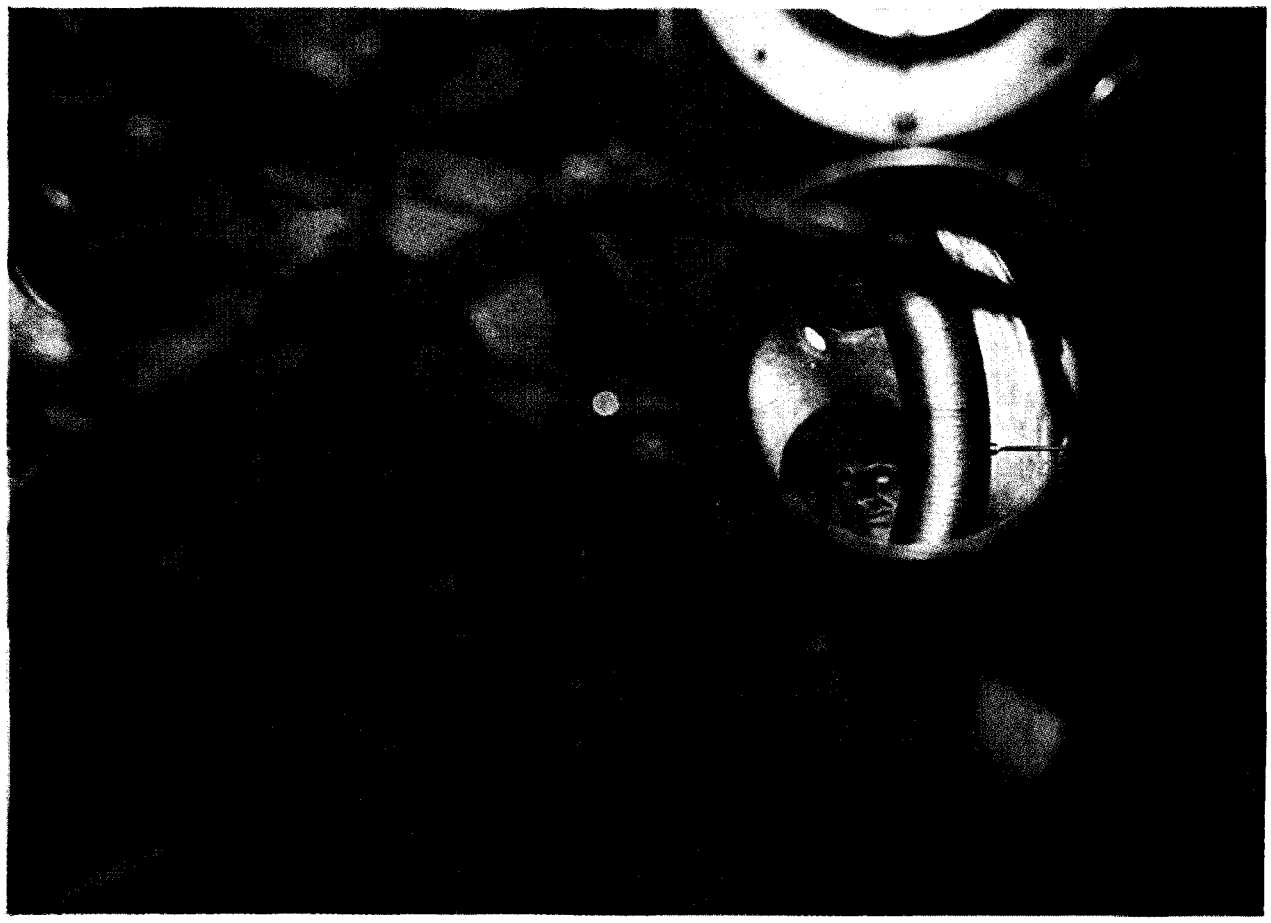
(Opposite page) Seen through the glass sides of simulated "hot box," technician Robert Walker practices use of mechanical arm. Rubber gloves, attached to box, are used on least "hot" material.

(Below) Ports in sides of a plasma accelerator enable Dr. Louis C. Burkhardt to inspect device employed in Project Sherwood's attempt to control thermonuclear fusion for peacetime purposes.

flavors of ice cream, and all the other things you'd expect to find in a town of 13,000—and the post office and the library, and across the street a liquor store, and down the street a gas station.

Wives drive in and out of this part of town doing their shopping, husbands stop in at the bank or credit union or the small loan-company offices, school buses drive through at appropriate hours, and families and groups of teen-agers come to the movies. There is no public transportation at Los Alamos, except for the school buses, so much of the Community Center is parking lots, and they are usually well filled. The old main building of the boys' school, which was the dining room for the scientists during the war years and after, is the town's hotel. At one edge of the lawn are the remnants of some ruins left by Indians who passed this way six or seven centuries ago. The ruins are unmarked.

In the middle of town—at evening, for example, as the setting sun touches the peaks of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains rising sharp and luminous 30 miles away across the Rio Grande—you have to make a conscious effort to bring this little town to focus as one of the major weapons centers of the Western World. Out here in this timeless land, where the prehistory of the continent can almost be felt, the past is a very long time, in which the scant 22 years of Los Alamos's life are hardly anything at all. But a different kind of past hangs over Los Alamos, and it comes to you that this is one of those relatively few towns of the world—Hiroshima is another—that transcend the time scale and the simple assessment of the five senses.



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After 22 years of Government ownership, Los Alamos is now being transferred to its residents. These houses, north of town, are the first ever privately owned here.

history have anything to say of the discussions that went on, in the weeks and months preceding the bombings, about the moral pros and cons of using the bomb. Such discussions were, in fact, less intense at Los Alamos than at other atomic sites. But petitions urging that the new weapon be used in some kind of limited demonstration or at least not be used on unprotected cities had supporters at Los Alamos, too.

Japan was known to have made not even a start in the atomic area. Before the bomb was first tested, Japan, its industrial potential and its air and naval defense largely gone, had tried to initiate peace negotiations, though its rulers were known to be divided. Certainly some of the scientists knew at least roughly how things stood, and only the scientists knew the magnitude of the destructive power they were preparing.

A report issued by seven scientists, including Nobel Laureate Glenn Seaborg, now head of the Atomic Energy Commission, and with the late Nobel Laureate James Franck as their chairman, put the matter sharply in June, 1945, before the first atomic bomb had even been assembled: ". . . If the United States were to be the first to release this new means of indiscriminate destruction upon mankind, she would sacrifice publ c support throughout the world, precipitate the race for armaments, and prejudice the possibility of reaching an international agreement on the future control of such weapons."

Now that nuclear bombs have been used twice, tested hundreds of times, made a thousand times more destructive, and spread to five nations, the moral fervor of such a statement has a wistful sound. But it didn't sound that way during the spring and summer of 1945. And the ineffectiveness of the scientists in the sociopolitical sphere—after their achievements in the technical sphere—compounded the uneasiness many of them felt about the whole project.

At Los Alamos, where the project had paid off with the physical actuality of the first bombs, there came, of course, a special and inevitable letdown of simple morale after the long tension of the wartime drive. It was at this point that Los Alamos touched bottom. The lowest point of all came, probably, with the resignation of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer as the laboratory's director in October of 1945.

In the museum set up at Los Alamos only a year or so ago, along with samples of materials used in nuclear research, fused earth from nuclear detonations, and other by-products of man's conquest of the atom, there is an old-fashioned office chair. "That," says the guide, "is the very chair Doctor Oppenheimer used when he was here—he was the George Washington of Los Alamos, you know." The characterization is apt enough.

Oppenheimer, one of the world's foremost theoretical physicists, had been picked by the Army to head the Los Alamos project. He in turn picked most of the key people for the work, and he was the magnet that drew many others to this remote place. The town and the laboratory alike, up to the end of the war and for a time thereafter, were cast very much in the image of Oppenheimer—intense, individualistic, intellectually excited and exciting. And when Oppenheimer resigned, the fabric of the place, already snagged by worries and rent by uncertainties, split apart. In short order, the number of people working at the laboratory fell to about 1,000, as against a peak of 3,000. One scientist, leaving, suggested that Los Alamos be left standing as "a monument of man's inhumanity to man." That statement, too, echoes rather wistfully in the air of Los Alamos today. It is not only that it was said in another world; it seems also that hardly anyone now believes it really could have been meant even then.

"Look," says a physicist who has been at Los Alamos from the early days, "I'm not sure anyone left Los Alamos on the moral count all by itself. Most left just to get back to their old jobs or to better jobs, and some of them ascribed the holiest of reasons to their leaving, and maybe some of them meant what they said. Anyway, that was a long time ago."

And yet a perfectly straightforward explanation of the leavings with respect to the "moral count" was given by Dr. Edward Teller, probably the most eminent all-out proponent of bomb-building, then as now. "In times of peace," Doctor Teller observed shortly after the end of the war, "many feel an understandable reluctance to work on weapons of destruction."

Around this time, moreover, the official findings of the United States Strategic Bombing Survey were beginning to appear, and they didn't make the scientists any happier. Even while the general press and many speakers were assuring the public that the killing of roughly 165,000 men, women, and children (the estimate will never be precise) with two bombs had saved many lives by shortening the war, the scientists were pondering such unsettling words as these from the survey:

"It seems clear that, even without the atomic bombing attacks, air supremacy over Japan could have exerted sufficient pressure to bring about unconditional surrender and obviate the need for invasion. . . . Based on a detailed investigation of all the facts, and supported by the testimony of the surviving Japanese leaders involved, it is the Survey's opinion that certainly prior to 31 December 1945, and in all probability prior to 1 November 1945, Japan would have surrendered even if the atomic bombs had not been dropped, even if Russia had not entered the war, and even if no invasion had been planned or contemplated."

Given this conclusion, the scientists were left having turned their skill and dedication into a militarily pointless act. Some felt that the use of the bombs had not been a military act at all, but an exercise in power politics, timed to get us the balance of power in Japan over Russia. Stalin had promised to invade Manchuria by August 8, 1945. Hiroshima was bombed two days before the Russian invasion, which came right on schedule, and Nagasaki one day after. No U.S. invasion of Japan was set until November—three months away. So why weren't the bombings held off for at least some of that period, if only to allow explorations of Japanese peace overtures? We were not, after all, losing invasion lives in early August. And why was Nagasaki bombed only three days after Hiroshima, before a meaningful Japanese reaction to this new kind of warfare could be known? The scientists at Los Alamos held an all-night celebration after Hiroshima; their bomb had worked, the war was over. After Nagasaki, there was no celebration.

Undeniably, many of those who joined the exodus from Los Alamos did not do so out of moral considerations. Some were mainly anxious to get away from the isolated military post and back to the university positions they had put aside for the war project. Some went to Washington to argue for civilian control of the atom in the U.S. and for international control by the U.N. Many scientists left, too, because the work of bomb-building was, after all, basically engineering work, and they wanted to get back to the science that had pretty much come to a stop under the impact of war priorities. As one of them said, they had shaken the tree of science to bring down the practical applications and had left the tree bare.

When the exodus was over, about a year after it began, the character of Los Alamos had changed. It was no longer the "secret city on the magic mountain," where, in an atmosphere of international drama, a series of brilliant scientific speculations had painfully been converted into an engineering triumph. Instead there began to grow the industry town out of which, from then to now, have come the methodical research and development responsible for the hydrogen bomb and virtually the whole range and volume of nuclear weapons that have made this country the most overpowering armed camp in history.

All of the work of Los Alamos in the years since 1945 has been done under Oppenheimer's direct successor, Dr. Norris Bradbury, who—if Oppenheimer is to be cast as the town's Washington—must be cast as its Lincoln, at least in the sense that he held the town together during its crisis of survival. Thirty-six years old when he took over this job, he had been there only a year or so when Oppenheimer (38 when *he* took over) moved on. He had come on assignment from the U. S. Naval Reserve after an academic career at several universities, including Stanford, where he had been a professor of physics. He now holds a professorship at the University of California, which has been the nominal operator of the Los Alamos laboratory from the start.

Bradbury represented those wartime scientists who felt that research into the military applications of nuclear energy would go ahead, no matter how the control arguments turned out. He felt that it made simple sense to continue to improve the existing facilities of Los Alamos for that purpose. And, as the arguments ebbed and flowed in Washington and at the United Nations, the living conditions at Los Alamos slowly got better. The

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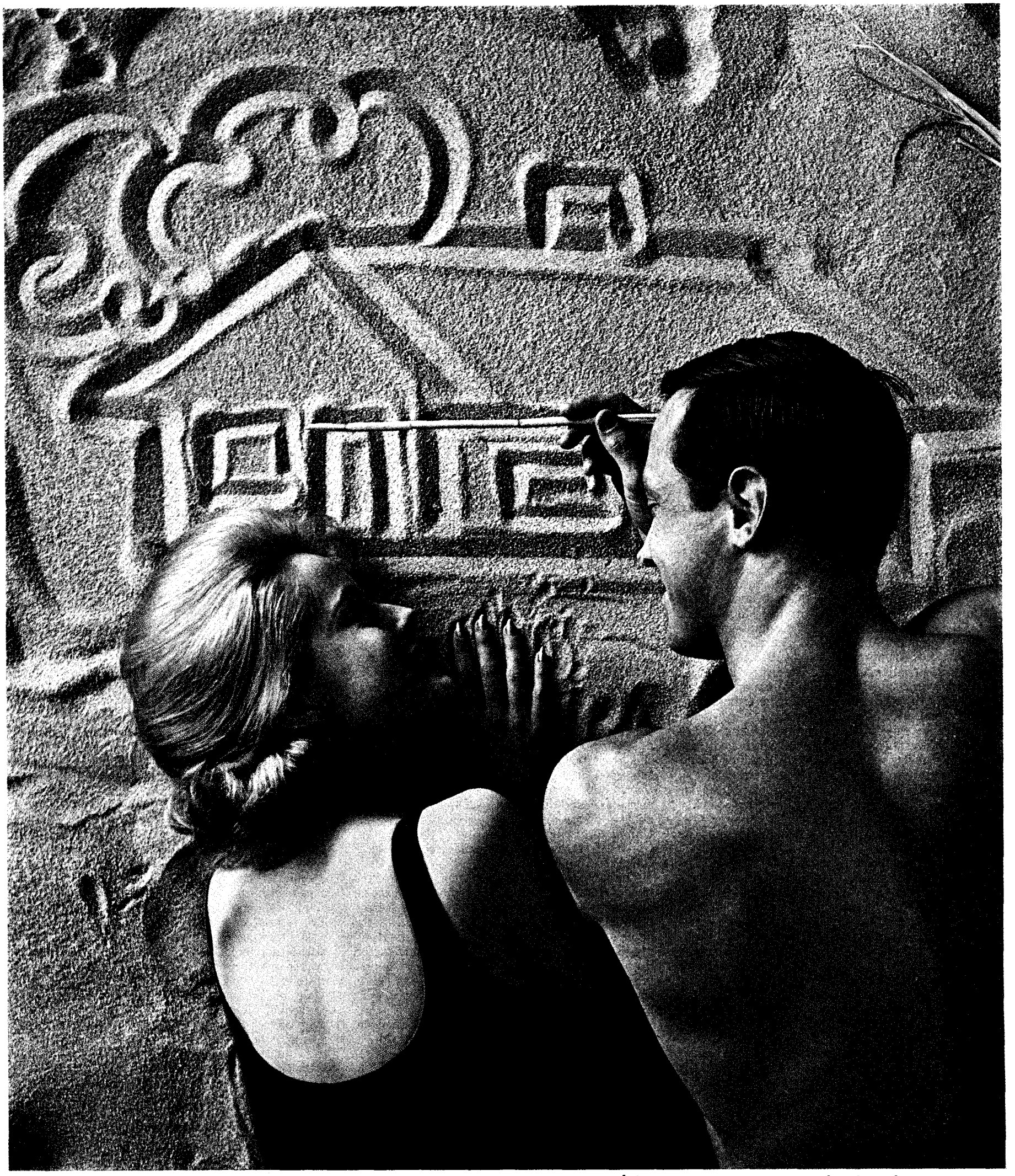

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Army built some new houses; bathtubs were installed; salary controls were waived so that good people could be held and new ones attracted; wells were dug to relieve the water shortage; a privately organized corporation, the Zia Company (named for an Indian god but strictly business in its operations), was empowered to take over all construction and maintenance work from the Army; actual bomb manufacture, as distinct from bomb research and the working out of manufacturing processes, was moved to other installations.

But still no one could come forth and say flatly, "Los Alamos is here to stay." The most Doctor Bradbury could tell prospects and waverers in 1946 was that he *hoped* Los Alamos was there to stay.

Two events settled the town's crisis. The first of these was the first of the big bomb tests at Bikini in the summer of 1946, for which Los Alamos was called on to supply overall direction as well as bombs. Many scientists deplored the Bikini tests as no contribution to international amity and as a waste of scientific manpower. One of the deplorers was Dr. Lee A. DuBridge, subsequently chairman of President Eisenhower's Committee of Scientific Advisers and president of the California Institute of Technology, who observed that "basic military questions will not be answered" and the "study of nuclear fission will not be advanced one iota" by the findings of such tests. But the Bikini display did give Los Alamos "a concrete objective," much needed at the time, and was "a demonstration which had favorable effects," in the words of the town's history.

The second and decisive event in assuring the future of Los Alamos came with the establishment of the civilian Atomic Energy Commission under the McMahon Act of 1946. The commissioners visited Los Alamos at the end of 1946, even before they assumed their duties. Thereafter the commission proclaimed the "stabilization and revitalization of the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory" as its first priority.

And so ended, with a military bang and a civilian warranty, the crisis of survival at Los Alamos. A few years later Doctor Bradbury could say, quite accurately, to Albert Rosenfeld, a science writer, "It's seldom that a man leaves our employ because he is unhappy with his job. My big worry is that his wife will be unhappy—because she is too far from the supermarkets or the movies, or because her home isn't nice enough."

There isn't much talk anymore of the early days at Los Alamos. More than a third of the town's residents today are children, and according to the 1963 high-school yearbook, "The most exciting event in the history of Los Alamos was last year's visit of the President of the United States." Probably not more than 40 or 50 old-timers from the war days still live and work in the town. But *awareness* of the past is never very far from the surface. Whenever one of the old-timers retires or resigns, the weekly Laboratory *News* searches its picture files for appropriate scenes from the early times, when the streets were muddy and history was being made, and prints interviews that generally begin something like this: "When we first got here things were a mess . . . we spent most of our time holding meetings. . . . There were carpenters all over, and we had nothing to work with."

After his departure in 1945, Oppenheimer didn't return to Los Alamos until last year, when he was invited back to speak in the Civic Auditorium. He talked about Niels Bohr, the Danish Nobel Laureate, one of the great pioneers of the atomic age and long an idol of his, who had died two years earlier. The auditorium was jammed, and Oppenheimer was given a standing ovation as he approached the lectern and another as he finished. In the town's museum he tried out his old chair. "It's still very hard," he said.

At least on the surface, life at Los Alamos—the town as distinct from the laboratory—moves in ways that would be familiar to any resident of a U. S. town of about the same size. An émigré from Amherst, Mass., or Carbondale, Ill., or San Marino, Calif., or Dodge City, Kan., would find roughly the same kind of facilities, the same basic patterns of living in Los Alamos that he had known at home—always allowing for the town's geographical setting and its youth. The Los Alamos laundry is put out to dry in the neatly clipped backyards or taken in to the Pinch-Penny Washomat next to the 7-11 Market across from the ABC Carriage Inn, one of the town's two restaurants, where the food is no better or worse that it is in most small towns.

At six in the morning anyone who wants to can turn on Station KRSN and hear "Musical Clocks" and 17 hours later can listen to sign-off. The bowling alley is well patronized; so is the Gate Drive-Inn, a hamburger stand located out where all cars were stopped and all riders triple-checked in the days of tight security.

In their variety, at least, the forms of recreation at Los Alamos are not so commonplace, and it may well be that one of the town's promotional claims—"Los Alamos people have more different kinds of fun than anybody"—has some truth in it. It is hard to think of another town that affords the opportunity for legitimate studies in archaeology and anthropology within a few miles in all directions, that provides white-water navigation on the Rio Grande just beyond the town line, and that has more than 200 riding horses in its stables.

Some of the vital statistics of the town's resources are by no means commonplace, either. There are 11 schools, a 77-bed community hospital and medical center, and a public library with 45,000 books and 1,250 records; all of these figures are on the high side. There are 19 churches, probably about average, but only three supermarkets. Moreover, a housewife living in the relatively new subdivision of White Rock has to drive about 10 miles to reach these supermarkets, a fact which should cause Doctor Bradbury some worry. But there are, after all, 5,200 cars spread among the town's 3,850 households. There is only a weekly newspaper, and there is no bookstore, which would not be surprising in most small towns in the United States but is surprising at Los Alamos, where Ph. D.'s abound and the general level of education is unusually high.

The laboratory, inevitably, colors many of the town's rituals and events; and the specialization of most of the laboratory work and the secrecy of much of it probably help to explain, for example, why so many clubs, groups, societies, and get-togethers of one kind or another have grown up at Los Alamos—somewhere in the neighborhood of 75 or 80, covering everything from choral singing to chess and archery, from digging to light opera, painting and hiking.

Underneath any and all surface similarities, the differences between Los Alamos and other American small towns remain profound, in senses that have nothing to do with the number of books in the library or the like. Not only has Los Alamos lived most of its life behind gates and guards, but from the beginning it has been managed, with respect to all basic decisions, by absentee officials in Washington. The town was physically opened to the public several years ago. But only now are the first real steps being taken toward transferring ownership of the town's houses and resources (the laboratory excepted) to the people who live there. How withdrawal of the Government's paternalism will work out is one of the two big questions that hang in the bright air over Los Alamos.

The other question hangs more heavily, and no one faces it without some apprehension. The fact is that the town is at least in the shadow of another crisis in its life, not unlike the one of 20 years ago. For the arms race that has nourished Los Alamos from the beginning has just about exhausted its technical potentialities, and the big question is: Can Los Alamos become something other than the weapons center it primarily is?

The immediate background of this immediate question mark in the town's future grows from the ominous fact that the national security of the United States was never less certain, although the nation was never more armed. The universality of scientific and technical knowledge has broken down the security, and Russia, of course, is in precisely the same state that we are in. Both countries have so much overkill capacity that more bombs mean nothing, both countries have bombs so big that bigger ones mean nothing, and both have mastered the techniques of manufacture and delivery to the point that even further testing doesn't mean much. Whatever answer there may be will have to be something other than a technical one.

The ratification of the limited nuclear-test-ban treaty in 1963 was the first tangible accomplishment in the search for a political solution. Doctor Bradbury, who supported and testified for that treaty, held a press conference on that occasion, and what he said essentially was that the treaty would mean "no change" in the work of Los Alamos. It would mean no change, he argued, because the underground testing allowed by the treaty still would call for much Los Alamos work of the old familiar kind. And, he said, it would mean no change because weapons work was not all that Los Alamos did; although weaponeering was still its prime function, its programs were extending more and more into basic research. Nobody at Los Alamos, Doctor Bradbury said emphatically, liked to make bombs; they made bombs "because we thought in some way this provided a strength for the country to avoid war."

It may be that a half-mile-long machine known as a high-intensity linear proton accelerator will come to the aid of Los Alamos, much as the Bikini tests did at the time of the other crisis, 20 years ago. The accelerator, which would cost upwards of $50 million to construct and install, is an elaborate machine of a new kind for getting into the structure of the nucleus of an atom. Its uses are for basic research, not weapons. Interestingly enough, the laboratory's formal request to the Atomic Energy Commission for approval to go ahead with the new machine was filed at just about the time the test-ban treaty was signed. The request emphasized the importance such a basic tool would have in helping the laboratory to attract and hold on to first-rate scientists, and even in revitalizing the science-education programs of universities and colleges throughout the Rocky Mountain area, which would be able to make use of the machine too.

An advisory committee of the AEC warned last year that unless the laboratory got the machine there might be a "marked decline in the vigor and attractiveness of basic nuclear research at Los Alamos." And at this writing, the request for approval and funds has weathered a good deal of competitive jockeying from other scientific laboratories to win the endorsement of the AEC and the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. It is not certain that the proposal will get through all the thickets of political and scientific factionalism that lie ahead. But it does seem that this is the direction in which the positive side of the laboratory's future shows itself. And here the town and the laboratory are indistinguishable, for

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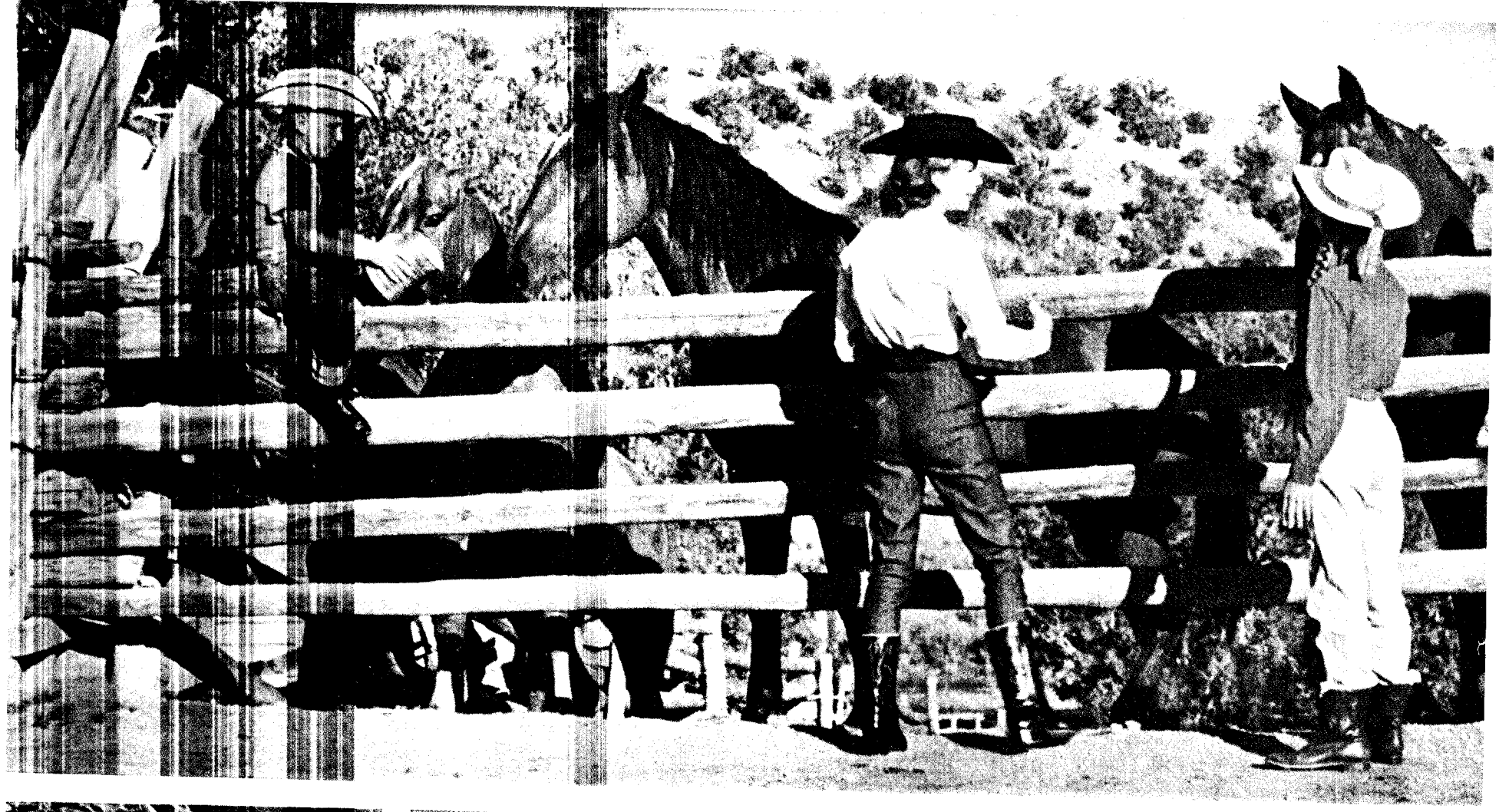

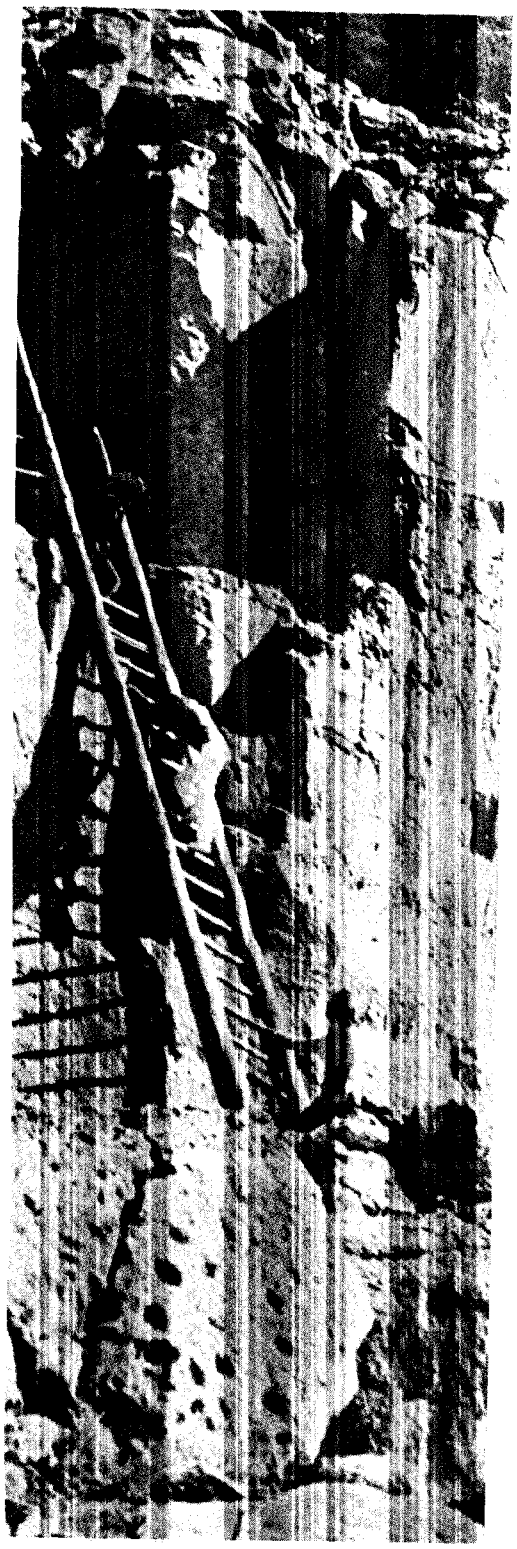

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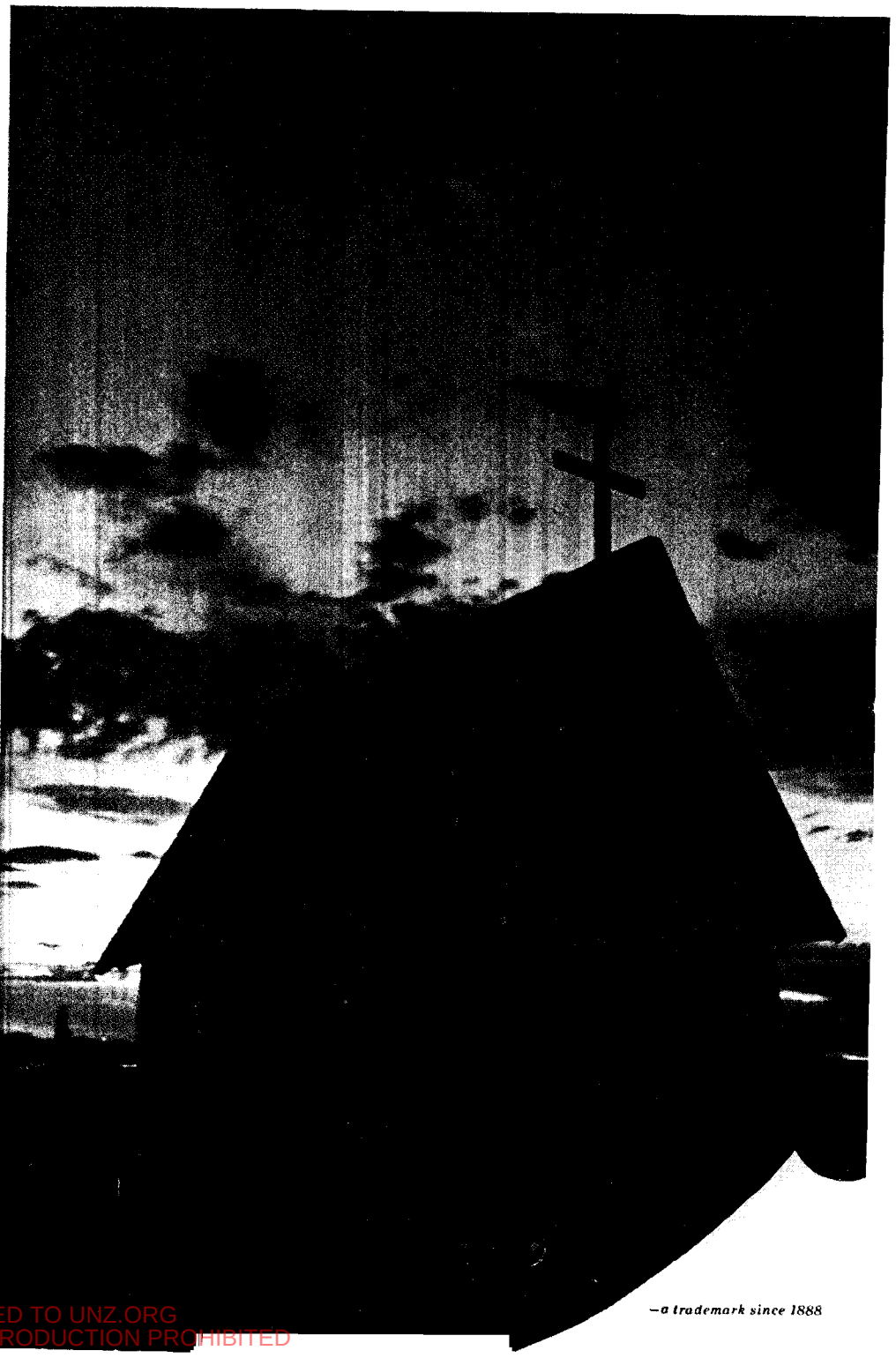

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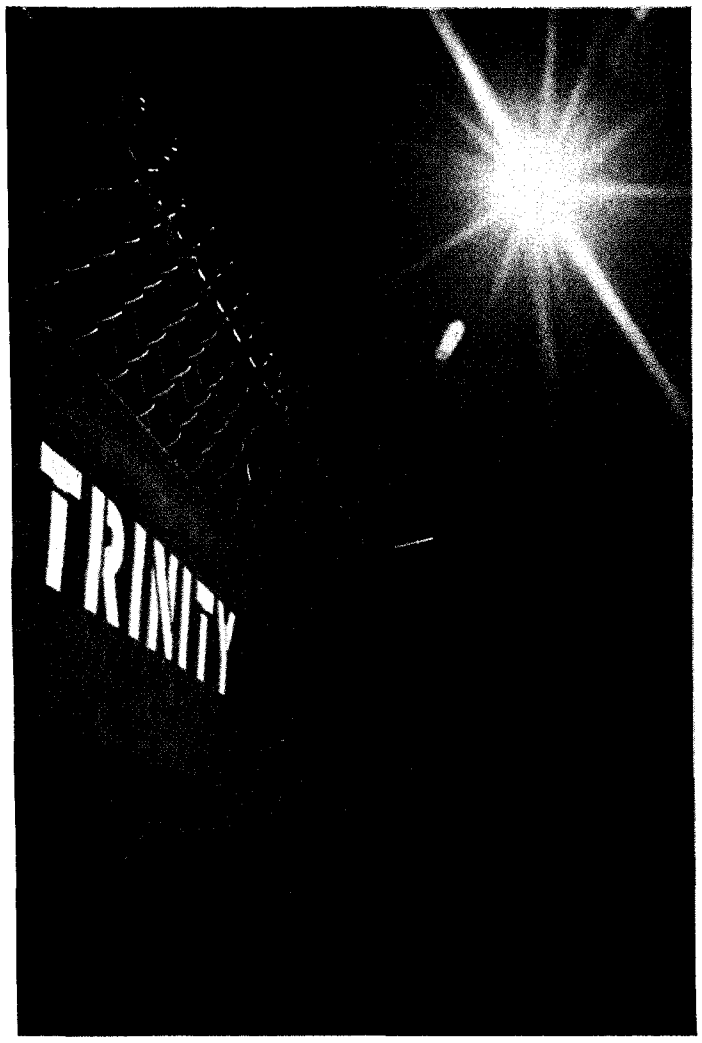

At dawn on July 16, 1945, Los Alamos scientists watched the first man-made nuclear explosion prove their success, at test site named Trinity, far to south of the "secret city."

whomever the laboratory does not hold as a scientist or an engineer, the town loses as a citizen—and his wife and children as well.

As citizens, the residents of Los Alamos have led mixed-up lives. They didn't even get ordinary political rights until Los Alamos County (which is essentially the town and its adjacent technical sites) was formed in 1949. The county administrator is, in effect, the city manager, but the biggest thing in town is the laboratory, and no one is in any doubt about who manages that. The laboratory's dominance, not only in terms of its special work but in terms of the close integration of its physical plant with the town's residential sections, is one reason Los Alamos was left out of the Atomic Energy Community Act of 1955, which in that year got the AEC out of the landlord business at Oak Ridge, Tenn., and Richland, Wash., the other war-born, once-secret atomic sites. Two years more went by before Los Alamos was opened to visitors without passes, and even then, of course, many laboratory installations remained unapproachable, as they still do.

But all of the machinery is now set up, and some of it is working, for the final disposal or transfer of Los Alamos to its residents. In 1962 President Kennedy signed the bill that extended the terms of the 1955 Community Act to Los Alamos. Even before this, two areas of the town were opened to private home building through outside contractors, and several hundred homes have been so built since then. Committees have been formed to examine all aspects of the town's changeover, to plat the community and get appraisals, draw up town plans, select contractors, and more besides. There are a few thousand details to any operation of this sort, and target dates have been set and missed over and over.

The delays have not all been due to bureaucratic foot dragging and red tape. Just as important, many of the town's families have been either cold to the idea of losing the Government as landlord, or afraid the transfer will bring higher living expenses, or simply apathetic to the whole idea of change from the paternalism of the past. Still, Los Alamos will be "disposed," at least for all practical purposes. The hospital, for example, has already been taken over by the Lutheran Hospitals and Homes Society.

The water supply won't be transferred. Water is basic in dry New Mexico, and it is understood on all sides that the AEC will maintain its control of the water supply for both laboratory and town, in the words of Herman Roser, the AEC's assistant area manager for community affairs, "so long as they are here or we are here." The withholding of the water supply underscores the fact that the needs of the laboratory, which justifies the town, will always prevail. And this is to say that the Government, which runs the laboratory, will never quite leave. It may be that this explains, at least in part, the generally apathetic attitude of this town toward the transfer proceedings.

The attitude might be different, too, if anyone saw any prospect that the town might expand on its own, by attracting some kinds of light industry. But no one does. State Representative Foster Evans, a physicist and an ardent participant in local dramatics (including Shakespearean selections put on in an adobe playhouse acquired from the San Ildefonso Indian pueblo), points out that Los Alamos is a dead end industrially and could hardly be otherwise, given its location.

Underneath the apathy there are tensions. The town voted against being opened to the public back in 1956; but in 1957 the AEC just opened it anyway, not winning many friends by its manner. In the opinion of Representative Evans, the town would vote against the transfer procedure if it had the chance; certainly a good many residents think the AEC is disposing of the town at least partly to get out of doing anything about the housing shortage. The business community—which, at Los Alamos, means the owners and operators of the filling stations, stores and shops, the radio station, and other service enterprises—often has difficulty attracting qualified people because it can't get decent housing for them. All the accommodations from passable on up are taken by laboratory people, who have preferred rights in the community. The businessmen are sometimes bitter on this score. "We are like the Negro child crossing the country," one said, "who asks his father, 'Daddy, why do we always have to eat in the car?'"

No businessman lives in the western area of town, one of the desirable residential sections. No lawyer lives in the western area, either, or anywhere else under AEC control, since AEC housing allotments exclude lawyers. State Senator Sterling Black, son of Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black and one of the town's three lawyers, worked for the AEC before he decided to start his own practice, but this didn't help him any when it came to housing. "The AEC," he observes, "does not consider lawyers programmatic necessities." But Senator Black is one of the town's chief boosters; he sees something of the frontier town in Los Alamos—and a rather unusually secure frontier town since, as he points out, the Government has hundreds of millions of dollars invested in it.

Like any other U.S. community, Los Alamos exhibits in familiar form the general uncertainties of life that affect urban man everywhere in this second half of the 20th century. Vandals break the school windows, and there are political tensions between the County of Los Alamos and its neighbors. (It is sometimes particularly difficult to find common ground between the reactor operators and hydrogen-bomb designers of Los Alamos County and the sheep and dairy farmers of Sandoval County next door.) But the main tensions continue to be the special ones that grow out of such things as the housing restrictions, the absentee influence of the AEC's Washington office (Los Alamos comes under the Division of Military Applications in the AEC setup), and the local version of town-and-gown.

The transfer of the community will inevitably ease tensions growing out of the housing problem and the absentee-landlord influence of the AEC. But the town-and-gown conflict will certainly continue; Los Alamos, past, present or as projected, is just that kind of town. Occasionally, although by no means regularly, one of the laboratory greats will turn up as speaker at the high-school graduation exercises or for some such major event. This generally goes over very well. Stanislaw Ulam, one of the "fathers" of the hydrogen bomb and a resident since 1943 (and a very witty speaker), spoke to the graduates a year or so ago. They gave him a big hand. But Doctor Bradbury has tried to keep a lecture series going for the community at large, using some of the distinguished experts available for the purpose; and these lectures generally have not drawn too well.

Doctor Bradbury doesn't often make speaking appearances himself, although he's an effective expositor of what he feels, with a rather brusque, no-nonsense delivery. He gave a notable piece of testimony on behalf of Doctor Oppenheimer during the latter's security hearings back in 1954, to the great approval of the townspeople, who, like most scientists everywhere, felt that Oppenheimer got a very raw deal. On the opposite side, a good many of the townspeople seem to think that Bradbury could do a good deal more than he has done about such problems as the housing. In general, Bradbury doesn't take much part in community affairs. He feels that his position gives him an unfair advantage, rather as though he had two votes.

At home, however, Bradbury is wholly at ease and a participant in everything. He's an active do-it-yourselfer, a sometime gardener, a helper-out in the kitchen, and a fairly frequent entertainer. The Bradbury family lives in a pleasant, tree-obscured house in the western area, looking out toward the Jemez Mountains, not toward the town or the laboratory buildings where Doctor Bradbury spends his days. This is the quiet back of Los Alamos as the town was set up 22 years ago. The front, now as then, is across town at the mesa's edge, where the road cuts sharply down, then runs out across the valley of the Rio Grande to meet the Santa Fe-Taos highway.

It was up this mountain road, when it was still a horse trail, before the paving went down and before the worst of the curves were taken out, that the big trucks came puffing and thundering in the winter of 1943, carrying the pieces of a cyclotron from Massachusetts, Van de Graaff generators from Wisconsin, spectrographs and X-ray diffraction machines from New Jersey, and a thousand other things from all over—pulling history up the road, ton by ton.

It is a beautiful road, now as then, and it is the best road by which to leave Los Alamos, as the Jemez Mountain road is the best by which to enter. As you go down the sloping edge of the mesa, the town disappears above you, and all you can see are some ruins from the vanished Indian civilizations that once thrived hereabouts, and pretty soon the river—a trickle or a turbulence depending on the season—and then the highway, stretching north and south and leading one way or another to all the nation's cities. and to all the air commands. □

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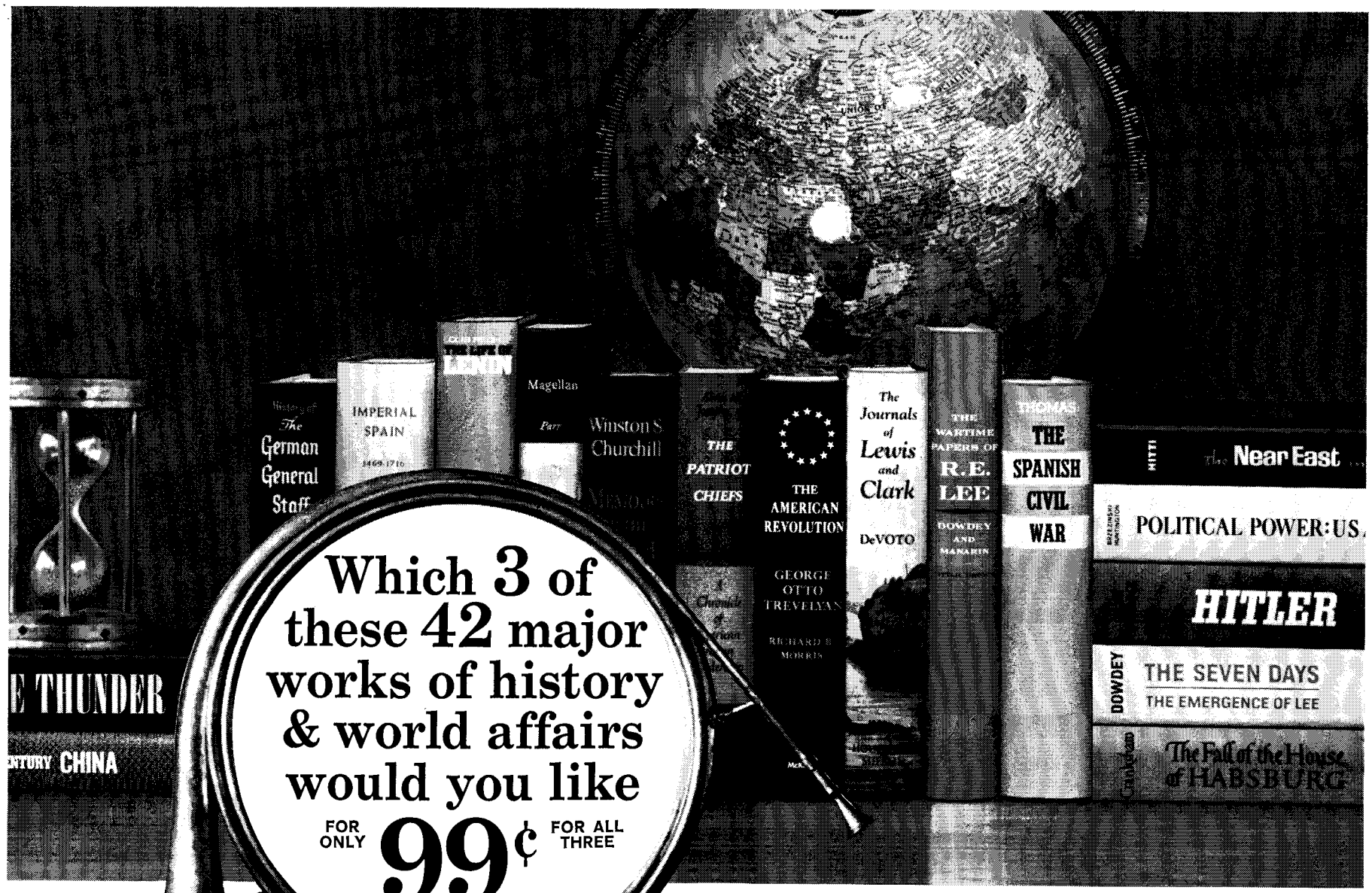
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It was a summer of magic, exploration—and discovery.

Illustrated by Erik Blegvad

There are times in everyone's youth when the whole sense and meaning of being young comes up like a wave and leaves in its path forever a warm, bone-deep residue of strength and rightness. These peaks can stand for the whole power of a moment or a week or a year or seventy years. This is why I have to tell about the summer when my brother, R.C.—Renfield Cotton—and I found the car in MacLloyd's garage.

It was a Saturday in summer, with expansiveness and joy on the air. The whole morning floated, along with all the cabbage butterflies, from grass blade to grass blade, not steering, only zigzagging and roving. After breakfast R.C. said, looking down his high-bridged nose, "Want to play catch?" and I said yes, because it was a proper day for it and because I considered it an honor. R.C. was in his second year at medical school and he'd been working like the devil; he had a night job at college, which helped, and his grades were high. When he had come home for the summer he'd been thin and washed-out, cheekbones showing strongly under the dark-gray eyes; now he was developing a tan, and he looked a shade heavier, the plates of muscle not glued so close to the bone. He also had a summer job at Parter's Pharmacy; but on this day he was off, and that made the day even more expansive. Sun streamed through the vines beside the kitchen window and made patterns of shadow over his close-cut black hair. Our parents were downtown shopping—a Saturday ritual. All around outside the house I could hear bees working, and a couple of pigeons under the porch-roof eaves. I got up and went to the closet and got a couple of mitts and a well-used baseball

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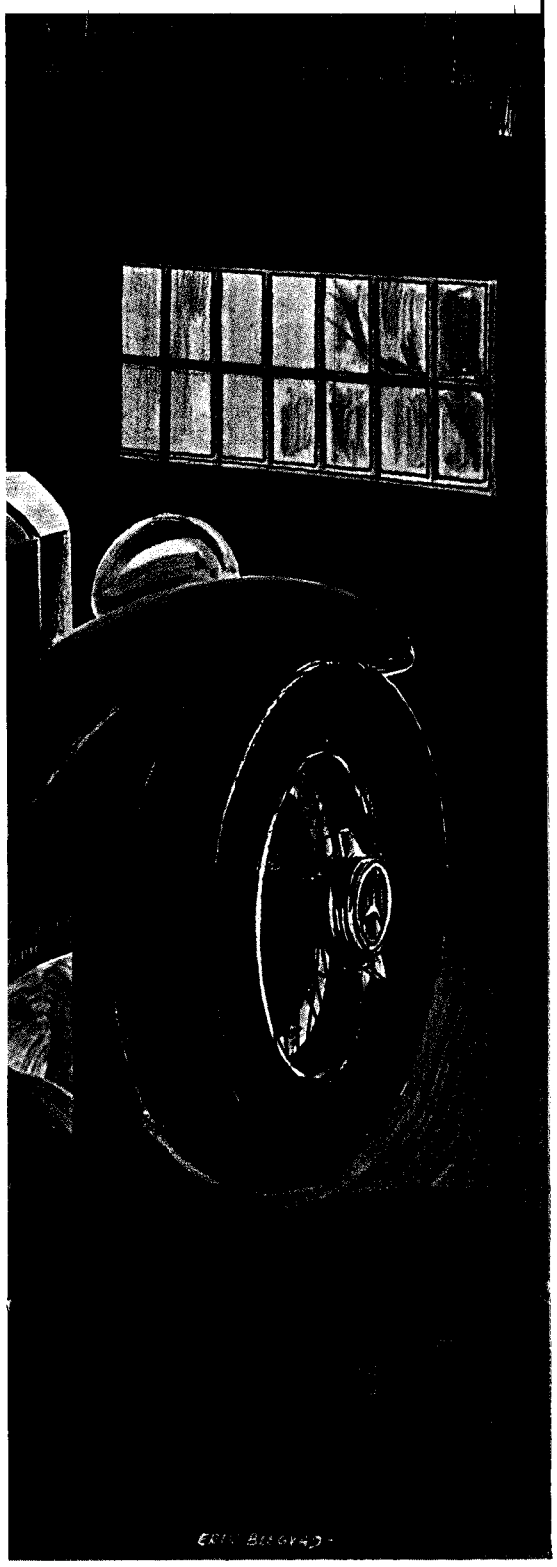

with old grass stains on its hide, and we went out past the lilacs into the side yard, near the grape arbors. The grapes were just swelling into season, turning plump and dark with a white dust over them that tasted strange and wild and sweet when you took them between your teeth and spat out the skins, *thoo;* large, fat Concords, and you could smell them a long way off. Birds flashed in the high oaks, and the yard was a dapple of sun and shade.

R.C. stationed himself at one end of the yard, and I stood at the other, and he pulled on his mitt while I worked my hand into mine. I was sixteen. Nights, I went to sleep dreaming of women, and mornings, I woke up having dreamed of them. I had girl friends, but they were nice, neighborhood girls and whenever I spotted the gleam of exploration in the eyes of one of them it was always at a time or place that inhibited my terrible need to know more. I was clumsy and shy and poetic and sometimes mean. I lived alternately in a hell of desire and the need to give. All this went through me as I gazed at R.C. down at the end of the yard. He was twenty-two; he had girls of his own. He loved women with a running current of passion that didn't ruffle the surface; I think he would have made a good husband, because only such men do. They value women for how fine they are and what they can be, and what they value they cherish and develop. I have often thought of how R.C. knew enough to cherish the marvelous thing that is woman. He didn't have to tell me this; it showed in silent ways and sometimes on the faces of his girls.

Now I let the first pitch go, giving it the best steam I had, a fair country pitch, and he leaped as it left my hand, going up from the grass all at once, his arm shooting high and the glove appearing small against the blue of sky, and then there was a quick smack and the ball was in his hand with no trouble. It was a good pitch but my control was off, as usual, and he'd snagged it with the ease and dexterity he could summon whenever he wanted them. I called, "Nice stop."

Voice coming full and soft across the grass, he called back, "Luck, for God's sake, I barely got it." But it wasn't luck; it was a good omen for the day. A day like that—and even whole strings of days, sometimes weeks—you can do anything. The simple catch put an excitement in the air.

I got set for his pitch, tensing, my elbows feeling sharper than usual. I knew it would come on like all there was. He didn't wind up; he never wound up even when he pitched for the team back in high school. Instead he took casual-seeming aim, squinting slightly, taking his time, judging the distance and assessing his right arm's force and feeling the ball so, and so, in his fingers. The first year he'd pitched in high school he had not bought a uniform but had done the trick in an old sweatshirt and flannels, the green and white school colors visible only on his limp-billed baseball cap. It wasn't scorn of conformity that made him do this and it wasn't the fact that he couldn't have in some manner scrounged a uniform, either. It was simply that he had other uses for the money that came in, and since there was never a lot of it he had achieved an individualistic uniform which nobody, not even the coach, objected to after a while. I was thinking of this even while he let the ball go.

It was so fast I couldn't even see it, but I stabbed for it; then there was a tearing of leaves as it whipped up through the lower boughs of a tree. I called, "Sorry!"

He called back, "OK. It was high." He came loping over to me. "Nuts, it was a mile over your head. Control like a back gate."

We walked over toward the trees through which the ball had plowed. I said, "Damn it, you got mine!"

"Fluke," he said. "Don't get so mad."

I said, "Who's *mad?* I like that ball, is all. That ball's been around a while."

"You're a tough kid," he said. "You know? You're a very tough brat."

"I try to be," I said, feeling better. We walked under the trees, in the deep, green-gold shine, looking for the ball; it was a bowerlike, enchanting place, and I thought that if I had a real girl I would bring her here some still afternoon. But the ball wasn't anywhere here, so we kept on walking and then we were in MacLloyd's side yard This was the home of old Mr MacLloyd, who was in his seventies. At one time he'd been lieutenant governor of the state and after that a power, the sort they used to call a kingmaker, in local politics. The house was built along the lines of our house but it was a little more run-down, a holdover from the post-Victorian time in America when people built for enormous families with much waste space and rolling acres of lawns. All the yards here were overgrown now, and everything felt alien and odd. The maples and oaks and pines seemed more settled and sunk in their roots; they had the appearance of trees nobody much looks at, or ever climbs. All the boughs needed pruning and in places roofed your head so you were wholly in shadow as you walked, and the smell of the long grasses and clover was ranker here, the noise of our feet moving making a whisper around our ankles.

I said, "Haunted. Home of Doctor Fu Manchu."

R.C. said, "Peaceable, though." He'd folded his mitt and shoved it in a side pocket. He stopped and took a deep breath and looked over toward a summerhouse that had a pergola in its center and thrust up from the dark grasses behind the kitchen wing of the house. R.C. said, "Once, when I was about five, I guess it was, I sneaked out at night. They were having a party over here. A lot of Japanese lanterns strung around, people going in and out of the summerhouse, a butler with a bowl of punch, a few musicians—I guess they had a string quintet. It sounded fine through the trees. I looked through the hedge for a long time, then I went back to bed. Next day I had a hell of a summer cold. Somebody'll buy all this sometime—tear it down flat and build something useful."

Then he was quiet, and I thought he was giving me something of his past, a small piece of it to do with what I wanted to, but there was nothing to answer. And the day was pulsing with animation around us, and the yard was so quiet. I looked sideward at him, and his eyes were narrow; he was staring around carefully, arms folded, all poised and searching. I looked away, at the yard, and started to scour every inch with care, letting my eyes pick out only a small area at a time. But he saw the ball first.

Next second, when he'd started for it, I could see it too. It had rolled about five feet from the corner of what in the old days had been the carriage house; now morning-glories rioted up one whole carriage-house wall, and grasses encroached all the way to the doors. The ball lay on a section of cracked concrete where, long before, somebody had paved this entrance after the carriage house became a garage. I scooped up the ball, straightened, and tossed it a couple of times in my right hand. I was wheeling around when I caught a glimpse of something shining through a grime-smeared carriage-house pane. I wheeled back, and stepped to the window.

Inside, emerging from an interior drowned in gloom, I saw in a sun-shaft the left rear fender of a huge automobile. Even this small section of the car caught my imagination like fire. I was shading my eyes with both hands, plastering my forehead against the pane. I said, "R.C. Take a look here." I could hear him coming on through the grass. The fender there in the sun-shaft was a brilliant blue, polished as a jewel even in that dusty place. R.C. was at my side, his face close to another pane; he shaded his eyes. "Well, by God," he said.

I remembered as we stood there how, from the time he was thirteen or fourteen and I was seven or

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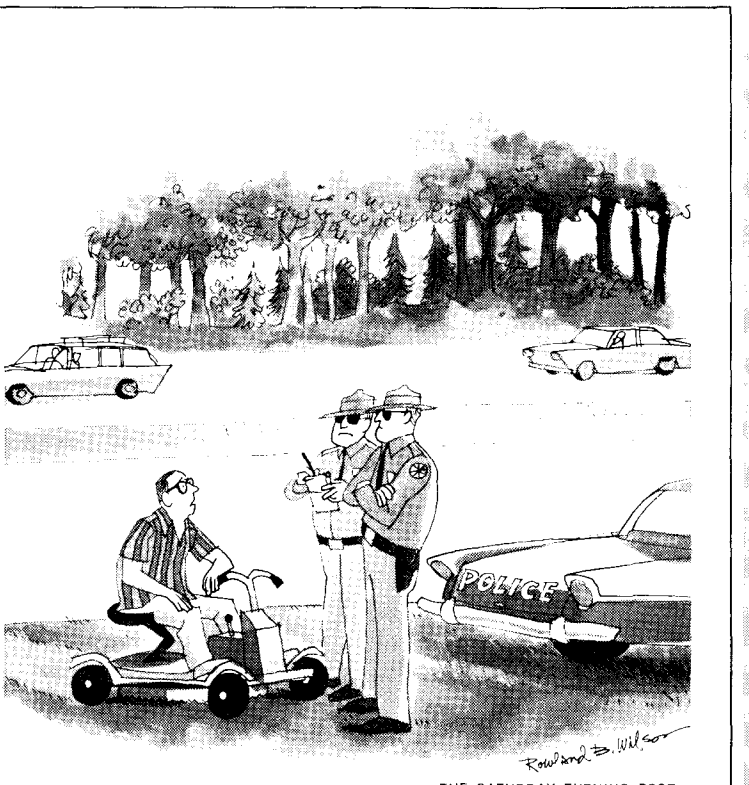

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I was going back and forth, back and forth on the front lawn, when I asked myself, 'What the hell am I doing with my life?'"

eight, he had interested me in building models of old cars. That time had ceased as he grew away from me, and the models had been given to me, and after that they did not mean so much. I thought of this as his voice came again: "Thought he got rid of it a long time back. Mercedes. About a 1929. Come over to this side of the window." He stepped back, and I moved over. "Look hard right. You can see part of the radiator. And a little of the blower pipes."

I looked, and there they were: the heavy nickel radiator, the three-pronged emblem star. And I could begin to make out the shape of the entire automobile. It was a screamer, a biter of rubber and highways; the radiator, dull from here, was savage and enormous; the rakish, go-to-hell lines were massive, and the blower pipes projected from the hood like a giant's muscles.

I said, hardly hearing my own voice, "You think he'd mind—if we ——"

I stopped because R.C. was talking: "I doubt if anybody'd mind if we ——"

Then we were glancing at each other, smiling a little, and after that we walked around the carriage-house corner. The side door was not inviting, but we weren't asking for an invitation. It was fitted with hasps, even the screw-slots rusted, but there was no lock. The door gave a harsh, wooden sigh as I pushed it open. Outside light spilled into the carriage house; it burned along the whole hood of the Mercedes, which seemed to go on and on after most cars' hoods would have stopped. Through the raging dust-motes the flank of the car shone out. An entire past—a gone era, a time lost and invisible—came tangibly into being with a single leap; part of this was the smell of leather from the seats, and the special smell even the grease had; but the whole was more than the sum of the parts.

I thought then—and think now—that the automobile we stood looking at was like a woman of great beauty and power, fierceness of desire. She could be generous and forgiving and wasteful of her life, but she could also be mightily fastidious and chary in her giving. She asked for, required, a man. After a few seconds, R.C. walked around on the wheel side—it angled up on the right—and opened the door. The door didn't protest; it opened under his fingers as though it had been waiting for him. R.C.'s nose wrinkled. "She's been greased good, and she's on blocks all around."

We regarded each other across half the length of the car, he from beside the steering wheel, I from near the radiator shell. For a long, beating moment there wasn't anything but speculation between us, the wings of need flapping in the semidarkness. It was cooler here than it was in the sunlight. On my forearms gooseflesh rose and prickled.

R.C. said, with great casualness, "Least we can do is talk to Old Man MacLloyd."

I said, "OK," almost as casually. "Only first let's look her over a little more."

That was how the summer of the Mercedes came into being; it happened in just that seemingly easy and incredible way. Old Mr. MacLloyd had been an invalid for some time; his housekeeper, Mrs. Fisher, was a petty and often militant tyrant concerning his health; at first, she wasn't even going to let us see him and talk to him about the automobile. But R.C. was doggedly polite, and insistent at the same time; he treated her as he might have treated a Y. W. C. A. secretary whose guard he had first to flatten before advancing upon her delectable daughter, with tenderness and understanding. He finally won her over and she muttered but capitulated, and said we could have a brief interview with the old man. I couldn't have done it; I'd have lost my temper or given up, one. But he did it as he always did everything important to him—working at a medical education or, at the last, learning the craft of war—politely and firmly, and with a drive beneath the words and all the cajolery that went straight to what was important. When we did get in to see him, Mr. MacLloyd was pleasant enough; a shriveled, ground-down little man with the complexion of a bleached hazelnut, a spray of freckles across the pale forehead, and a tall fund of stories about the past, which R.C.'s mention of the car immediately touched off. R.C. did the bulk of the talking for our cause. Patient again, he steered the conversation around dozens of detours and innumerable swamps of nostalgia, back each time to the car. It was almost three o'clock in the afternoon, and my belly was growling and I was trying not to stare stonily at Mrs. Fisher each time she appeared in the doorway to shake her head and mutter, when we came to an agreement.

Head tipped back against his wicker basket chair, a gray shawl with woolly orange flowers about his neck, Mr. MacLloyd said, "All right, all right. As a rule, I'd say no. But you look like thinkers and you talk like you know what she is, and you haven't tried to beat me down or made any damned-fool low offers. I know what she's worth; got a fair idea what I could get for her. I'll let you fix her up and drive her for this summer. Not a bad investment on my part; she needs driving, it'll do her good." He coughed and pulled the shawl in closer around his chin. His eyes were vague and tired but with a ghost of enthusiasm flitting through them from time to time. "I'll have to have her back when the summer's over, though. I'm not a rich man. Once I was—comparatively. But now—well, I've had a good life and I don't complain much. Don't even complain"—his fingers moved over the wicker arm, crawling and aimless, trying to say more than he could—"don't even complain when that old bag chews me out." Then Mrs. Fisher left the doorway and stumped back into the kitchen, where she rattled china and walloped pots in a steady protest. "So when I'm gone the car'll be needed to help pay off things, here and there. Well, that's it."

And that was the way the deal was made, that simply. In the stuffy darkened room—the whole house was achingly dark inside, holding an aura of medicinal rust, and there were many photographs of Mr. MacLloyd's political cronies peering from the walls and from all corners—I was feeling so peculiar and hungry that I didn't take in the full sense of what had happened. Not then. And I still failed to appreciate it even when we shook hands on the deal, and started moving out of the house, saying our good-byes with respect. It wasn't until we'd murmured the final good-bye to Mrs. Fisher on the back steps and were out in the full flood of sunlight that I realized what we had. I glanced at R.C. There were certainly no large differences in how he looked. But his eyes were shining a little, a smoky shine I recalled from the days when he would have acquired a new package containing a model car, and he'd be laying out the glue and the parts fresh from the box. He said, "All right, that's done. Here we go."

We were walking across the backyard to the carriage house. My feet felt light, suddenly, in the long grass, the foot-singing grass. The day was immediate and hot and flooding around me. I only nodded and said, "That's good, damn good."

Then came the night work; and it was a good thing it was summer, because I'd never have been able to pay the least attention in school, after all those hours under a swinging, wire-caged bulb working over that engine, that beautiful, intricate, proud, and man-resisting engine. I am not a mechanic by nature; you either are or you aren't. But there is a middle ground of doggedness and admiration which will not be denied, and R.C. had enough inborn skill for both of us. My father was interested, and on many nights he joined us, and sometimes on Saturday and Sunday afternoons too. I have a picture in my head of R.C. with grease up to his armpits, my father bent over the manual for the Mercedes with his forehead wrinkled like a cap of cobwebs as he tries to decipher the translation side of the manual, which was still half German and half a strange, incomprehensible Esperanto, and me with the parts of the carburetor spread out like a Chinese puzzle, or Chinese torture, around the floor, and the light bulb swinging, and the moths flapping around it to cast large, variable shadows over the car's blue hood. Such pictures stay with you. In another picture of those nights, R.C. crouches beside me, in the overalls he has changed into each evening as soon as he hits the house on the rebound from his drugstore job; and he is wearing an expression of clean intensity, as though he has at last found a hobby which will match his expectation of life. As if he were an arrow that had found its target. Outside, there's moonlight and you can smell the night-blooming stock all the way from our house, as it drifts in the open garage doors. There is a communion of feeling strong as the earth and the night itself.

These pictures, in all their shifting and all their meanings, are overlaid with others—with the morning, for instance, of another Saturday, when we rolled the Mercedes out of the garage for the first time, moving her down that cracked strip of concrete under her own rumbling power. We'd had to buy new tires; even with the car on blocks, the tires had rotted. But we'd got tires through an ad we put in a car magazine, dickering a great deal about the price; and now she wore the tires, and she had been brought alive, and all the engine work was over, and the testing was over—and on this day she emerged into the sun like a dragon from its lair. I've had many cars since then, and some of them have been made by Mercedes-Benz, but all have been like eating store cake after having bitten the hot, earthy bread of the gods. R.C. drove her on that first occasion, which was as it should have been. I sat, almost holding my breath, on the deep leather seat next to him, my left hand touching the fine-textured leather which we had washed and washed again and treated with leather wax until it had the soft shine of a live animal's hide.

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R.C. proceeded with marvelous care down the drive, going slowly as we came near the street so the overgrown MacLloyd bushes wouldn't scratch her paint. Her brightwork shone like daggers in the day, each gleam a reward for the infinite hours spent polishing. There weren't many people out that morning, on the sidewalks or in the street; it was a wide street like a placid river, and quiet, as a rule, and at first nobody much noticed us. R.C. turned her into our driveway at home, and gave two modest, abbreviated jolts on the horn—it was a three-tone combination, like an angry fox with a sweet voice, which we'd rewired—and our parents came out. About the same time, a group of small children—the Fasers from across the street, the Gember children from down on the north corner—came as if in response to a pied piper, appearing suddenly and silently; I looked at them steadily, and they stood where they were, not coming a step closer. R.C. said to mother, "Get in and have a ride."

I got out, she got in, and she sat rather lightly, on the edge of the seat, angled forward a bit, her hands in her lap as if she expected to hear a splendid sermon. Her red hair lifted and flew in the slight breeze as R.C. reversed down the drive; he took her, with vast sedateness, around the block. She smiled sweetly, upon getting down, and said it was very nice, but that it was a bit loud, and she would after all prefer the family car as her usual mode of transportation. Our father, cocking his head and holding it low to the hood, said, "She sounds smooth. Not a miss," and then he collected our mother and the two set out on their Saturday shopping rounds. By this time the crowd of children had increased, and I gave them a narrow-eyed look, and R.C. said, "Your turn," and slid over on the left. I, too, drove around the block; this time many of the children followed along behind, some skipping, others jogging or quick-stepping, and I resisted the terrible temptation to step down hard on the accelerator, and kept the speed at a steady five or six miles an hour. In the flashing mirrors I could see the children's faces and arms and legs as they streamed out behind, creating a traffic hazard; I felt strong irritation toward them, and below the irritation, in a strip like another layer of being, the fondness and the humor and the ambition of being their age, the terrible open joy of it. I completed the circuit, and cut the ignition. In the warm sun the car, this she-beast, sat haughty beneath us, steel and leather and a little glass, and now the children came closer and laid hands on her, and I shut my eyes but let them touch her.

After that first day, we got more accustomed to driving her, but never in the sense that either of us could forget for an instant that she was there. She required attention; you did not forget her. Among my pictures of the summer is one of R.C. coming up to me as I stand looking at my shadowed self in the hall mirror after dinner, and of him saying, "Go ahead, take her on your date. I don't want her tonight." He looks at me calmly, and goes on, "Promised 'em I'd work tonight at the drugstore; fill in. Here." And he holds out the ignition key and I take it. It is a big, distinctive piece of well-shaped metal with the weight and feel of a key to some hidden treasure house. There are a thousand things I want to say, but I don't say them. I say, "Thanks," and go to the telephone to call a girl.

Then it is later that night as the girl and I are going down the Hadley Mill Road, outside town, returning from seeing a movie in Hadley. I glance toward the girl. She is a nice girl and a neighborhood girl and at the same time she is so exciting she makes a pulse bump in my wrists and makes me look back quickly toward the rushing road. I feel I will say or do something instinctive that will brand me in her eyes as an evildoer and may even jerk this lovely car out from under me. Her cheeks are quickened by the wind and her eyes have a fey look; she stays before me even though I am looking very hard at the road and driving with keen skill and perfect attention. We growl along at a steady pace, and we go over the Hadley Mill Bridge, the great wheels rumbling its wooden slats and making them echo, and when we are on the other side my foot moves lower on the accelerator, because there is a straight stretch ahead, no side roads, nothing in sight. I say, "Hang on," and she hangs on, moving closer to me as she does, though I don't know this in that single moment. All at once the blower cuts in. The blower pipes scream as they go into action through the fragrant cattle-and-night-smelling air, and we are shot forward, our backs driven into the seats as though giant hands held us there, while everything ghosts past as in a dream of flying.

Later the girl, the nice girl, says, low-voiced, "Park a while in the shadow," and I pull up under an elm fairly far from her house, which has a wide lawn; and she says, "Come here," and I attempt to be very quiet and expert, but I am not; this is all right, as she is not expert, either. We forgive each other our inexpertness, which does not seem to matter in the long run; there is sometimes a willingness of the wild heart more honest and more kind than caution. And afterward, with the Mercedes and all her power parked next to our old family car in the garage at home, I come around the house and sit on the steps a while. It is about two in the morning; I can hear noises of the darkness so clearly it is as if I had never heard them before, night birds singing like ice in the moist trees.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

At the end of summer, when it was time for R.C. to go back to college, time for me to go back to high school, we returned the car. In October of that year Mr. MacLloyd died, and the car, along with his house—I've often wondered what happened to the photographs of his old friends which hung in shadows—was sold as the estate was settled. We had a feeling of loss when we took the Mercedes back, but we'd expected it; we were built up for it. Not everybody could have known a summer like the one we'd had. I seriously doubt that it would be possible to have a similar summer by simply buying a similar car. Now, among other pictures of the time is one of R.C. packing before he leaves for school. We casually divide each other's socks into two piles. We talk a little about the Christmas holidays, when he'll be home again. Not an important picture, and no dialogue to speak of in it; yet it is as lucid to me as anything about the Mercedes was, and I can see him standing in the fresh September light. He looks up. "Good summer, you know, brat?"

"The best," I say.

That's all for then. After that comes school and its problems and the beautiful complexity which never becomes simple, or straightens out in a clear line, till much later. And before the Christmas vacation there is a letter from R.C., laconic but to the point, telling us that he is enlisting because Pearl Harbor has happened. Then there are many more letters from R.C., none of them long, most of them humorous. Some of the last letters, coming years later, mention in a roundabout way, which the censor doesn't quite get, that he and his outfit will be moving out before long. I remember that I thought then, He could get as far as Stuttgart, and see the Mercedes-Benz works if there's anything left by then.

He didn't get to Stuttgart. Or Berlin, either. He was killed in the Bulge. I do not think he forgot the summer we had, and I doubt that he hated the enemy who killed him; I think he probably kept to the end the male pride and satisfaction that we'd been privileged to follow, to its finish, a youthful dream. He loved greatness, and women; and since they are both worth it, that can be a true love. He had the idea of mankind going all out for beauty. Sometime there'll be another like him, and he will live. □

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How to win at cocktails

Frank Cornwall's party style was total shamelessness, and it had always worked—until the evening he met the pretty stranger.

By BENJAMIN DeMOTT

Everybody has a party style, cheerful or dark, likable or hard to take. Frank Cornwall's party style—before he reformed—was original but it was hard to take.

Frank would station himself at the edge of a group of chatterers until he had a map of the strangers in the room and then spread himself out to the prettiest. There's nothing remarkable, of course, about a man telling a pretty stranger chapters of the story of his life, letting drinks, noise and a crowd take the curse off a confession. Thousands of people make mistakes at parties. You can't see the next subject clearly and you fall back on yourself, and, if you don't actually know the person you're talking to, you tend to forget the rules about self-revelation. But Frank was programmatic, not nervous. Without thinking of himself as an experimenter, he had learned, as he aged, that if he was completely honest, held back nothing that came to mind, he could break through his own natural limits and become interesting. The secret was thoroughness—call it total shamelessness if you want—but Frank never meant to hurt anyone. What mattered to him was that the approach worked. It worked in the sense that, while he wasn't handsome or clever, good-looking girls rarely looked off from him bored. And because he concentrated on strangers, his confidences and confessions seldom returned to roost in any damaging way. The chief reason it worked was that the amount of skepticism in the world is increasing. Nobody would believe you if, giving Frank as your source, you repeated the stories he told you about himself and his near ones and dear ones. Who in his right mind would go around saying such things to perfect strangers? Summing up, what Frank had may or may not deserve to be called a system, but it was something he felt quietly secure about and followed faithfully for months with never a disappointment. And it was not until one evening at his friend Jack Tasker's ——

As it happened, his meeting with the pretty stranger of that occasion couldn't have been more promising: The girl's response was to fall on his neck in gratitude. He had, as it turned out, saved her from the Last Straw. Frank found this easy to believe. Like many another stranger before her, she was uncomfortable—the party wasn't big enough. She had come in alone, knowing (according to Frank's sound guess) three or four people in the room, at most. After taking a drink from a tray, she went around the place, not too conspicuously, doing the walls and objects. She stopped and studied a figure on a window cabinet—a famous piece, as Frank thought of it: a mother in a rocking chair, holding a baby high in the air. Smiling to himself, Frank watched her admire it, knowing she was thinking about her next step. A moment later he was at her side as she was telling the hostess, Jack Tasker's third wife, how she loved the Henry Moore, and Number Three thanked her and said she loved it too and it wasn't Henry Moore, it was Brancusi, and left them.

Frank was never short of ordinary talk, and, while he was abrupt, he always had in mind that his aim wasn't to frighten people. He explained that it was Henry Moore, she couldn't have been righter—and the girl fell all over him. She had been about ready to give up, she told him; there was a limit to what you could take, and why shouldn't the whole world know it?

"How would she know, anyway?" Frank said to the girl, moving tentatively. "Even if she's not dumb, she's new. Third wives don't get the feel of a place. They have to teach themselves. . . . Actually," he said, as she looked gratefully at him over her glass, "you can buy reproductions of the thing by the case now, but you couldn't when Jack got it. He's got a lot of good stuff around here. There's a Pollock in the study with an Old Pals inscription—'Jack to Jack' and all that. I'll show you."

"I feel so relieved I could weep," the girl repeated. She was an attractive creature, well turned out, with a quick, animated style of talk.

Feeling pleased, Frank chuckled cheerfully as they went down the hall.

"Getting names straight is square," he explained. "It's like spelling words under Queen Victoria. If you didn't spell things your own way, you were a fink. The only trouble is," he added slyly, "you have to be dealing with somebody who knows enough to know that not-knowing is OK. Understand?"

In the study he pointed out the picture. He moved a chair over so that the girl could climb up and read the handwritten message in the corner.

She climbed down and gave him a very direct smile.

"I still feel like weeping. You saved my life."

Frank was interested. "Generally? About everything?"

"Everything."

"You don't know what everything is. . . . Look at me," he said, warming up slowly. "I couldn't tell you my troubles in a book. There's too much."

She turned her head doubtfully. The girl clearly knew nothing about him.

"I get up in the morning," Frank said, "and my teeth bleed. When girls lie to me about how old they are, they say they're thirty-five."

She made a rueful face.

"I change my doctor every two months, and no matter who it is he sends me to somebody else, always a different one but he's 'the top kidney man in the country.' I need glasses so badly I couldn't really tell you what you look like. I haven't seen a show through for five years—I get dizzy in the intermission. Five times out of ten I call the pro and say I'm coming over for a set, and he says, 'Gee, Mr. Cornwall, I wish I could ——' and makes an excuse. I used to beat him once a week. I can't look at a market report without seeing my own electrocardiogram. Face it ——"

He opened his hands to her. Everything Frank said was, poor guy, true, and it was only an overture.

"That's all physical," the girl said with a shrug.

"Physical!" He gave a practiced sigh. "Listen," he said, "you know where my wife is? In Vermont. It's a fact. She's up there in the Retreat. I woke up one night in the middle of the night, and I heard footsteps all over the place. Oh my God, burglars. I keep a pistol in my wife's bedroom, and I crept in there, and all the damn lights were on and she wasn't there. You know what was on her bed?"

Her eyes were wide.

"*She* wasn't in it, I'll tell you that. The bedclothes were smoothed back

Illustrated by Eldon Dedini

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and there was a big pile of electric light bulbs on the covers. There must have been fifty of them. I got my robe on and went downstairs. I was still scared stiff, I had the pistol in my hand, and I came down the stairs. What do you think? She was in the living room. It's one of these Normandy-bit houses, two and a half stories high in the living room and library. There she is up a ladder, taking the bulbs out of the chandelier. Four A. M. in the morning. She had a basket over her arm, up to the brim in light bulbs. She was like some shepherd. I called out to her, and she looked at me and fell off the damned thing and broke her ankle. To this day I haven't a clue whether she was in her sleep or what. I came back from taking her to the hospital with the ankle and I swear to God there wasn't a light in the place—she'd stripped every bulb in the house and put them in the bed. I've been up a dozen times asking her doctor. He won't say a thing. It may be years, is what he tells me. It may take years."

She shook her head in wonder. He took her half-finished drink and put it on a passing tray and found them fresh ones.

"You don't know the half of it," he said. "Right now," he told her as she sipped her drink, "I have *two* in institutions. That's right. Two. My daughter doesn't belong in one, but I can't get her out. I go up, I try to drag her away, and raise hell with them—and I wound up with some state trooper holding my elbow and reading me the law."

"No!"

"She's married to this Russian professor—*he's* the one that ought to be in the bin. But it never works that way. He put her in. You have to stay in twenty-nine days or something—tests, observation, all that. When you're in, you're in. Nobody can get out. Nobody can get you out. I'd never have known except her next-door neighbors—they know he's a kook—they called me at the office and said, 'Hey, he's just signed her in.' I flew up and rented a car and ran all around, and it was no good. I got nowhere at the hospital, so I went to their house and banged on the door, and he wouldn't answer. He was inside—I knew it. The car was in the driveway. I yelled, 'Damn it, open up, I'll break you in two.' Standing on the porch. You know what the kook did? Inside the house he called the police, and they had me down at the station answering questions and looking at my credit cards.

"You see what he did," Frank explained. "He put her in because she did an 'irrational act.' You know what it was?"

She was half leaning on him by then for the rest of the story, and Frank was delighted; he loved company. She was free for supper, and they left early and Frank finished telling about his daughter, how she had infuriated her kookie husband in a supermarket by tearing up a twenty-dollar bill that he, the husband, had just given her after they'd had a fight about money. Then he went on to talk about how his college had rated him for a nine-thousand-dollar gift to their fund drive and he went to the local chairman and got it scaled down because of his expenses, the sum he was giving to the church building fund and the rest. He told her what he'd seen in his Rorschach pictures, and how much he had laid out on his daughter's wedding, and how it happened his wife proposed to him, not vice versa. . . .

It was a long story and Frank told it well, forcefully but not melodramatically. He could even be funny. They had finished their sweetbreads and salad and were having coffee and brandy when Frank sat back and said it was true about his eyes, he couldn't see much, but he could see she was a damned nice-looking girl, and she knew he was the kind of man who called them as he saw them.

"You really haven't got any idea how grateful I am," she said, going back to the business about the chunk of sculpture. "I was ready to give up. I was just convinced I could never do anything right or *get* anything right. I've had such a miserable week ——"

"Tell me about it," Frank said, lighting his second cigar of the meal. He felt entitled to relax.

"This is Saturday night," she began. "Well." She thought a moment. "Monday was all right, I guess, till supper-time. I mean, it was better than all right. I thought I was great, up and down the social ladder. Here I was—I remember thinking this and kind of laughing about it—here I was due to go out in a half hour to the Four Seasons with a millionaire and at six o'clock, while my kids are eating, here I was cleaning the john bowl with a brush. I was getting a great charge out of that. And then when we got there and sat down the fellow looked across at me. He was mad. He said, 'Why do you always wear the same damned dress whenever I take you out? Is that the only dress you own? You trying to tell me something?' I just about fainted. It ruined me."

Frank nodded, condescension in his manner.

"So then on Tuesday morning I came down in the elevator with this man I walk across town with going to work. He's an analyst. He's been making these passes for six months. Tuesday morning we were just about to the bus stop. It was starting to rain, and he looked at me with his famous mischievous little grin. He said, 'Jane, darling, seriously, let's ——' so I began kicking him. I don't know what came over me. I started kicking and kicking him. He was laughing and hopping all around the sidewalk, holding himself, blowing me kisses. Crazy. I kicked my heel off, and I had to go *limp*ing home and change my shoes in the rain.

"And then at lunchtime," she went on, as Frank drew on his cigar, frowning faintly, "I was positive my father had disappeared. He isn't all there sometimes, but he has this reputation and he goes around the country giving lectures. His secretary sends me his itinerary because I can check without looking like anybody *was* checking. She tells me who to call at the place he's going and I call them and leave a message for him to call me when he gets there. That way we keep track he gets where he's supposed to get. So at lunch there was a big thing on, we're merging, I mean my company. I was supposed to be helping it along, only this thought came over me. No call. We were in the Grosvenor. I went out into the lobby and I called Chicago and I got the Missing Persons Bureau. Then I tried Mama—they don't live together much any more but everybody's living *on* him, so we all have an interest—I called Mama and then I was all in the air and I came back. I said, 'Herman, my father's disappeared.' Herman's my boss. And naturally everybody had to be very concerned and think of things to do. Herman was furious, but what could he say? The meal went by like that, everybody giving ideas about finding Janie's dad. Herman had worked two years to get this gang at one table. For some reason it never occurred to me to call back the name I had in Chicago. Or the secretary. Or anybody. And then when we got back to the office, Herman seething and trying not to show it, I looked at the calendar and of course I had the wrong day. Meantime Mama has the New *York* police mixed up in it and they're persuading her my father ran off with some woman to Detroit or someplace and didn't want anybody to know. And then that night somebody called me on the phone and left this message—'Help me'—some joker, on my auto-answerer. 'Help me.' Just that. What did it mean? So that was Tuesday.

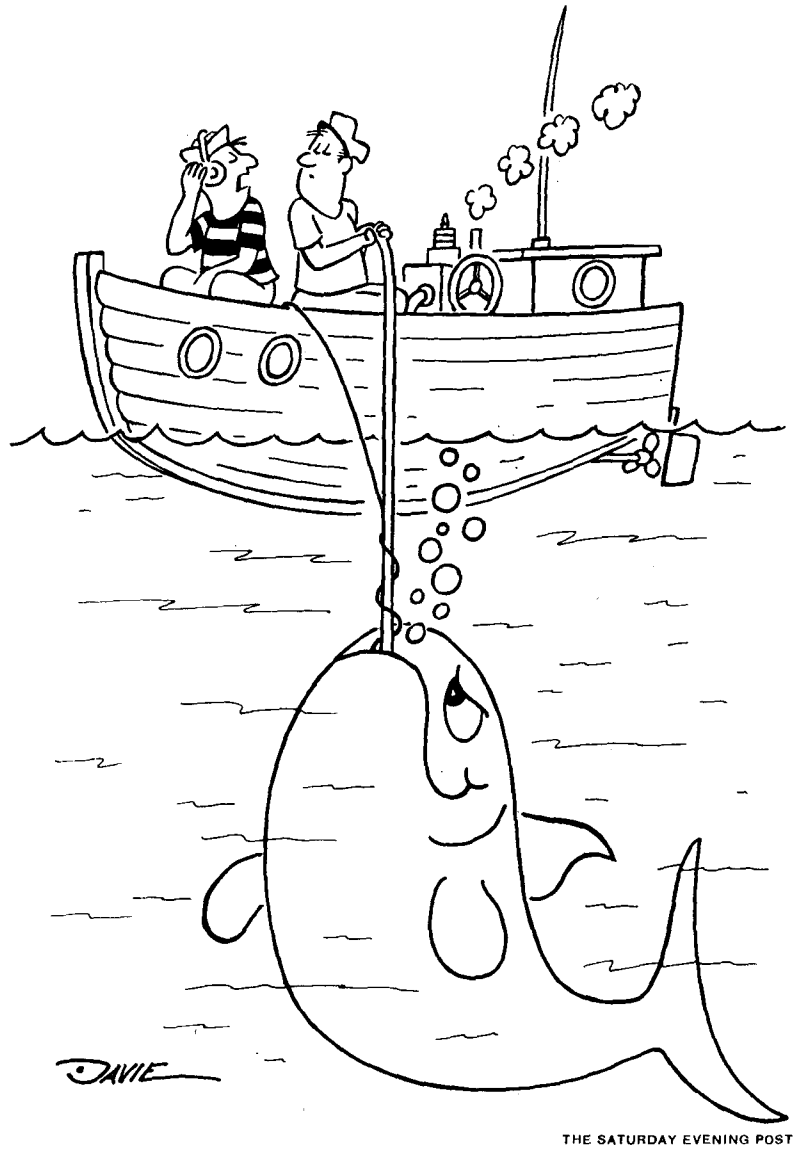
"Wednesday I go to my regular analyst. He's a lovely old man and all he ever says is, 'But Jane, what do you want? What do you want from people?' He usually makes me feel good. But then in the afternoon I got a call from Mamselle Bowkoo or whatever her name is that runs the school my kids are in and she said Teddy positively—Teddy's my older one, he's eight—Teddy can't come any more. They can't handle him, please not to let him come to school for at least two weeks as a punishment ——"

"Whew," said Frank, signaling for the check.

"But that's nothing," she said. "Nothing. Thursday afternoon, promptly at five-thirty, right after I came in, my ex-husband appears at my house and he roars around at me out in the hall. I'd written him weeks before telling him I thought he was a crumb—he has this big Steinway, our old Steinway, in his apartment and he doesn't play and I do and the kids are taking lessons and all we have is this lousy spinet and why wouldn't he just try stopping for one minute being selfish? So there he was, standing out there in the hall, drunk as usual, he won't come in and he won't go away and he lectures me about extravagance and how dumb I am and wrecking the kids' lives and right then who should pass by but the only friends my kids have in the building coming down the hall, hearing the whole thing. And of course my kids get wind of it and right away Teddy goes to bed in this mechanical womb he's got. It's over eighty degrees in his room and he's in bed with his winter ski pajamas on and a space helmet and rubber rain boots, and he tells me to get out of his room ——"

"It's raining harder," Frank said, waiting for the cab.

"You don't know what it meant to me, because the worst hadn't happened



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He says to send down his light—he can't see a thing."

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yet. I mean—" she smiled warmly at him—"I mean, you don't know how it feels not to have made a mistake you think you made, like about that Brancusi or whatever it was, after you've had a week like that.

"That was Thursday," she said in the cab. "I went over to the school the next morning and got it straightened out with Mamselle Bowkoo and then I come home for lunch and there's this *cop!* He's waiting for me and he says, 'What kind of a mother are you, running with men?'"

Frank swallowed, then moved his head at the cabdriver, and she was silent until they got to her house.

"He wasn't really a cop," she said in the elevator, looking concernedly at Frank. "He was a private detective. This woman hired him to come give me a warning, can you imagine it? Somebody hiring a detective to humiliate you about her husband? It's so *sick*——

"It would have been all right, though. I mean, fair warned is fair armed, and et cetera. Except that yesterday," she told him after dismissing the sitter and getting Frank a drink he did not want, "except that yesterday, instead of shutting up, I told the man. The husband. He was the first man in two solid years that even threatened to do anything for my ego. He was a neat little chap with slick black hair. His name was Alexander, but I called him the Count to myself. He was a concert pianist and he got wounded with shrapnel so he can only play slowly. He's in Wall Street. He was very Old World and polylingual as hell. He had the wife—the one with the detectives—and two beautiful daughters, he knew all about women without any of this fuss and bother. We were sitting in my apartment—he was sitting right where you are, having coffee—just yesterday, and for no reason I said, 'Alexander, what is this thing your wife has about detectives?' He put down his cup, got his hat and stick, and walked straight out. He didn't even slam the door."

"My God," Frank said, looking at his watch. "It's late."

"Oh, sit down," she told him. "I sat there thinking—and it must have been an hour—and I finally said, 'Oh, no, you don't, you can't do that to me, it's not right,' so I got his address out of the book, he was listed, and took a cab up there, way up Fifth. I don't know what I was thinking—I've been in those buildings a hundred times but I wasn't thinking how they're set up. I said, 'Yes, they're expecting me.' To the inside doorman. I guess I must have been thinking I'd just stand around in the hall upstairs and listen a while outside their door or something and see if he was there alone. The elevator man talked on the phone and I got panicky but it was too late, he took me up—they said it was all right, you see?—and of course it was a place where the elevator opens right into the apartment when the door's open and it *was* open and who in God's name was standing there waiting for me but—oh, *fine*—his wife!"

Then she began to talk in earnest, really letting down her hair.

The following week, Frank took up reading again, four papers a day. He came home from a bookstore with an armload of paperbacks, and he read reviews of everything—movies, plays, ballet, concerts. Whenever a play came out in book form early in the run, he'd buy it and read it and learn a gag or two if it was that kind of piece, or with serious things he'd memorize some lines of a big speech. He not only took but read all the news magazines as well. He started reading some of the racier market letters that came in, instead of just unfolding them and leaving them under his paperweight until his girl carted them away. He was so terribly intense about it because, while he was finished with the confessional style, the habit of being in the swim of conversation was impossible to break in one move, and anyway Frank loved talking and getting to know people. Gradually, of course, he eased down and in time became the sort of man who rarely holds forth at length, not even on matters he's an authority on. Nowadays Frank is among the best listeners—on any acceptable subject—in the crowd. But that he says less doesn't mean that he is letting his reading slide. Frank keeps adding to his store of miscellaneous information, updating himself, staying in touch. You can never tell when you'll need a stopper, is his idea. Somebody standing in front of you as big as life is always liable to begin laying himself out like a carpet—and how do you know where it will stop? Being prepared is no guarantee of protection—sometimes no amount of preparation is enough. But, as Frank says, if you're going to get around at all, that's a chance you take. □

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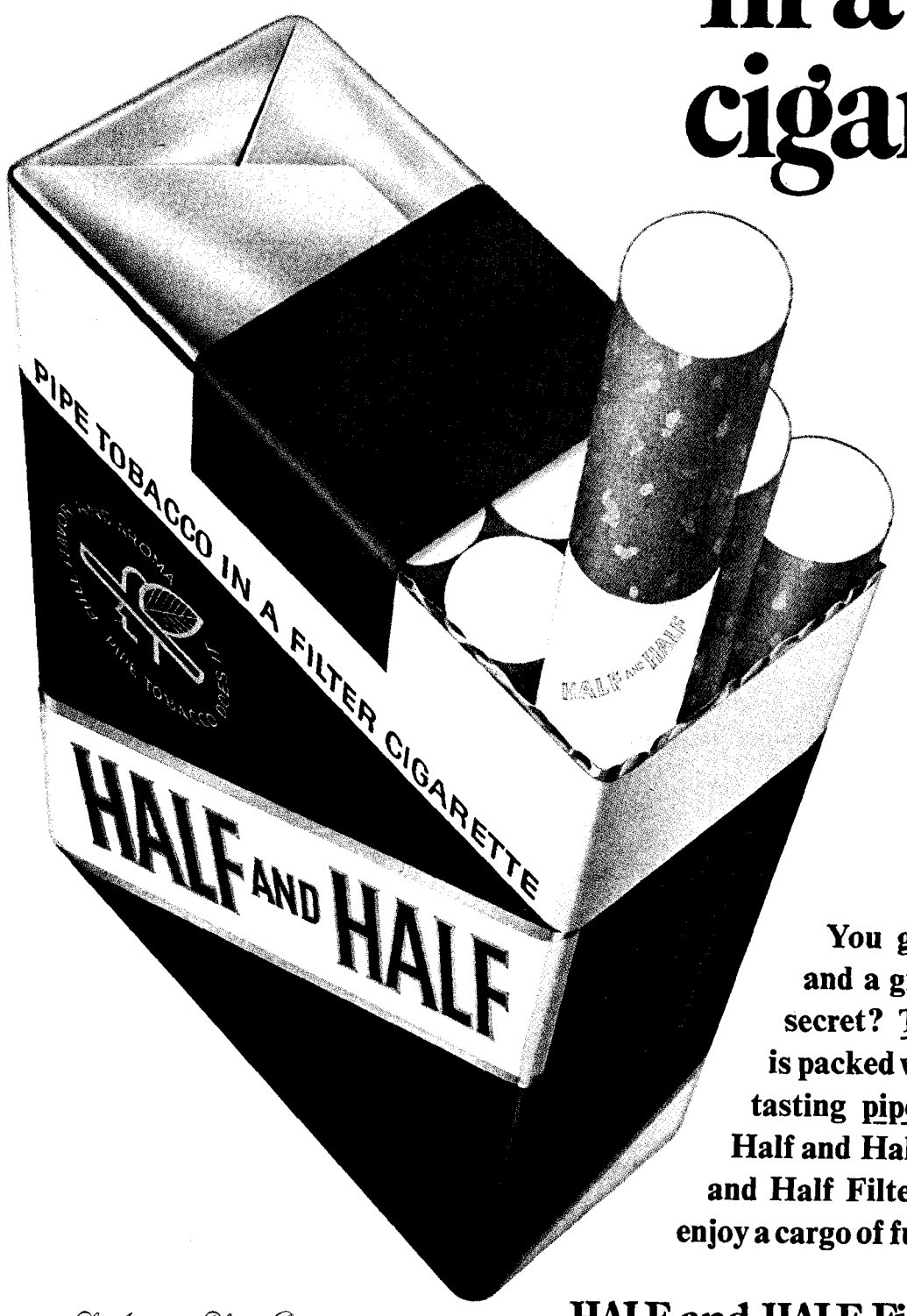

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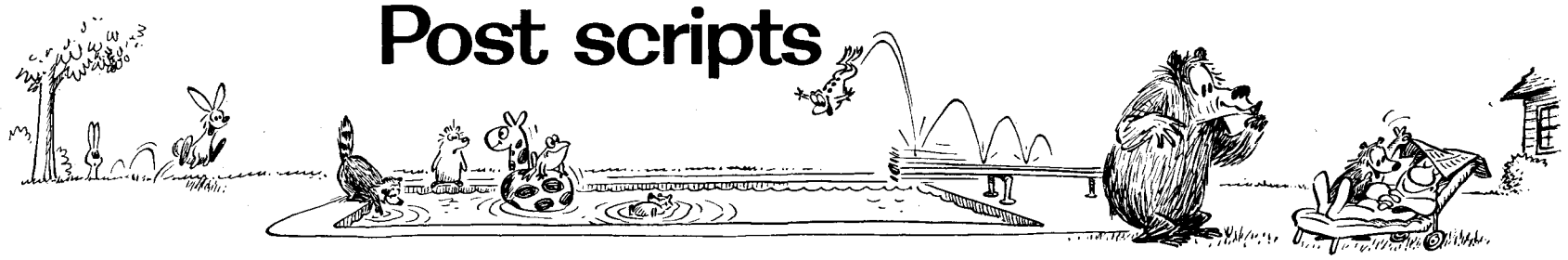
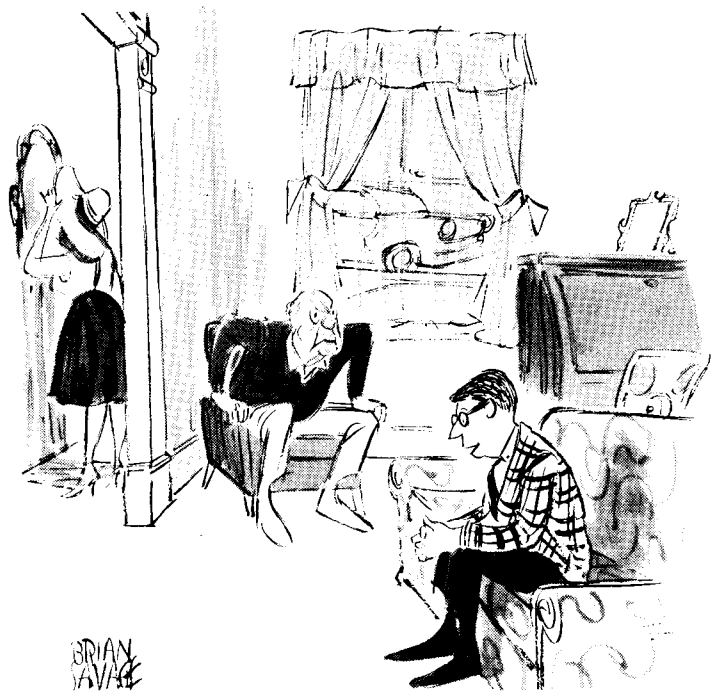
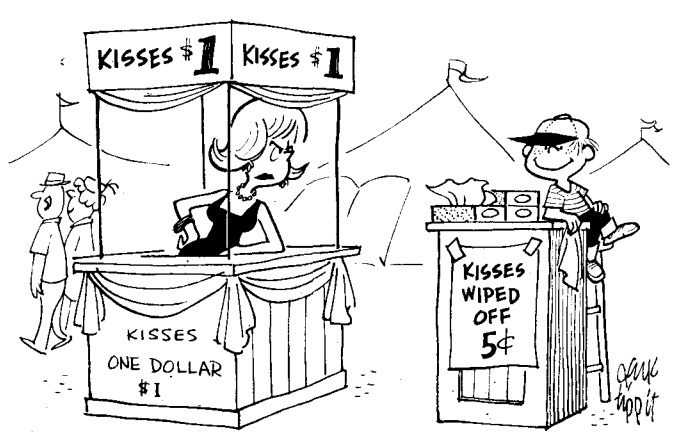




"*My intentions, Mr. Briggs, are probably the very same intentions you had when you were courting your wife.*"

"*Well, I've finished next Sunday's sermon.*"

"*What are you feeding those things?*"



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Long-snouted and clean-lined, the Cord was a beautiful monster that few people who saw it ever forgot. Prototype of the new Cords, in field near Glenn Pray's headquarters in Broken Arrow, Okla., has the same swashbuckling contours.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARVEY LLOYD

There he was, a 14-year-old Texas kid just putputting down the road on an old motor bike, the engine beginning to cough and wheeze as he started up the incline of an overpass near Beaumont; and suddenly there *it* was, coming the other way, that tapering hood stretching back a mile or so to that snug little windshield, and those magnificent fenders flaring and swooping. Then it was past him with a whisper, but not before the boy recognized the wonderful machine.

The boy on the motor bike that day in 1941 was named Glenn Pray, and he has yet to get over the experience. The automobile he sighted for the first time was the Cord 810, which some connoisseurs still consider one of the finest cars ever designed. Production ran only from 1936 to 1937 and only 3,100 were sold, but that was enough. The Cord was a blend of elegance and speed, a kind of regal sports car. It fascinated men who loved automobiles and it literally enthralled Glenn Pray.

Since that chance meeting 24 years ago, Pray has spent much of his time buying, renovating and worshiping Cords. "Driving a Cord is about as close as a man will ever get emotionally to a machine," he says. "When that supercharger cuts in at about 2,000 rpm, the whine makes the chills go right up and down my spine, it really does."

Now 39, Pray has carried his love affair with the car to its logical extreme: He is trying to bring the Cord back to life, challenging the mighty American automobile industry from a base of operations in an old pickle plant next to a muddy horse pasture in Broken Arrow, Okla. Specifically, he is the unlikely president of the unlikely Cord Automobile Co., which is setting out to produce and sell a reasonable facsimile of the grand old Cord.

The automobile that Pray is preparing to revive bears the name of another born mechanic and tinkerer. Errett Lobban Cord was fooling around with cars before World War I when he was still in his teens. Cord had a fierce ambition to get out of the greasepit, and he succeeded spectacularly. By 1925 he was president of the Auburn Automobile Co., and by 1933 he controlled Duesenberg Inc., the Lycoming motor works, Aviation Corp. (forerunner of American Airlines), Checker Cab and the New York Shipbuilding Corp.

When sales of his other cars started to lag in the mid-'30's, Cord decided to take the gamble of producing the revolutionary car for which he is still best remembered. The most daring innovation of the Cord was its styling. At a time when most automobiles still looked like buckboard wagons with an engine up front, where the horse should be, the Cord was completely modern. Designer Gordon Buehrig, who was only 30 at the time, made the automobile a smooth flow of straight lines and graceful curves. The car was a foot lower than its contemporaries, so that it hugged the road at speeds of 100 mph. It had no running boards. To keep the design clean, Buehrig concealed the radiator behind that bold hood, and the headlights in those bold fenders. He even managed to hide the door hinges and the gas cap.

Buehrig gave the interior of the Cord an air of opulence. The magnificent instrument panel was

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Is America ready for the Cord?

Since 1937, when the last one was made, a band of fanatical Cord-worshipers has kept the old front-wheeler's memory lustrous. Now, one zealot is even preparing to produce the car again.

By JAMES ATWATER

made of polished metal with dozens of shimmering highlights overlapping one another, and clusters of dials and gauges that glowed at night with a soft green light. At night, moreover, the driver had the fun of turning little cranks on the dashboard that opened panels in the fenders and rotated the headlights into position. A Cord owner spent much of his time impatiently waiting for darkness to fall so that he could crank his cranks and gloat over his instrument panel.

The Cord was the hit of auto shows and the darling of the press when it was introduced in 1936, but the car was doomed to failure. For one thing, the company was slow getting it into production. For another, early troubles with the radiator and the gear shift gave it an undeserved reputation as a lemon. But the Cord's main problem was that it was a luxury car appearing in the middle of an economic depression. The models ranged in price between $2,000 and $3,000 at a time when a Buick could be bought for less than $1,000. In 1937 E. L. Cord sold his company to a syndicate of New Yorkers and withdrew from the automobile business altogether, leaving behind the swift, low-slung cars that immediately began to attract a clan of idolaters, including Glenn Pray.

One night last spring Pray loaded his wife and a visiting reporter into his car and took off for a ride in the open country near Broken Arrow, driving a mile a minute and talking just as fast.Tornadoes were playing hopscotch across Oklahoma that night and rain hammered against the car. The road was a series of small lakes connected by slippery stretches of pavement. Pray never slowed his driving or his talking. He slammed into the water like a PT-boat captain rounding a breakwater and heading out into open sea. Waves drummed on the floorboards and shot up on either side of the car. Pray talked on.

He talked about growing up as a kid in the small towns of Oklahoma and Texas and having no real interest in anything that didn't have an engine on it. He talked about the 200 cars he had rebuilt as a boy, and the hot rods that he built later—"No one ever passed me except with my permission." Later still he rebuilt cars for some of Oklahoma's most distinguished bootleggers. The trick was not just to soup up the engine. It was to modify the suspension so that the rear of the car did not sink suspiciously low when the trunk was loaded with liquor, or rise too high when it was empty.

Pray had craved a Cord from that first glimpse in 1941 until 1952 when—after dropping out of high school, serving in the Marines, running grocery stores, finally getting his high-school diploma and taking two years to roar through East Central State College in Ada, Okla.—he set tled down as a teacher of auto mechanics in a Tulsa high school. That year he and a friend found a Cord they could buy for $250. The car was in such bad shape that many of the parts were in bushel baskets and orange crates. "I carried the baskets of parts home to the apartment and sat there rubbing my hands over them," Pray says.

After rebuilding the Cord, he bought out his friend—only to make the discovery every true Cord addict makes: He was not satisfied owning just one. Thus began the years of Pray's great Cord hunt, ranging throughout the Southeast and Southwest. He and a friend once pulled a Cord out of a Louisiana swamp in a cloud of mosquitoes so thick, he says, that only one man could work at a time—the other had to slap for both of them. "We'd track down any rumor of a Cord being for sale," says Pray. "All we needed was twenty dollars, a bagful of chocolate bars and a gas credit card, and we'd light out for anywhere."

His wife Nita supported the Cord madness. She did not object when he traded the family car for a rusty Cord. She did not object to riding in partially restored cars that had no bodies and no windshields. She simply strapped on a pair of goggles to keep the bugs out of her eyes and went along. When the Cords were restored, she did not even object to having to ride in her stocking feet so as not to smudge the carpeting. In all, Pray bought 13 Cords during these years.

"You take this old piece of metal that had once been a car," he says, "and then you breathe life into it again. It's a wonderful feeling." Pray became one of the most zealous of the Cord zealots, a group of some 1,200 men through whose devotion about half of the original Cords have been preserved. He cleaned the treads of his tires with a toothbrush and removed the wheels to wipe away any trace of dirt. He found himself insisting that every part used in restoring one of his Cords be original equipment—down to such trivial items as screws (the screw used on the Cord had a head with a single slot; the screw used on modern cars generally has crossed slots). "I was the most particular man who ever lived," says Pray. "I guess I was particular to the point of being obnoxious."

While Pray was restoring Cords for himself, he was also rebuilding them for others. The great mother lode of parts for the Cord was, of course, the original plant in Auburn, Ind. When Pray learned in 1960 that the entire inventory was for sale for $75,000, he disregarded the fact that he didn't have a cent and set out to buy it.

To make a proper appearance, he borrowed a friend's Mark II Continental. Then he borrowed $20 for gas. "I put on my PTA suit, got leave from school and drove up there," Pray says. "The

For car-lover Pray, there is simply nothing like a Cord: "When that supercharger cuts in at about 2,000 rpm, the whine makes chills go right up and down my spine."

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Only about 3,100 Cords were ever made.

owner of the plant never asked me who the Mark II belonged to. When I saw those bins full of parts, it just about brought tears to my eyes."

Pray was frantically trying to raise money when another Cord zealot came to his rescue. Wayne McKinley had been a high-school kid the day Tom Mix drove a white Cord into a filling station next to his father's Chevrolet showroom in St. Louis. "He was pulling a white trailer carrying his horse," McKinley says. "I tried to talk to him about the car, but he wouldn't say much. But they had to raise the hood to check the oil and I got my head inside to look around. I decided I wanted one then and there. Tom Mix was later killed driving that car."

McKinley, who is a Chevy dealer in O'Fallon, Ill., put up the bulk of the money that Pray needed and became his partner. They moved 600,000 pounds of parts to the former pickle cannery that Pray had found in Broken Arrow, thereby incurring the wrath of some Cord classicists, who thought the relics should remain in the shrine in Auburn. For their money, Pray and McKinley also got all of the rights to the Cord automobile, including the right to make it again. The temptation was too great. They began toying with designs for a new Cord.

"The Cord didn't die because of a lack of interest," Pray says. "I've come out of a store and found strangers sitting in my Cord. I've found them looking under the hood. I've even found them lying *under* the car. I just figured someone ought to build it again, and I figured no one knew any more about it than I did."

Pray and McKinley knew they could not duplicate the old Cord; it would be far too expensive to have all the parts made to order. Still, they realized that the new Cord would have to be as authentic as possible, to trade on the mystique of the old. Like the original, for example, their car would have to have front-wheel drive. This presented a major problem, since no one in this country was making a front-wheel-drive unit they could buy. Pray figured, however, that Chevrolet's Corvair engine, which is mounted in the rear of the car and sends its power directly to the rear wheels, would also work if it were mounted up front and sent its power directly to the front wheels.

Chevrolet's engineers eventually agreed that Pray was right—the Corvair engine would work up front in a Cord—and the company agreed to sell him the package of an engine, transmission and differential. The deal was a tremendous boost for Pray. The Corvair power unit can be serviced by just about any mechanic in the country, and although Chevrolet dealers will be under no obligation to work on the Cord, they are unlikely to turn away the business when the cars start rolling in. In a sense, the arrangement made the tiny Cord Automobile Co. an informal and unofficial associate of gigantic General Motors. (Interestingly, it has been reported that GM's Oldsmobile division will introduce its own front-wheel-drive automobile this fall—a six-passenger car called the Toronado which will otherwise bear no resemblance to the Cord.)

With the engine problem solved, Pray turned to the problem of how to make the bodies for his car. He finally decided on a material called Royalex, made by U.S. Rubber. Royalex is a tough, thermoplastic laminate that U.S. Rubber claims is all but indestructible. It is so light that the body of the new Cord will weigh only about 200 pounds. But perhaps the most important advantage of Royalex from Pray's viewpoint is the low cost of making the dies to produce a body. U.S. Rubber estimates that the expense is between one and two percent of the cost of tooling up to make a steel body for the car.

The new Cord will be 5½ inches lower, 33 inches shorter and about 2,000 pounds lighter than the old. The only parts made for the original automobile that will be used on its successor will be the trunk hinges and latch, but Pray has tried to pattern his car as closely as possible after the first model. The husky bumpers will be the same design, although they will be made new, and the dashboard will have the same soft gleam of well-bred affluence. "I don't think that the Cord people would talk to us if we destroyed that instrument panel," says Pray.

As it is, some original Cord owners have grumbled that Pray's entire idea is sacrilegious. There is some muttering about the fact that he will be using tires with a modern, narrow whitewall instead of the authentic version that had a broad band of white. And there is bound to be an explosion when the more fanatical old-timers discover that Pray has had the gall to substitute electric motors for the little cranks that moved the headlights into position.

But the man who has the most right to cry shame is delighted with the new Cord. "I think the new car looks better than the old," says designer Gordon Buehrig, who is now 61 and doing research for Ford. "It's lower relative to its width. I drove one the other day and I was not aware of its being any different from the old Cord."

Errett Lobban Cord himself apparently feels no sense of outrage that his old automobile is coming back to life in another form. Cord, who is now 71, was unavailable for comment, but his son, Charles Errett Cord, says that the old man never did seem to have much nostalgia for the car. Charles Cord has what he believes is the last Cord to be made before production ended in 1937—a black body with a tan interior. "If Pray does a good job, maybe we'll buy one," he says. "It's no easy thing. I hope he puts it over."

To put it over, Pray is counting on an extremely simple approach. He will give no credit, take no trade-ins and, in fact, have no dealers. Every purchaser will be mailed an airline ticket to Tulsa, which is only eight miles from Pray's plant. The new Cord owner will pick up his car and drive it away, and that will be that.

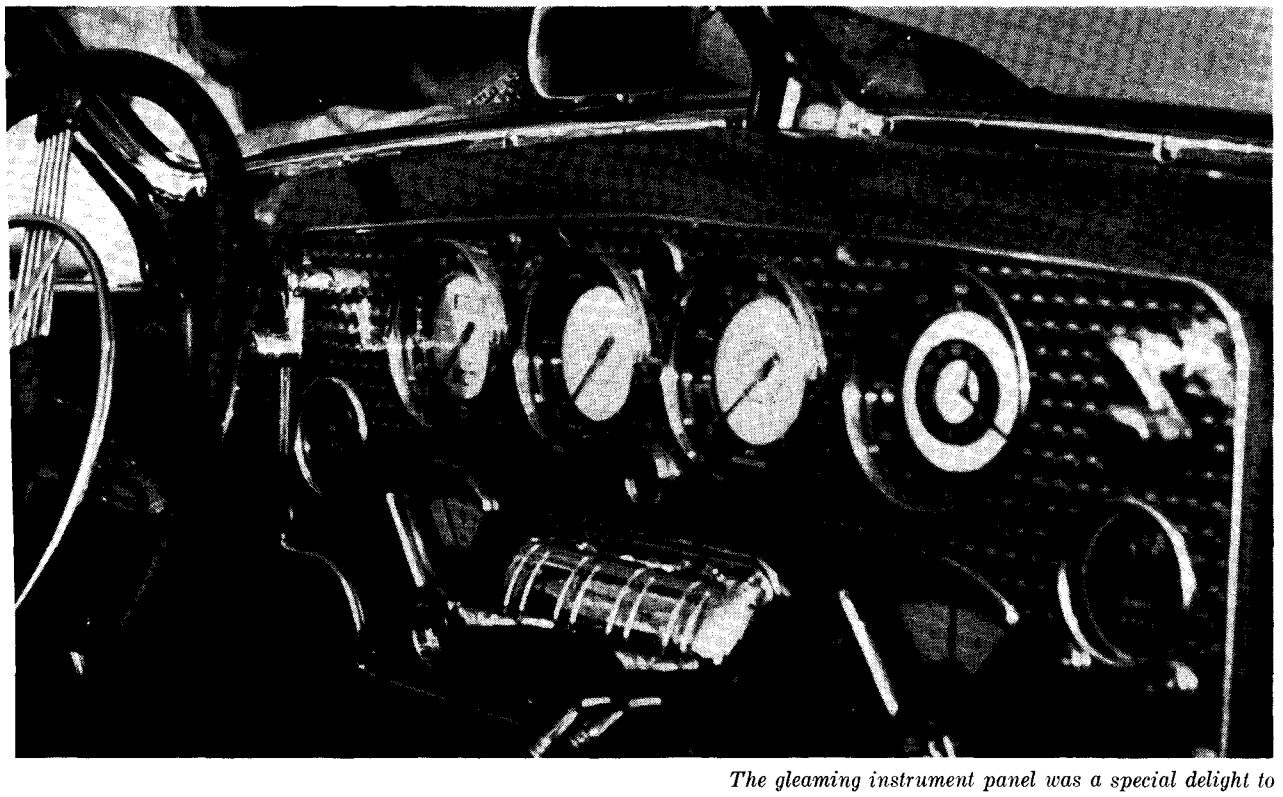
The new Cords will range in price from $4,000 for the basic car to $6,000 for one with all the extras, including a supercharger unit with exhaust pipes that emerge from the side of the hood in two gaudy curves of chromium and disappear into the fender. Pray plans to produce—and sell—2,000 new Cords in a year's time. He already has about 80 orders with 25 percent deposits.

If the Cord goes well, he figures that someday he will revive the Auburn Speedster, another favorite of the classic car addicts and also a Buehrig design. In time, Pray hopes to bring out a luxury version of the Cord that would be powered by a 500-horsepower monster of an engine and would probably cost about $15,000.

But everything depends upon the success of the new Cord. Recently I ducked my head and slid into one of the two prototype cars for a test ride. The door closed with a solid thunk, and there in front of me was that gleaming instrument panel with the row of great circular dials. You are not on vulgar display in a Cord. You sit far down in the body, concealed by the door, and observe the world through that small windshield and down the elegant snout of the hood.

The Corvair engine had a deep and satisfying rumble, not the hysterical chatter of a sports car. We took a sharp turn with just the slightest sway. The only effect I felt was the strong centrifugal force pressing my elbow into the soft armrest.

Two teen-age boys lolling along on their bicycles glanced up quickly as we went past. I twisted in my seat to watch their reaction. They stopped, turned around and stood there in the road staring after us. They were still staring when we rounded a corner and disappeared. □



The gleaming instrument panel was a special delight to Cord owners, particularly at night, when all its dials and gauges glowed with a soft and luxurious green light.

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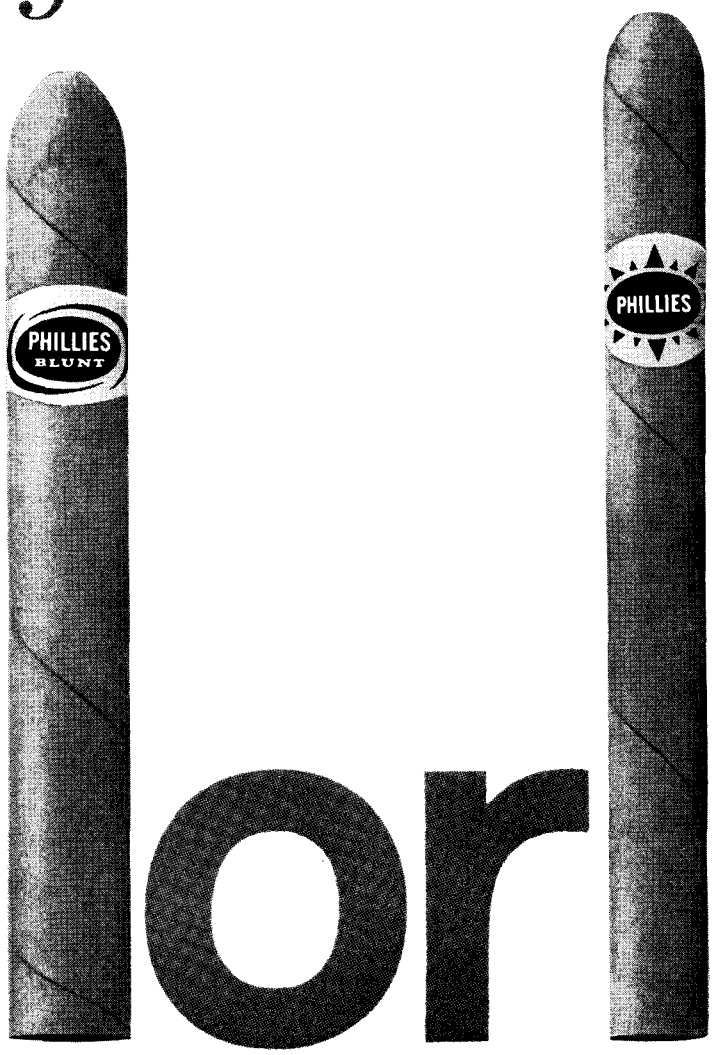

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 Continued from page 26

The senator's frequent request: "Mrs. Lincoln, may I borrow your comb?"

discovered why. I guess he was an impulsive dater. The mood seemed to strike him suddenly. We would go through the entire operation, sometimes spending an hour or more of constant telephoning to locate the girl. He always seemed very anxious to see her that evening, and no one else would do. Then, as often as not, I would never hear her name mentioned again.

For a bachelor, Senator Kennedy had a pretty comfortable life in Washington. He had leased a house in Georgetown, and his housekeeper was his childhood nurse, Margaret Ambrose. I often wondered if she had as much difficulty picking up after the senator at home as I did at the office, or if she had him trained. Sometimes the situations at the office became hilarious.

One day the senator said, "You know what I need in this office? I need a couch." Then he walked around a bit and repeated, "I need a couch. That's exactly what I need. Get the mart on the phone, Mrs. Lincoln."

I immediately put in a call to the Chicago Merchandise Mart, owned by his father. A few weeks later a truck arrived with a tan leather couch with a hideaway bed. As soon as the senator stepped into his office, he spied it. "I don't like the color," he said.

"Are you going to send it back?" I asked.

"Well, let's keep it a few days."

One day right after lunch the senator decided to try it out. "Make up the bed," he told me, "and wake me in forty-five minutes." He had the wonderful ability to fall asleep immediately. Even after working at the highest pitch, making long-distance calls or threshing out a serious decision, he was able to relax completely, close his eyes, and drop off into a sound sleep.

When the time was up, I went into his office and raised the Venetian blinds. The clatter of the blinds and the daylight streaming in failed to wake him, and so I shook his shoulder and said, "Time, Senator." He came to slowly, stretched, and then was wide awake.

"What are they doing over on the Senate floor? Did I have any calls?" I gave him the answers and went back to my desk, but before I got seated, the buzzer began screaming. I rushed back, and there he was on the edge of the bed with one sock on and the other foot bare. "I can't find my other sock. Do you think it's under the bed?"

After I got down on my hands and knees and tried to find the missing sock, he got so engrossed in a newspaper that when I did come up with the sock, he didn't even hear me say, "I found it. Here it is." I laid it on the bed and went back to my work. But again the buzzer. Meanwhile a visitor was walking in, so I didn't get back into his office in a split second. The visitor was a bit shocked when the senator shouted, "What did you leave for? Where is my sock?"

I remember another afternoon we were searching for a shoe that was not to be found under the bed or desk or on the floor. I finally discovered it on the windowsill. How it got there, I'll never know, unless he undressed all over the room while reading a book and put the shoe there on the way by.

The senator was most exasperatingly nonchalant when he was leaving on a trip. He usually sat in his office signing mail or talking to some constituent until I gave him our standard warning signal: "Twenty minutes till take-off, Senator." I was never sure he heard me, because he would go right on talking, as if I had said two hours instead of 20 minutes. Then all of a sudden he would bounce out of his office and ask, "Where's my car?" Meanwhile, Muggsie O'Leary, his chauffeur, had brought the car around to the side entrance. As I told him this, he would say, "Let me see now, what do I want to take with me? Oh, yes, this book, this magazine, those letters." I would start stuffing everything in his black briefcase. Then he would grab the briefcase and head for the door. As he went by, he waved and smiled at everyone, as though he were going to be away for months.

When his new top hat arrived, the senator rushed to a mirror. He wore it all day.

Then, just as I would fall into my chair with a relaxed sigh, there he'd be back again and instructing me to call the airport and tell them he was on his way. And to call Hyannis and say that he wanted clam chowder for supper and tell them what time he would arrive. Then he was gone. I am told that the trips to the airport were like riding in a police car on a chase. The senator liked to take the wheel and race through the streets, barely missing red lights.

As the new senator became more deeply absorbed in his work, I had fewer calls to make to his young ladies. But early in 1953 one name began to pop up with increasing frequency in staff chitchat: Jacqueline Bouvier. The senator had never asked me to call her. I thought she must be someone special he wanted to call himself.

About this time an article about the senator appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post*. I thought it was wonderful, and so did the girls in the Senate Office Building, particularly those he had taken to the movies, who were still waiting for one of those late-evening telephone calls that never again came. I was kept busy getting him to autograph copies for them. But he seemed reluctant to autograph those magazines, and I wondered why. Finally he said, "I like the article, but I don't like the title. I wish you wouldn't encourage the girls to bring copies for me to autograph." The title of the article was THE SENATE'S GAY YOUNG BACHELOR.

On June 24, 1953, shortly after the article appeared, his engagement to Jackie was announced. That evening the senator dashed through the door on another of his breakneck trips to the airport. He was going to Hyannis for his engagement party. As he left, he called back to me: "Remind me Monday morning to start working on the guest list for the wedding. I'm going to invite close friends only."

On Monday morning I didn't have to remind him. He started giving me instructions as he came in the door, and all day he kept coming out of his office and saying, "I've thought of some more." That list of "a few friends" was getting bigger and bigger.

The Senate adjourned early on July 3, and the senator decided to play golf before flying to the Cape. He told Jackie that he would meet her at the airport. He got to the airport with less than a minute to spare, as usual, but there was no Jackie in sight. He called and asked me, "Where's Jackie?"

"I don't know," I said. "I thought she was to meet you at the airport."

"So did I," he answered, "but she's not here. Find her and then call me back." I called every place I thought she might be, but no one had seen her that afternoon. But before I could call him back, the telephone rang. It was the senator again, and this time he was quite irritated. "She's not here yet, and the plane just took off. Why were you so slow in finding her?"

Just then, who should saunter gaily through the door but Jackie. I told the senator, "She just walked in. I'll put her on." I don't know what he said to her, but she seemed to become progressively less comfortable, and it wasn't long before she wanted to know if someone could take her to the airport in a rush. "I was looking at linens and glassware, and I guess I completely forgot the time," she said to me as if rehearsing her lines for the senator. I could have told her that you didn't forget about time around the senator.

One day the senator said to me, "I'm expecting a package from Tiffany's. A registered package. Bring it to me as soon as it comes in." I wondered if this was his gift to the bride. The package soon arrived, and I rushed in with it. Later, when I went in again to tell him that his brother Bob was on the phone, he was sitting at his desk with six beautiful bracelets all set with jewels before him. When he hung up the phone, he said to me, "I'll keep these three, and you send the other three back. I'm going to give one to Jackie for her birthday, but I've decided to let her pick the one she likes from those three."

The next morning I waited for him to say something about which one she had chosen, but he didn't even mention it. I thought maybe he had given all three of them to her, and dismissed it from my mind. Just then Muggsie came into the office and said, "Look what I found in the glove compartment. Do you think they're worth anything?" Little did Muggsie know that the two missing bracelets were worth as much as the car. Then I asked the senator, "Do you want me to return those two pieces of jewelry?"

"Yes, yes, of course."

Abe and I went to Newport for the wedding, and it was lovely. After the reception the couple flew to New York, on the first lap of a honeymoon that would take them to Acapulco and California. Among the first letters to arrive at the Washington office the following Monday morning was one from the senator, which, the stationery indicated, must have been written the first night of the honeymoon. I opened it quickly, full of anticipation. It read: "Would you tell Eddie Boland [congressman from Massachusetts] that while I cannot come to the Tuesday Club in October because I must speak in Boston that night I would be glad to speak there in November."

Shortly after I finished reading the letter the phone rang. It was the senator calling me from Acapulco. He was very, very annoyed, particularly since the connection was poor; every now

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and then his voice faded away, and I would have to ask, "Please repeat that, Senator, I can't hear you."

"Why didn't you let me know that we had to have our birth certificates?" he demanded. I told him I was sorry, and I would have them sent air mail special delivery immediately. "It's OK now," he replied. "The embassy arranged things and convinced them we're not spies." About that time his voice faded away again, and I thought he had said something about his eyes. I asked, "What's wrong with your eyes?" Up until that point the senator was calming down, but my question started him off again.

"There's nothing wrong with my eyes, but there's certainly something wrong with your ears!" And then he told me that it was things like this that a good secretary was supposed to take care of, and that he hoped it wouldn't happen again.

"It certainly won't, Senator," I assured him. I don't remember much more of the conversation, except that he had me so flustered that I ended by saying, "Enjoy yourself."

Ten days after the call from Acapulco, I got another long-distance call from the senator. This time he was in California. I wondered what I had done wrong this time. But he wasn't angry. While I talked with him, I sensed that he missed being at the center of things in Washington. "What's going on back there?" he asked me.

After the second session of Congress convened in January of 1954, he began working late on his committee assignments, and soon I got a call from Jackie. "Mrs. Lincoln, please try to get Jack to come home early at night. I don't think those long hours are good for him."

I promised I would try. And I did. I would say, "Senator, Mrs. Kennedy would like to have you try to get home earlier. She thinks you are working too long hours." At first it worked, and then he would say, "Yes, just a few more minutes." The minutes stretched on and on, and in a few weeks he was back to his old schedule, leaving between seven and eight every night. Jackie soon realized that getting him home early every night was a lost cause, so we worked out an arrangement whereby she called me in the morning if there was an important dinner they were going to attend. Then I would go to work on him.

One morning in the middle of January I received a call from a trucking firm in Baltimore. "We've got an order to deliver a fish over there. How late will you be at the office?"

I remembered seeing some pictures of Jackie cooking for the senator, and I said, "I'm sure there's some mistake. They want the fish delivered to their home." I was sure it was something unusual for one of her recipes. When I gave him the home address, he argued a bit, but I held my ground.

That night while I was telling my

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After a visit to Mrs. Lincoln in the office in the senator's Georgetown house, Caroline and her doll toddle off on new adventures.

"Mrs. Lincoln," Caroline exclaimed, "your cat has no whiskers!"

husband about the numbskull who wanted to deliver a fish to our office, the phone rang. It was the senator. "Please, Mrs. Lincoln, tell me what that fish is doing in my garage." I couldn't imagine what had happened. But when he said, "That fish is sticking way out of the garage into the alley," I began to understand that this was no ordinary fish. It was a nine-foot sailfish. The senator had caught it during his honeymoon in Acapulco, and Jackie had had it stuffed and mounted, and ordered it sent to his office as a surprise. He told me later that it really was a surprise to drive up to his garage and see two beady eyes and the wicked-looking sword pointing out at him.

During the spring of 1954, when his social life and his work in the Senate were increasingly complex and demanding, I began to notice that he was having more and more trouble with his back. If he dropped something on the floor he would ask me to pick it up for him. I noticed he ignored the conventional greeting, "How are you?" A true reply would have been, "Not so good," and he didn't want sympathy. Most of all he didn't want the people of Massachusetts to think he was ill. Many times, when he was using crutches, he would hide them before a visitor entered his office.

Soon his efforts to disguise the agony he suffered, together with his demanding schedule, became a heavy drain on his nervous energy. He became increasingly irritable and, because I could not please him, I found myself wondering if perhaps I should try to find a job in another office.

When the back pains became too intense, he began remaining in his seat in the Senate chamber instead of returning to his office between roll calls. I spent many an afternoon sitting next to him in the back row taking dictation, while another senator talked on and on. Sometimes he gave me notes; one read: "Please call the Vice President's office and tell them that we will not be able to come to their dinner. Tell them I am having a little trouble with my back." Around the end of May he began using crutches all the time.

On the last day of the session I went over to the Senate chamber to get his signature on a letter and he asked me somewhat curtly, "Now what do you have?" I was so upset by his unusual attitude that my hands shook as I handed him the letter. I gave him his airline ticket and said, "Muggsie is waiting for you." As I turned to go, I mumbled, "I hope everything goes well." But he didn't seem to hear me, and barely said good-bye.

He remained at the Cape during the month of September, and then one day early in October we got word that the senator was going into a New York hospital. At first he kept in close touch with us at the office, calling me at least once a day. He sounded cheerful and always ended with the same request: "Don't forget to send me the mail."

The operation was performed on October 21. He remained in critical condition for many weeks, but finally, in December, he regained enough strength so that he could be taken to his family's home in Palm Beach.

At the same time, however, something strange was happening to me. All during the fall of 1954 I had found it increasingly difficult to concentrate and to carry on with the office routine. My back was aching, too, and I half believed one of the girls in the office who said, "Know what's wrong with you? You've got sympathy pains."

One day in February, 1955, Abe and I had lunch in a drugstore, and I ordered a bowl of soup. No sooner had I tasted a spoonful than I turned to Abe and said, "Something is happening to me." I felt dizzy and faint, and the next thing I knew I was looking up at a blurred circle of faces that mumbled, "What happened?" . . . "She fell off the stool." . . . "Give her air."

At the hospital the doctor operated and found a duodenal ulcer. Everything seemed fine. But three days later I had a terrific headache. Suddenly a curtain of black descended before my eyes, and that was the last thing I remembered for the next 50 days.

I was in a coma, paralyzed, and a neurosurgeon was called in. He took a spinal tap, which showed the spinal fluid was full of blood. He diagnosed it as an aneurysm, or distended blood vessel, in my brain and explained that we would have to wait seven weeks for tests. Once, when my condition was almost at its lowest point, the nurse on duty received a call from Palm Beach. It was the senator asking about my condition and wanting to speak to me. The nurse told him that I was unconscious. After she hung up, despite the fact that my condition was close to that of the living dead, she told me about his call. I don't remember this, but the nurse later told me she believed I must have understood, for soon my condition began to improve.

Finally those horrible seven weeks were over, and the doctor went ahead with the X rays of my brain. They were negative. The next day I was placed under a fluoroscope, and dye was pumped into my spine. There was something blocking the passage of the fluid. The doctor operated on my spine, found a benign tumor, and removed it.

The next day the black curtain was gone completely. I was conscious and could talk to my husband. The doctor told Abe that the operation was a success. "But," he said, "there's a strong chance that she will never walk again."

Abe hired a physical therapist, and after I arrived home, I learned to sit, then to stand. At last there was the great day I took my first steps. At first I had to lean heavily on the arm of the therapist. Later I used crutches, then a cane, and finally I walked alone. I looked forward to the day when my strength would return completely, and I could walk back into the senator's office and take up where I had left off.

Meanwhile I was keeping in close touch with the office by telephone. I learned that the senator had returned to New York for another operation, and that he had left the hospital on February 25, a few days after I became ill. He spent the period from February to May in Palm Beach slowly regaining his strength.

One day in late spring the senator asked Abe to come over. When my husband entered his office, he told me later, the senator seemed at a loss for words. After asking about my health and uttering some generalities about weather and politics, he said, "Mr. Lincoln, although I'll still need these crutches for a while, the doctors tell me that I'll be able to work a lot harder than I could before. And that means the pressure and the load on the staff is going to increase."

As he talked, Abe wondered what he was trying to get at. Then it came. "In short, Mr. Lincoln, whoever is my personal secretary is going to have to be in excellent health to keep up with the job. We know what your wife has gone through." Then he paused for almost a minute. "She's got a lot of courage and she's the best secretary I ever had." Another pause. "But it just wouldn't be fair to her to have her come back. I don't think she could take it, and I think it would hurt her health to try. So, that's what I asked you to come in for. I want you to tell her what the situation is."

"You mean you want me to tell her that she's through?"

"No, I didn't mean that. I'll always have a place for her in my office. But not as my personal secretary. That's what I want you to tell her."

"Senator, Evelyn's nurse told me that your call from Palm Beach helped

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her through a very bad period. And all those months that she's been learning to walk and regaining her strength, the thing that has carried her through was the thought of coming back here. I think my telling her this will break her heart. I don't think that I can do it. I think no one should do it but you."

Abe saw that the senator was embarrassed and very troubled, and he decided that hearing it from the senator might not be too good for me after all. So, a few nights later, he told me what the senator had said.

I felt a numbness stealing over me as he went on. I didn't say anything, just walked into my bedroom and started to cry. He said through the door, "You didn't let me finish. He says he has another job open for you."

Another job, I thought. *How can I go back there, just typing and filing? He's offered it out of pity.*

For days I thought and thought. I recalled my childhood in Nebraska and how my father had faced setbacks but worked on for what he believed. He had wanted to do a thing unheard of out there on the farm—continue going to school—and he had loud, violent arguments about it with my grandfather. Father finally won, and he kept at his studies until he received his B.A. degree from the University of Nebraska. He became deeply interested in good government, joined the Populist Party, and a few years later was elected to the Nebraska state legislature. Eventually he was elected to the U.S. House of Representatives.

This man had made his dream come true. The question I pondered, as I recuperated from my illness, was whether I would abandon my own dream of working for John F. Kennedy and take a job as secretary for someone else, or return to his office and be less than his personal secretary. I decided I would go back to work for him.

Now I was determined to show Senator Kennedy—and myself—that I was physically fit, and the only way to do that was by producing. I didn't care if I worked 18 hours a day and did nothing but dust and file; he was going to see that I was as healthy as he. So I swallowed my pride and for two months did the routine chores.

He left for Europe in October, and the day he returned, his secretary was visiting her parents. I could tell that he was upset. Shortly after the first of November he told Ted Sorensen that he was going to change secretaries. When the senator called me into his office, he acted as though there had never been a break in our relationship. I was simply his secretary once more.

In the summer, after Congress adjourned, our office became almost like a campaign headquarters. Everything was centered on the upcoming Democratic National Convention and the possibility of a Stevenson-Kennedy ticket. Many times I heard the senator say, "We will go out to Chicago, and we will try, but if I don't win, I will still get out and work for the party."

The senator asked me to get him a suite at the Drake Hotel in Chicago and an adjoining room for myself, so that I could handle his calls. I had never been to a national convention before, and I was anxious to go. And I was glad that Abe was coming along

As it turned out, Stevenson threw the choice of his running mate to the open convention. Senator Kennedy, who had stirred the convention and the nation with the masterful nominating speech he made for Stevenson, mounted a brave campaign for delegates, and the vote was close. But Sen. Estes Kefauver won. I was mad. "They can't do that to him," I said. On television I saw Senator Kennedy appear out of the crowd to move that Kefauver be nominated by acclamation. And then he was gone. In what seemed like just a moment later, I heard two familiar voices laughing in the hall. I opened my door, and there were Senator Kennedy and his friend, Torby Macdonald, a congressman from Massachusetts.

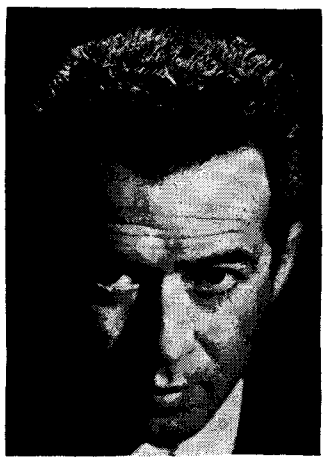
"I did pretty good, don't you think?" the senator remarked.

"Senator, you were terrific," I said.

As he went into the suite, the senator said, "Let me know if I have any important calls. I'm going in to call Jackie." I was amazed at him. He looked as though nothing had hap-

I'll Make You A Mental Wizard In One Evening!

By Harry Lorayne



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pened, and here I was heartbroken. Then the telephone rang, and the operator said, "Is the senator there? Adlai Stevenson is on the line."

I knocked on his door, and he said, "Come in." There he was, in his shorts, talking to someone on the other telephone line. The senator moved the receiver away from his mouth and said, "Who's on the other phone?" I told him it was Mr. Stevenson., Then he said to the person on the other end of the line, "I have to go. Stevenson is calling me." With this he hung up and, still in his shorts, followed me into our room. He settled down in a chair and very casually discussed with Stevenson what had taken place just a short while before. I heard him say that he would be glad to go all over the country and campaign for the ticket.

About this time Abe, on his way back to our room, passed through the senator's room and noticed water all over the floor. He walked into the bathroom and found the faucet on full blast and the bathtub overflowing. He turned it off and came in to tell me about the water all over the floor. All my pent-up emotion suddenly came out in hysterical laughter. Just then the senator finished his phone call; as he started to leave, I told him about the water. He said calmly, "Better get someone up here to clean it up."

He went in, took his bath, waded around in the water, talked on the telephone a dozen or more times, and then said to me, "Will you pack my bag? What time do I leave in the morning?" He was going to take a short vacation in Europe—going alone, for it seemed best that Jackie remain close to her doctor, even though it would be some time before her first baby was due.

A few days later I got a call from the senator's sister, Eunice. "Jackie is in the hospital—she's lost her baby. How can we reach Jack?" I told her, and soon I heard a radio report that he had been found and was coming home immediately. Shortly after his return from Europe, he called me from Newport. "Jackie is coming along fine," he said.

Soon he was mapping a speaking schedule that would take him all over the United States to campaign on behalf of the Stevenson-Kefauver ticket. The schedule had to be revised frequently, for speaking invitations began pouring in from all over the country. I said to the senator, "It's fantastic how popular you've become." With the little smile that always preceded one of his remarks he said, "Yes, everybody loves a loser."

Although he could think and speak easily on his feet, the senator wrote most of his speeches and read from prepared texts, digressing from time to time. When he began working on a speech, he was constantly tearing things out of the paper and saying to me, "Save this, I'll use it sometime." Months later he might say, "Do you remember that item I gave you?"

"Mrs. Lincoln, I don't believe Jack is eating the right food. I think it would be better if I sent his lunch from the house."

He usually dictated a rough draft of his speeches and then went over the draft with Ted Sorensen. The senator liked to have close to him people on whom he could test his ideas and get frank and honest replies. He had a way of prodding his staff to see just how firm they were in the thoughts they presented to him. He would say again and again, "Are you sure?" He used the same technique with me sometimes. A poor speller, he would call through the open door from his office, "Mrs. Lincoln, how do you spell 'collapse'?" I would tell him, and he would say, "Are you sure?"

This extra burden of writing speeches meant that the senator ate more and more pickup meals at his desk. One day I received a call from Jackie. "Mrs. Lincoln, I don't believe Jack is eating the right food. I think it would be better to send his lunch to him from the house. Perhaps you could serve it to him in the office. Muggsie could come out to pick it up, and perhaps you could get a hot plate to keep it warm until it is time for him to eat."

I said I thought it was a wonderful idea and would be happy to do it. After I put the receiver down, however, and got away from the charm of her voice, I began to have doubts. But the senator liked the idea of my serving him at his desk. Then he decided to share his food, and we began having guests for lunch. I got a card table and set it at one side of his desk. Jackie arranged for tablecloth and napkins to come with the food basket, and the senator and his guests dined in style.

That year one of the networks asked him to read the Declaration of Independence for a tape to be used on a Fourth of July program. The network crew arrived one morning in late May to set up the equipment. When the senator came in a little while later, he said, "What's this for?" I told him, and he nodded approval. Just as the lights were turned on, he called out to me, "Mrs. Lincoln, do you have a comb?" I ran in with a comb, he raked it through his hair, put the comb in his pocket, and signaled that he was ready. As I closed the door, I heard his deep, clear voice say, "'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal. . . .'"

Each day the pace was picking up. There was a carefully laid plan for making quick speaking tours in one or two states each time he left Washington. In between he would go to Massachusetts to work on his campaign for reelection to the Senate in 1958. I have never seen anyone with so much energy. Yet despite the many things he was doing, he never seemed harried.

It was during this hectic time that he got the assignment on the Foreign Relations Committee that he wanted so much. When I heard about it, I ran into his office exclaiming, "You made it! You made it!"

"Made what, Mrs. Lincoln?" he asked.

"The Foreign Relations Committee!"

"Yes, I know," he said very matter-of-factly, and went on reading. But he was obviously pleased. And he soon received another honor that delighted him. He had mentioned that his name was among the nominees for the Board of Overseers at Harvard, but he was not optimistic that he would be chosen. Then one day in June I opened the mail and saw the good news. Thinking that he already had the news, as he did concerning the Foreign Relations Committee, I just handed him the letter. This time he didn't know. A smile spread across his face, and he said, "I not only received the most votes, but I am the youngest ever to have been elected as an overseer. Very good. I wonder if I am the first Catholic." He asked Ted Sorensen if he was the first Catholic.

"No, you aren't," said Ted, who always seemed to know everything.

Then with a twinkle in his eye, the senator said to me, "This means that I will have to wear a top hat at the commencement exercises next June. Be sure to order one for me."

When the hat came, the senator put it on and rushed to a mirror. In a moment he came back beaming. Like a little boy wearing his first "grown-up" clothes, the senator sat at his desk the rest of the afternoon and never once took off that top hat.

As the senator crisscrossed the country in his travels that fall, I could tell he was worried about Jackie, who was awaiting the birth of their much-wanted baby in their new house in Georgetown. He would caution me each time he left to "keep in close touch with Jackie in case you need me in a hurry." On November 27, 1957, the senator called me from New York and said, "Jackie just gave birth to a little girl, and they are both doing fine."

At the beginning of 1958 it was apparent that Senator Kennedy wanted to win reelection by the biggest majority in the history of his state. And all the while he was keeping an eye on the national scene and the big target for 1960—the presidency. Every action was geared in that direction.

I wanted to be in the thick of the senatorial campaign in Massachusetts. I didn't want to miss the excitement by staying in Washington, and toward the end of October I could stand it no longer. When the senator telephoned me one day from Boston, I said, "I would like very much to come up there."

"Why don't you come up tomorrow?" That was all I needed. I caught up with the senator in Boston as he was about to make a television appearance. As soon as he saw me, he asked, "Do you have a comb?" I fished in my purse and finally found one. He combed his hair and asked, "How does that look?"

On Election Day the senator's vote broke all records for the state; he had a larger plurality that year than any other senator in the country. It was the kind of victory the leaders of the Democratic Party couldn't ignore—which was exactly what he wanted.

By January 1, 1960, it was no secret that the senator was about to announce his candidacy for the Democratic presidential nomination. The announcement was made that he would hold a press conference the next day at 12:30

After the disastrous occasion at the airport, Jackie learned her lesson: Never be late for the senator.

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P.M. in the Senate caucus room, and everyone knew what to expect. We could sense his exuberance when he arrived at the office a little after 10 that morning. His barber was waiting to cut his hair. When the senator sat down, he said to me, "Mrs. Lincoln, I'd like to dictate to you." I sat down near him.

"I am announcing my candidacy for the presidential nomination in 1960," he dictated, and suddenly the significance of what he was saying hit me. I realized that it was a turning point in my life as well as his. He calmly went on dictating, while the barber snipped his hair. But the rest of the morning the senator was fidgety. He walked from room to room, picking up papers, reading a little. Then he would sit down at his desk, move the papers around, lean back in his chair, stare up at the ceiling, then thump his fingers on the arm of his chair and look at the clock. He was like a Thoroughbred racehorse waiting for the starting gate.

At 12:15, just before the press conference, Mike Feldman, Ted Sorensen, Ted Reardon and I went into his office. Ted Reardon said, "I just took a poll in the office, and I have good news. They are all for you." This brought a smile to the senator's face.

He soon was flying all over the country in his campaign for support. After one typical trip he rushed in and said, "Take these down, Mrs. Lincoln: One, check with Steve Smith about possibility of going to Nevada's State Democratic Convention on April 30, Two, tell Steve no new dates in Oregon until after Wisconsin primary. Three, call Congressman McCormack. Four, talk with West Virginia's senators and congressmen concerning the West Virginia primary. Five, call Jim Patton about National Farmers Union." Then he began to read the mail. Suddenly he looked up and added, "Oh, yes, you better order five white broadcloth shirts with French cuffs." Later that day he walked by my desk and said, "Tell my tailor that I will pick up the coat he is altering for me on Saturday."

He seemed caught up in a whirlwind. One day he came back from a Labor Committee meeting and said, "Come into my office." I could tell something was bothering him. "I just passed Senator Dodd's wife in the hall, and I didn't speak to her. Let me give you this letter for her."

Pacing the floor, he dictated: "I am extremely sorry that I was in such a hurry today that I didn't recognize you. I am afraid that the same thing will happen to me with my wife one of these days. I have always had a warm feeling for you, and I was delighted to see you looking so well." He stopped pacing. "Get that out right away. Have it hand-delivered."

On the morning of the New Hampshire primary, after three days of campaigning, the senator flew back to Washington. He was in an exceptionally good humor, confident that he would win by a big vote. But when I congratulated him the next morning on his victory, he seemed almost surprised, as if New Hampshire were already ancient history. His mind was now in the Middle West—Wisconsin. And again, when he returned from campaigning in that state and from his win there, his mind was already on the next primary. The letters he dictated to me showed this. "Thank you for the Cognac," he wrote to one well-wisher. "I would like to say that I am planning to keep it to sip during the warm spring nights. Unfortunately, last night I began to think about West Virginia and drank the whole bottle."

After the West Virginia victory came Maryland, and before the Maryland campaign was over, the senator was campaigning in Oregon. He won in these states, and in Indiana and Nebraska as well.

The convention in Los Angeles was soon upon us. The senator and Jackie decided it would be better for her to remain in Hyannis Port with Caroline during the hectic days of balloting. For me, convention week was a dizzying whirl of phone calls and errands, with intervals of excitement and poignance. I remember one moment especially well. It was the afternoon before the evening on which the convention would choose its presidential candidates, and the senator had gone through an exhausting string of appointments with delegates in his suite at the Biltmore Hotel. When all but the last appointment was over, I went into the living room to speak to the senator, but he wasn't there. I found him in the bedroom, standing before the window, staring into space. He didn't notice that I had entered the room. I stood motionless for a couple of minutes, then said, "Mr. President."

He turned and looked quickly at me and then, with a slight smile, said, "Thank you, Mrs. Lincoln."

"Whenever you are ready, I'll call downstairs and tell the Hawaiian delegation to come up."

"You can do that now."

Later, the senator left to have dinner at his father's and then slip over to a hideaway, the apartment of actor Jack Haley, to watch the balloting. Just before 10 o'clock the senator arrived at the hideaway, which by now had been discovered by crowds of newsmen and onlookers. He was relaxed and in very good humor. He went into his bedroom, took off his coat, came out to the living room, and said, "How are you doing, Mrs. Lincoln? Have you had anything to eat?" I told him I had had a sandwich a while ago. "Good."

He walked up to the bar and checked the television set. He was humming a little tune as he went back into the bedroom. Just then someone hollered, ' They're getting ready to start balloting." The senator came out of the bedroom. He had a tally sheet in his hand. We all became silent and very intent

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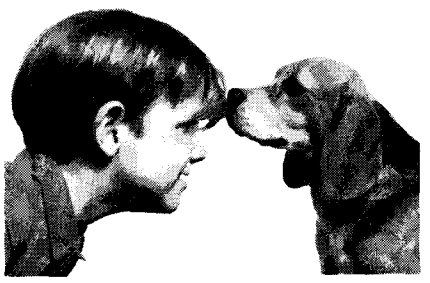

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"Hi there, Buttons," said the senator, and Caroline smiled and scurried away.

when, at 10:07, the clerk began to call the roll: "Ala-*bam*-a!" Then, all of a sudden, the lights went out and the television went dead. "Damn it," the senator said. "Who blew a fuse?" Someone struck a match, and I could see a figure groping its way out to the kitchen. He put a penny in the fuse box and the lights came back on. Once again we sat down. We were still in time for the tail end of the count from Alabama. Again the lights went out. "Good God," the senator shouted. "What in hell's name is going on here? Mrs. Lincoln, maybe it is your electric typewriter that is doing this."

"It couldn't be her typewriter," someone said, "because it isn't even on." Again they fixed the lights, and again they blew. The senator was furious. "The convention will be over and we won't know what happened."

Someone said, "I know what's wrong. That air conditioner we brought in here today is taking too much electricity."

"Turn it off," the senator ordered. With the air conditioner off, the lights and the television stayed on, and Senator Kennedy was again making marks on the tally sheet.

Now the count was coming down to Washington and Wisconsin—I couldn't stand it any longer. I jumped up and shouted, "You need only eleven more votes!" It was 10:51 and the Wyoming delegation appeared on the screen. The senator said, "And there is Teddy with them. This should be it." And it was. Wyoming put him over the top. We all jumped up in unison and shouted, "Hooray!" The senator's first words were, "That's fine. Let's go. First, Mrs. Lincoln, call Jackie on my phone in the bedroom." I went into his bedroom and placed the call.

It took a few minutes, and while I was waiting for her to answer, the senator dialed his father on the living-room phone. I held the line open, talking to Jackie, until he came into the bedroom. "Isn't it wonderful," she said in her soft, warm voice. "I'm delighted." As soon as I handed the phone to him, I went out to the living room. A minute or two later he emerged from the bedroom and said, "Mrs. Lincoln, you are going to ride in my car." We stepped out of the front door to a thunder of cheers and the lightning of dozens of flashbulbs. We pushed through to the car. The senator said, "I will sit up in front. The light is better up there, and I might want to do a little writing." Motorcycle police cleared the way, and soon we were out on the Freeway, moving fast. This was my first motorcade ride, and I was excited. But the senator paid no attention whatever to the sirens; he took a slip of paper from his inside pocket, wrote a few words on it, looked ahead, wrote some more, hit his knee, folded the paper in his hand, opened the paper again, read some more, tapped his fingers on the dashboard, and finally put the paper away. The rest of the trip we rode in silence. Soon he was standing before the huge crowd, and the words were rolling out of his mouth as though he had written them weeks before, instead of only a few minutes ago in the front of the car.

During the campaign I was continually relaying calls and messages to the senator, as he stumped from town to town, but my mind was not on what I was doing. My father's health had been declining for some time. On October 5 the doctor called to tell me Dad had just died. We buried him in Nebraska on October 9, and Abe took me back to Washington on the 10th. At the office I learned that the senator had been trying to get in touch with me. When I called him, he said, "Mrs. Lincoln, I want you to join us in the campaign on the sixteenth. I've decided we can't do without you." I was thrilled. I think he felt the constant excitement would keep me from brooding about my father's death, and I was very grateful for his thoughtfulness.

Campaigning with the senator was fun but sometimes frightening. The crowds were usually large, and I learned to avoid the crush at all costs. California, Ohio, Illinois, Virginia, and on November 5 New York City—for me it was an endless blur of faces, a continuous shower of confetti and streamers. It was an experience few people ever have in a lifetime. And always the tension was building toward that one day when the American people would decide it all.

That day, Election Day, 1960, finally came. We flew to the lovely little town of Hyannis and drove out to Ambassador Kennedy's house. That night we were feeling great. Kennedy was piling up a big lead over Nixon. But as the night wore on this high tide began to recede. As his earlier electoral-vote margin began to dwindle, the senator walked around aimlessly. He was showing signs of increasing impatience. Finally he stood up, took one last look at the television, and said, "This probably won't be decided until morning. I think I'll go over to the house and get some sleep." Turning to Bob, he said, "Let me know if you hear anything." He turned and calmly went out the door. Near four o'clock, I, too, said goodnight to those too tired or too discouraged to leave. Ted Sorensen, who was also about to leave, said, "Do you have a ride down to your motel?" A few minutes later we were walking across the backyard of Bob's house and then across the senator's lawn. I looked over toward the senator's house and saw through a window a sight I will never forget. There in his big easy chair, the light at his shoulder, the senator sat reading a book. Suddenly I was certain he was going to be our next President. I felt that he knew he was going to win. He was already getting ready for the next phase of his life.

Senator Kennedy's weariness from the campaign vanished with the victory, and he plunged enthusiastically into planning for his Administration, choosing a Cabinet. He considered his Senate office too public a place for this delicate task—he preferred instead his home in Georgetown and his father's home in Palm Beach. He often flew to Palm Beach for short visits, but Jackie did not accompany him, because she was awaiting the birth of her baby, and wanted to be close to her doctor.

Our plane was within a few minutes of Palm Beach on the night of November 25, when a call came from the wire services for the senator: "It's a boy!" Pierre Salinger went through the plane announcing the news. The senator nervously paced the aisle and seemed unable to wait until the plane taxied up to the airport. He rushed to the telephone, and as soon as he learned that Jackie and the baby were coming along nicely, he said, "We're going back." He decided to use the press plane that had followed us, a larger, faster plane. I raced back, found a seat, and was just about to sit down, when I noticed the senator in the compartment just ahead. I walked through the door, and found him just sitting there, looking ahead with a broad smile on his face. It was the first time I had seen him alone since he heard the news, and so I said, "Congratulations on the birth of John Fitzgerald Kennedy Jr."

He looked up at me with that twinkle in his eye and said, "Come to think of it, I might call him Abraham Lincoln."

The next day, as the telegrams of congratulations poured into our temporary office at the Georgetown house, little Caroline stopped by to see me. As soon as she spotted the typewriter, she asked to type on it. She was so cute I couldn't refuse, and soon she was banging away at the keys. The next thing we knew it was broken and we had to call the repairman.

The following Monday Caroline was to have a birthday party—she was to be three years old—and she visited me again that morning. She was very excited about her party, and hopped around the room telling me all about it. Then she wanted to draw, so I gave her some paper and a pencil. She used first her left hand, then her right, but she seemed to favor the left. All she could do was to make circles, so she asked me to draw something. I am not much of an artist, but I drew what I thought was a cat.

"That's not a cat," she said.

"What's wrong with it?"

"He doesn't have whiskers. Where are the whiskers?" she asked.

All the time I was drawing cats, I was also answering the telephone and receiving messages for the senator in the living room. That afternoon the senator had an appointment with Dean

Caroline saw Mrs. Lincoln's typewriter and asked to type, and soon she was banging away at the keys. Later a repairman was summoned.

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Acheson, but before he left he stopped by the dining room to greet the children at the party. He went from one to another, patting them on the head and asking their names. I looked at Caroline; her eyes were sparkling with joy.

That same week the senator went to see President Eisenhower at the White House. He returned from that meeting in high spirits and told us, "The one thing that the President seemed to take pride in was a button on his desk that he said would produce, if he pushed it, a helicopter in three minutes right below on the south lawn. He was so enthusiastic about it, he did push the button, and a helicopter actually did appear in three minutes."

Soon it was homecoming day for Jackie and baby John. The senator was going to the hospital for them at 10:30 that morning, and he was obviously very excited about it. Twice in between his early-morning appointments he asked me to be sure to let him know well in advance when it was time for him to leave. Jackie looked lovelier than ever when she arrived home with her new baby, but she hardly had time to look around before we all were airborne for Palm Beach. It was in Palm Beach that we saw the old year out—a year so full of excitement, so rich with promise.

At breakfast on New Year's Day, the senator asked Lem Billings, an old friend who was spending a few days with the Kennedys, if he was thrilled to be eating breakfast with the next President of the United States. Billings said he had no feeling about it. Then I came in and he asked me, "Are you thrilled to be working for the President?

"I am overjoyed."

"See, there, she is thrilled and you, Lem, don't feel a thing." Then, with a twinkle in his eye, he said to Lem, "It is a privilege for you to be eating with the President."

On that day he seemed completely happy and carefree. His burdens and problems were in the future. When Caroline came bounding in, the senator said, "Happy New Year there, Buttons." She smiled and then came running into the library, looking for me.

"Happy New Year, Caroline," I said. She was dressed in a red outfit, and I told her she looked like a redbird.

"No, I am a little red mousey."

Three days later, with the Inauguration just 16 days away, we flew to New York, and on the trip back the President suddenly called, "Mrs. Lincoln, come in here and bring your pad." I scurried into his compartment, and he said, "I am going to dictate some thoughts that I have for my inaugural address." He dictated and dictated and dictated. In that dictation was the original version of the now-famous line: "Ask not what your country is going to do for you, ask what you can do for your country—my fellow citizens of the world."

One morning a few days later the senator was dictating a letter, when he looked into the mirror, stopped dictating, and exclaimed, "My God! Look at that fat face. If I don't lose five pounds this week, I might have to call off the inauguration." He looked so unhappy, as he pulled at his cheeks, I could hardly keep from laughing.

Back in Washington the following week, I heard him talking to his doctor on the telephone about his weight. The doctor said it was natural for him to gain because of the letup of his strenuous campaign activities, and because he was eating regular meals now. That seemed to satisfy the senator—he turned to me and said, "I'll have my usual breakfast."

I spent the night before Inauguration Day at the Kennedys' house in Georgetown. Before I turned out the light to go to sleep, I read over the inaugural speech that the new President was going to give the next day. It was his reading copy, and I was guarding it with my life. I was awakened about eight A.M. by a rustling outside my door. Then I heard a knock and the voice of the President-elect. "Mrs. Lincoln, can I have the reading copy of my inauguration speech?" I jumped out of bed, opened the door, and handed him the speech.

I had my breakfast in my room. While I was eating, the President was in the bathroom next to my bedroom, taking a bath and reading his inaugural speech out loud. I thought, the entire world will be listening to him give that address at noon today, but here I am getting a private preview.

When he left the bathroom, he hollered, "Please have my breakfast served in the living room." In his bedroom he was still reading his speech. He continued to read it aloud as he walked down to the living room and in between bites of his breakfast.

When he was dressing for the inaugural ceremony, a comic emergency developed. He couldn't find the right collar. "Call my father and see if he has one I can wear."

I called the house where his father was staying and was told, "If you can send someone over, he can have one of his collars." Muggsie went over and came back with the collar. Then another emergency—it didn't fit. We dug through all of his old collars and finally came up with one that was right. It was really an ordeal getting him ready.

Some photographers drove me to the Capitol. I worked my way to the platform and found a space on the steps near a friend of the Kennedys. I was glad to find someone I knew—I had left my ticket back home in the dresser drawer. During the ceremony I studied the new President. He looked so slight sitting there, too slight, almost, for the heavy weight he would have to carry by day and by night. And then he rose and began his speech, and I was seized by a solid, unforgettable feeling that America possessed a leader. □

In the second part of her memoir, Mrs. Lincoln gives her account of John F. Kennedy's years in the White House.

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The Mecca Lunch kid

An error-prone hitter named Ward could win the flag for Chicago.

By MYRON COPE

AS the White Sox players filed through the Cleveland airport toward a plane that would take them home to Chicago, third-baseman Pete Ward called out, "Hey, hold up the plane. I left a suit behind."

"We'll phone the hotel and have them forward it," said Ed Short, the Sox general manager. "What room were you in?"

"I think it was 2321," said Pete.

Short scowled. "It couldn't be," he said. "The hotel's only fifteen stories high."

"Oh. Then I must have left it in Detroit."

Peter Thomas Dawson Ward—a dumpy, rumpled, forgetful man just turned 26—is the player on whom turns Chicago's hope of an American League pennant. He stands a fraction of an inch over six feet but appears much shorter, because his 210 pounds are assembled like a Goodwill bundle. He wobbles about on thick, bowed legs. Blue-eyed, and with a ragged fuzz of light-brown hair atop his head, Pete normally wears a crooked, bemused grin. He is, as manager Al Lopez admits, "not exactly the picture of an athlete."

Still, he has a flair for hitting a baseball, and in Chicago that is as rare as a conventioneer who shuns whisky and women. Manager Lopez classes Ward as "one of the four or five best hitters in the league," and pitcher Dean Chance of the Los Angeles Angels calls him the league's toughest clutch hitter.

Not since 1944, when only one and a half games separated the top four clubs going into September, has the American League been so scrambled. Six teams have seriously eyed the pennant. Five of them have at least a modicum of muscle at bat. And the White Sox? They go along winning games by scores of 1–0, 2–1, and on big days, 3–2. Traditionally a team that travels on its pitching, even the pitchers this season did not show signs of real class till mid-summer. Thanks mostly to knuckleball relief man Eddie Fisher, who stepped into 32 of the first 53 games and performed brilliantly, the Sox kept opponents at bay. Meanwhile, the best that could be said of Chicago's hitting was that it persevered. Outfielder Danny Cater, a Philadelphia castoff, flashed an early spring bat, then slumped. Shortstop Ron Hansen, a .239 hitter during most of his career, produced his rare hits at the most opportune moments, and first-baseman Moose Skowron, pushing 35, also hit in the clutch but was sustained by linament and tape. In the entire Sox batting order, the only hitter with a record of both consistency and power is flaky, amiable Pete Ward.

The trouble with Pete, however, is that he has had recurring muscle spasms in his neck—the result of a minor auto accident last winter. Lopez can put up with Pete's forgetting his suitcase for a road trip, as he did not long ago, but the manager cannot afford the pain in the neck that three times removed Ward from the lineup before the season was half through. During one such absence, of little more than a week, the punchless Sox lost five straight games.

At his absentminded worst, Ward nonpluses such teammates as outfielder Dave Nicholson, who upon entering the clubhouse one day pointed out to Pete that if he would inspect himself closely, he would discover that he was wearing a No. 11 uniform shirt—that is, Nicholson's. "Golly, you're right," said Pete. "Where's mine?" A quick search supplied the answer. Pete had put on his own shirt, forgotten what he had done, and pulled Nicholson's shirt over it.

Although hitting at a .300 clip for most of this season, Pete remains somewhat astonished by his own success. "Many times," he says, "I've asked myself, 'What the hell am I doing here?'" As a teen-ager, while baseball scouts were lavishing bonuses on high-school boys, Pete performed in unscouted anonymity as a shortstop for Mecca Lunch, Portland, Ore. Today, still an unpaid Mecca Lunch kid at heart, he keeps a ball autographed by Joe DiMaggio. When a photographer posed him with Mickey Mantle last year, Pete ordered

"I'm exciting," says Ward, who won job as White Sox third baseman because of his hitting, and in spite of his fielding. "When they hit me a ground ball, it's exciting to see what I do with it."

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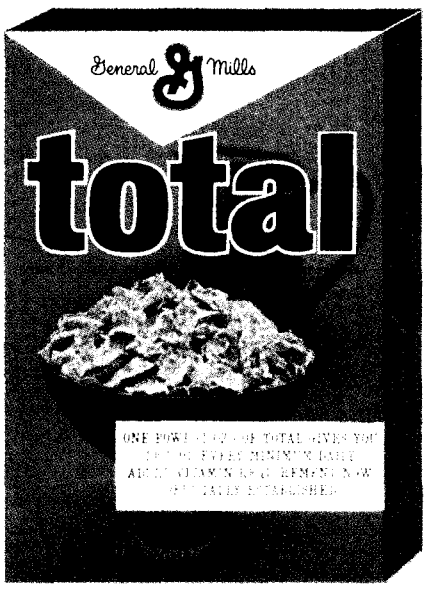

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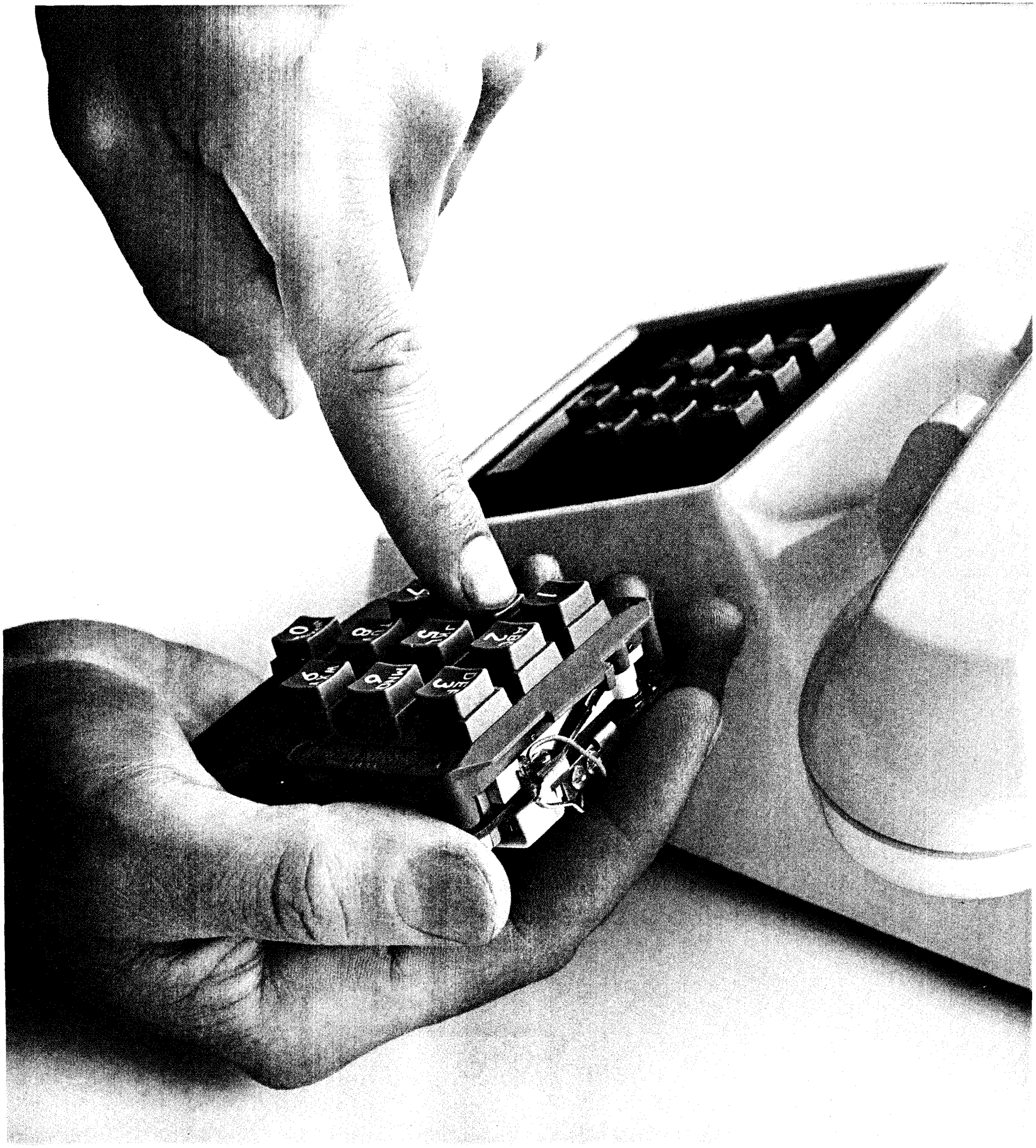

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half a dozen prints of the picture. "He doesn't really seem to realize he's part of all this," his wife Margaret says.

In their efforts to describe him, Chicago sportswriters come up with whimsical images. "He is built somewhat like a white sumo wrestler," says columnist Bill Gleason of the *American*. Richard Dozer of the Chicago *Tribune* remarks, "Pete is, how shall I put it, pleasingly unkempt."

"I'd say that's a little complimentary," commented Margaret Ward over late-morning coffee recently. A pert vivacious woman in matching orange Shantung slacks and sleeveless Floridian blouse, she had just seen her husband make a Dagwood-type exit from their South Shore Drive apartment overlooking Lake Michigan. He had awakened only 15 minutes before he was due at the ball park, and had scrambled into yesterday's clothes. "When I pack his bags for a road trip," sighed Margaret, "I put appropriate shirts and ties with each suit, and I attach little notes saying, 'Wear *this* with *this*.' But he ends up going the whole trip in some hideous combination like a red-and-black mohair suit with a striped shirt. The last time he came home with a T-shirt and pair of undershorts that didn't even belong to him."

Pete would not be on the Sox at all had it not been for Chicago coach Charlie Metro, his first manager in the minors. Three seasons ago, when the Sox engineered a trade with Baltimore that now stands as a fleecing, they obtained shortstop Hansen, outfielder Nicholson, relief pitcher Hoyt Wilhelm, and—because Metro insisted he be thrown into the pot—third-baseman Ward. Only Nicholson has been a bench warmer. For the four, Baltimore received Luis Aparicio, a classy shortstop, and Al Smith, a third baseman who after one hapless year with the Orioles became a saloonkeeper. "I projected," says Metro, "that Ward would hit close to .300, get about twenty-five home runs, and on occasion smell up third base."

Pete has fulfilled Metro's projections practically to the letter. In mid-June, for example, when the Sox and Minnesota Twins opened a three-game showdown series for first place at Comiskey Park, Harmon Killebrew smashed a hard bouncer to Pete's right. Pete lunged to backhand the ball, but it smacked into his elbow, rolled down his arm, and fell at his feet. He picked up the ball—and then dropped it, by which time Killebrew was resting comfortably on first base. Two innings later, Bob Allison hit an easy roller to Pete, who took two steps forward and scooped up the ball nicely. With plenty of time at his disposal, he carefully cocked his arm; remembered that Lopez had urged him to throw hard, and hurled the ball six feet over first-baseman Moose Skowron's head. "I'm not an important player," said Pete later, striving to put himself in perspective. "But I'm exciting. When they hit me a ground ball, it's exciting to see what I do with it."

Though Pete throws right-handed, he bats left-handed with a style that can only be described as inimitable. To begin with, while awaiting his turn at bat, he wanders around the on-deck circle, sometimes twirling his bat like a baton. (Not long ago, umpire Ed Hurley turned to the Sox dugout and snapped, "Make him stand still!") Once in the batter's box, Pete folds himself into an awkward crouch, his rear foot pointed straight at the plate and his front foot pointed at the pitcher. Pete swings *up* at the ball, rather than down as prescribed by batting coaches, and concedes with some embarrassment, "I got a real silly stance. Fundamentally I got a bad swing."

Says Lopez, recalling the day Pete reported to the Sox: "He's up there spitting in his hands when the pitcher's winding up, and he's swishing his bat back and forth while the ball's coming at him. I said to myself, 'My God, this is what we gave up Aparicio for?'"

Born in Montreal, the son of a National Hockey League star named Jimmy Ward, Pete lived after the age of six in Portland, where his father first coached a minor-league hockey team and now sells automobile parts. Besides playing sandlot ball, Pete made the Jefferson High varsity as a four-foot-nine freshman, but even though he began to sprout in his senior year, scouts ignored him. "Each year," says Pete, "an all-city team was selected—there was a first-string all-city team, a second-string all-city, and honorable mention, which usually included one or two guys at every position. There were only eight schools in the league, so about forty percent of the players had to make *something*." Pete made nothing.

He enrolled at Lewis and Clark College to study business administration, and finally began to hit. Though he had only nine home runs in the two years he spent there, he hit over .400 both years. In 1958 a Baltimore scout named Don McShane noted his enthusiasm and his batting average and signed him for a modest $4,000 bonus and a salary of $400 a month. At Stockton, a Class C team in the California State League, Ward roomed with Bo Belinsky, the fabled swinger and currently a pitcher for the Phillies, who remembers him well.

"He was a muddy-looking ballplayer," Belinsky says. "He was the kind of guy who if he hasn't been crawling around in the dirt all day, he feels the day's wasted." Though Ward hit 16 home runs and batted .321, he struck few people as a major-league prospect. For one thing, he held his bat with his hands four to five inches apart, as if he had become acquainted with the game at a girls' finishing school. "Just from appearance-wise," says Belinsky thoughtfully, "I never thought he would make it."

At Ardmore, Okla., his fifth stop in the minors, Pete hit only three home runs in 73 games, and at season's end was advised to try holding his bat like an athlete. Wintering in Portland, he one day became itchy to try the new grip, and promptly hitchhiked 1,400 miles to Scottsdale, Ariz., where a winter league was in progress. He begged a few swings in batting practice, found the new grip to his liking, and hitchhiked home.

That winter the Orioles traded him to the Sox. Even though he had seldom played third the previous season, manager Lopez decided to try him at that position—chiefly because the departure of Al Smith left Chicago without a third baseman. Ward won the job—but only because his robust hitting offset his unpredictable fielding.

On opening day of the 1963 season he smashed a seventh-inning home run to beat Detroit, and promptly embarked on an 18-game hitting streak. But in one game, Sox pitcher John Buzhardt was working on a shutout against Boston, mindful of the fact that a Chicago shoe store was offering a free pair of shoes for every shutout turned in by a Sox pitcher. In the ninth inning Buzhardt faced Frank Malzone.

"Malzone," Pete remembers, "took a big, hellacious swing and hit a little dribbler at me. I figured I gotta fire it." Unknown to Pete, Malzone had fallen flat on his face from his big, hellacious swing. Ward snatched up the ball and fired it into the stands. Malzone arose, dusted off his uniform, and walked to second base. "You going halves with the shoe store?" Buzhardt grumbled.

Thankful for Pete's bat, Sox pitchers usually abided his errors in silence. *The Sporting News* named him the league's Rookie of the Year in 1963, for he had hit .295 and banged 22 home runs, but he also had led the league with an impressive total of 38 errors. "About twenty-eight or twenty-nine of them were throwing errors," Pete said. "How can a first baseman let twenty-eight or twenty-nine throws get by him?"

Flushed by his Rookie of the Year award, Pete married his college sweetheart, Margaret Huntington, thereby culminating a rather unusual courtship.

"Throughout the season," Margaret says, "he would write me every day, faithfully, but he'd never *say* anything. He would scrawl all over the paper in large handwriting, so that his letters would come to a nice, fat four pages. And he was forever going into those photo booths in bus depots and posing for absolutely grotesque pictures, which he would caption and send to me. In one picture he was flapping his hands at his ears, and the caption read, JUNIOR BIRDMAN. He posed for another picture popeyed and captioned it, THIS NO-DOZE DOESN'T WORK AT ALL."

Defying the sophomore jinx and the spacious dimensions of Comiskey Park, Ward hit 23 home runs and averaged a respectable .282. The figures so well pleased general manager Ed Short that after Pete's rookie season Short doubled his salary, from $8,000 to $16,000, and after Pete's second season Short turned to him during a plane trip and handed him a blank contract, saying, "You fill it in." Knowing that Ward had brooded about missing out on big bonus money, Short reasoned that his grand gesture would delight him. Two weeks later Short said to him, "Did you fill out that contract?"

"No," replied Pete. "I don't know how much to put down."

Short virtually doubled his salary again, paying him approximately $30,000 this year. Except for the neck injury that has plagued him, the season has progressed about as expected. Ward has reeled off hitting streaks of 12 and 15 games, gone hitless in only 10 of the Sox' first 71 games, and created a certain edgy relationship with Moose Skowron, the latest first baseman. (Two others, Joe Cunningham and Jim Lemon, departed, presumably in a state of shock.) Last season Pete cut his errors from 38 to 19, but this year he already had 15 by the end of June, and Skowron's morale was low.

If Pete's unruly bat somehow carries the Sox through the home stretch of the pennant race, he will surely be in line for another raise. In any case, his future is one that Bo Belinsky—who once thought the absent-minded infielder would never make it to the big leagues—now dares not minimize.

"They say Ford Frick sometimes has trouble finding his office," reflects Bo thoughtfully. "Who knows? Pete may wind up commissioner." □

"Now there was an investment."

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JOHN WAYNE A love song

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Superstar Wayne lounges on location at Durango, Mexico, where shooting of Western, THE SONS OF KATIE ELDER, took place.

Photographs by John R. Hamilton

By Joan Didion

In the summer of 1943 I was eight, and my father and mother and small brother and I were at Peterson Field in Colorado Springs. A hot wind blew through that summer, blew until it seemed that before August broke, all the dust in Kansas would be in Colorado, would have drifted over the tar-paper barracks and the temporary strip and stopped only when it hit Pikes Peak. There was not much to do, a summer like that: there was the day they brought in the first B-29, an event to remember, but scarcely a vacation program. There was an Officers' Club, but no swimming pool; all the club had of interest was artificial blue rain behind the bar. The rain interested me a good deal, but I could not spend the summer watching it, and so we went, my brother and I, to the movies.

We went three and four afternoons a week, sat on folding chairs in the darkened Quonset hut which served as a theater; and it was there, that summer of 1943 while the hot wind blew outside, that I first saw John Wayne. Saw the walk, heard the voice. Heard him tell the girl in *War of the Wildcats* that he would build her a house, "at the bend in the river where the cottonwoods grow." As it happened, I did not grow up to be the kind of girl who is the heroine in a Western, and although the men I have known have had many virtues and have taken me to live in many places I have come to love, they have never been John Wayne, and they have never taken me to that bend in the river where the cottonwoods grow. Deep in that part of my heart where the artificial rain forever falls, that is still the line I wait to hear.

I tell you this neither in a spirit of self-revelation nor as an exercise in total recall, but simply to demonstrate that when John Wayne rode through my childhood, and very probably through yours, he determined forever the shape of certain of our dreams. It did not seem possible that such a man could fall ill, could carry within him that most inexplicable and ungovernable of diseases. The rumor struck some obscure dread, threw our very childhoods into question. In John Wayne's world, John Wayne was supposed to give the orders. "Let's ride," he said, and "Saddle up." "Forward ho," and "A man's gotta do what he's gotta do." "Hello, there," he said when he first saw the girl, in a construction camp or on a train or just standing around on the front porch waiting for somebody to ride up through the tall grass. When John Wayne spoke, there was no mistaking his intentions; he had a sexual authority so strong that even a child could perceive it. And in a world we understand early to be characterized by venality and doubt and paralyzing ambiguities, he suggested another world, one which may or may not have existed ever, but in any case existed no more—a place where a man could move free, could make his own code and live by it; a world in which, if a man did what he had to do, he could one day take the girl and go riding through the draw and find himself home free, not in a hospital with something going wrong inside, not in a high bed with the flowers and the drugs and the forced smiles, but there at the bend in the bright river, the cottonwoods shimmering in the morning sun.

"Hello, there." Where did he come from, before the tall grass? Even his history seemed right, for it was no history at all, nothing to intrude upon the dream. Born Marion Morrison in Winterset, Iowa, the son of a druggist. Moved as a child to Lancaster, Calif., part of the migration to that promised land sometimes called the "west coast of Iowa." Not that Lancaster was the promise fulfilled; Lancaster was a town on the Mojave where the dust blew through. But Lancaster was still California, and it was only a year from there to Glendale, where desolation had a different flavor: antimacassars among the orange groves, a middle-class prelude to Forest Lawn. Imagine Marion Morrison in Glendale. A Boy Scout, then a student at Glendale High. A tackle for U.S.C., a Sigma Chi. Summer vacations, a job moving props on the old Fox lot. There, a meeting with John Ford, one of the several directors who were to sense that into this perfect mold might be poured the inarticulate longings of a nation wondering at just what pass the trail had been lost. "Dammit," said Raoul Walsh later, "the s.o.b. looked like a man." And so after a while the boy from Glendale became a star. He did not become an actor, as he has always pointed out to interviewers ("How many times do I gotta tell you, I don't act at all, I re-act"), but a star, and the star called John Wayne would spend most of the rest of his life with one or another of those directors, out on some forsaken location, in search of the dream. "*Out where the skies are a trifle bluer, out where friendship's a little truer, that's where the West begins.*"

Nothing very bad could happen in the dream, nothing a man could not face down. But something did. There it was—the rumor, and after a while the headlines. "I licked the Big C," John Wayne announced, as John Wayne would, reducing those outlaw cells to the level of any other outlaws; but even so, we all sensed that this would be the one unpredictable confrontation, the one shoot-out Wayne could lose. I have as much trouble as the next person with illusion and reality, and I did not much want to see John Wayne when he must be (or so I thought) having some trouble with it himself, but I did, and it was down in Mexico when he was making the picture his illness had so long delayed, down in the very country of the dream.

It was John Wayne's 165th picture. It was Henry Hathaway's 84th. It was number 34 for Dean Martin, who was working off an old contract to Hal Wallis, for whom it was independent production number 65. It was a Western called *The Sons of Katie Elder*, and after the three-month delay they had finally shot the exteriors up in Durango, and now they were in the waning days of interior shooting at Estudio Churubusco outside Mexico City, and the sun was hot and the air was clear and it was lunchtime. Out under the pepper trees the boys from the Mexican crew sat around sucking caramels, and down the road some of the technical men sat around a place which served a stuffed lobster and a glass of tequila for one dollar American, but it was inside the cavernous, empty commissary where the talent sat around, the reasons

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'That guy Wayne has got the best hook since Dempsey.'

Sitting in on filming of KATIE, *Wayne's third wife, Pilar, comforts their three-year-old son John Ethan.*

for the exercise, all sitting around the big table picking at *huevos con queso* and Carta Blanca beer. Dean Martin, unshaven. Mack Gray, Martin's business secretary, who goes where Dean goes, makes arrangements, feeds him jokes. Bob Goodfried, who is in charge of Paramount publicity, and who had flown down to arrange for a trailer and who had a delicate stomach. "Tea and toast," he warned repeatedly. "That's the ticket." And Henry Hathaway, the director, who did not seem to be listening to Goodfried. And John Wayne, who did not seem to be listening to anyone.

"This week's gone slow," Martin said for the third time.

"How can you say that?" Mack Gray demanded.

"*This . . . week's . . . gone . . . slow*, that's how I can say it."

"You don't mean you want it to end."

"I'll say it right out, Mack, I want it to *end*. Tomorrow night I shave this beard, I head for the airport, I say *adiós, amigos!* Bye-bye, *muchachos!*"

Henry Hathaway lit a cigar and patted Martin's arm fondly. "Not tomorrow, Dino."

"Henry, what are you planning to add? A World War?"

Hathaway patted Martin's arm again and gazed into the middle distance. At the end of the table someone mentioned a man who, some years before, had tried unsuccessfully to blow up an airplane.

"He's still in jail," Hathaway said suddenly.

"In jail?" Martin was momentarily distracted from the question of whether to send his golf clubs back with Bob Goodfried or consign them to Mack Gray. "What's he in jail for if nobody got killed?"

"Attempted murder, Dino," Hathaway said gently. "A felony."

"You mean some guy just *tried* to kill me he'd end up in jail?"

Hathaway removed the cigar from his mouth. "Some guy just tried to kill *me*, he wouldn't end up in jail. How about you, Duke?"

Very slowly, the object of Hathaway's query wiped his mouth, pushed back his chair and stood up. It was the real thing, the authentic article, the move which had climaxed a thousand scenes on 165 flickering frontiers and battlefields, and it was about to climax this one, in the commissary at Estudio Churubusco outside Mexico City. "Right," John Wayne drawled. "I'd kill him."

Almost all the cast of *Katie Elder* had gone home, that last week; only the principals were left, Wayne, and Martin, and Earl Holliman, and Michael Anderson Jr. and Martha Hyer. Martha Hyer was not around much, but every now and then someone referred to her, usually as "the girl." They had all been together nine weeks, six of them in Durango. Mexico City was not quite Durango; wives like to come along to places like Mexico City, like to shop for handbags, go to parties at Merle Oberon Pagliai's house. But Durango. The very name hallucinates. Man's country. Out where the West begins. There had been *ahuehuete* trees in Durango; a waterfall, rattlesnakes. There had been weather, nights so cold that they had postponed one or two exteriors until they could shoot inside at Churubusco. "It was the girl," they explained. "You couldn't keep the girl out in cold like that." Henry Hathaway had cooked in Durango, *gazpacho* and ribs and the steaks that Dean Martin had ordered flown down from the Sands; he had wanted to cook in Mexico City, but the management of the Hotel Bamer refused to let him set up a brick barbecue in his room. "You really missed something—*Durango*," they would say, sometimes joking and sometimes not, until it became a refrain, Eden lost.

But if Mexico City was not Durango, neither was it Beverly Hills. No one else was using Churubusco that week, and there inside the big sound stage that said LOS HIJOS DE KATIE ELDER on the door, they could still, for just so long as the picture lasted, maintain a world peculiar to men who like to make Westerns, a world of loyalties and fond raillery, of sentiment and shared cigars, of interminable desultory recollections.

"Stunt man got hit accidentally on a picture of mine once," Hathaway would say between takes of an elaborately choreographed fight scene. "What was his name, married a girl he met in Arizona."

The circle would close around him, the cigars would be fingered. The delicate art of the staged fight was to be contemplated.

"I only hit one guy in my life," Wayne would say. "That was Mike Mazurki."

"Some guy. Hey, Duke says he only hit one guy in his life, Mike Mazurki."

"Some choice." Murmurings, assent.

"It wasn't a choice, it was an accident."

"I can believe it."

"You bet."

"Oh boy. Mike Mazurki."

And so it would go. There was Web Overlander, Wayne's makeup man for 20 years, hunched in a blue Windbreaker, passing out sticks of chewing gum. "*Insect* spray," he would say. "Don't tell us about insect spray. We saw insect spray in Africa, all right. Remember Africa?" Or, "*Steamer* clams. Don't tell us about steamer clams. We got our fill of steamer clams all right, on the *Hatari!* appearance tour. Remember Bookbinder's?" There was Ralph Volkie, Wayne's trainer for 11 years, wearing a red baseball cap and carrying around a clipping from Hedda Hopper, a tribute to Wayne. "This Hopper's some lady," he would say again and again. "Not like some of these guys, all they write is sick, sick, sick. How can you call that guy *sick*, when he's got pains, coughs, works all day, *never complains*. That guy's got the best hook since Dempsey, not *sick*."

And there was Wayne himself, fighting through number 165. There was Wayne, in his 33-year-old spurs, his dusty neckerchief, his blue shirt. "You don't have too many worries about what to wear in these things," he said. "You can wear a blue shirt, or, if you're down in Monument Valley, you can wear a yellow shirt." There was Wayne, in a relatively new hat, a hat which made him look curiously like William S. Hart. "I had this old cavalry hat I loved, but I lent it to Sammy Davis. I got it back, it was unwearable. I think they all pushed it down on his head and said *OK, John Wayne*—you know, a joke."

There was Wayne, working too soon, finishing the picture with a bad cold and a racking cough, so tired by late afternoon that he kept an oxygen inhalator on the set. And still, nothing mattered but The Code. "That guy," he muttered of a reporter who had incurred his displeasure years ago.

He paused, about to expose the heart of the matter, the root of the distaste, the fracture of the rules that bothered him more than the alleged misquotations, more than the intimation that he was no longer the Ringo Kid. "He comes down, uninvited, but I ask him over anyway. So we're sitting around drinking mescal out of a water jug."

He paused again and looked meaningfully at Hathaway, readying him for the unthinkable denouement: "He had to be *assisted* to his room."

They argued about the virtues of various prizefighters; they argued about the price of J&B in pesos. They argued about dialogue. They exchanged endless training-table jokes. "You know why they call this memory sauce?" Martin asked holding up a bowl of chili. "Why?" "Because you remember it in the morning." "Hear that, Duke? Hear why they call this memory sauce?" They delighted one another by blocking out minute variations in the free-for-all fight which is a set piece in Wayne pictures; motivated or totally gratuitous, the fight scene has to be in the picture, because they so enjoy making it. "Listen—this'll really be funny. Duke picks up the kid, see, and then it takes both Dino and Earl to throw him out the door—*how's that?*"

They communicated by sharing old jokes; they sealed their camaraderie by making gentle, old-fashioned fun of wives, those civilizers, those tamers. "So Señora Wayne takes it into her head to stay up and have one brandy. So for the rest of the night it's 'Yes, Pilar, you're right, dear. I'm a bully, Pilar, you're right, I'm impossible.'" "You hear that? Duke says Pilar threw a table at him." "Hey, Duke, here's something funny. That finger you hurt today, get the Doc to bandage it up, go home tonight, show it to Pilar, tell her she did it when she threw the table. You know, make her think she was really cutting up."

They treated the oldest among them respectfully; they treated the youngest fondly. "You see that kid?" they said of Michael Anderson Jr., a lanky young man who was playing one of Wayne's brothers. "What a kid." "He don't act, it's right from the heart," said Hathaway, patting his heart. "Hey, kid," Martin said. "You're gonna be in my next picture. We'll have the whole thing, no beards.

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The striped shirts, the girls, the hi-fi." They ordered Anderson his own chair, with BIG MIKE tooled on the back. When it arrived on the set, Hathaway hugged him. "You see that?" Anderson asked Wayne, suddenly too shy to look him in the eye. Wayne gave him the smile, the nod, the final accolade. "I saw it, kid."

On the morning of the day they were to finish *Katie Elder*, Web Overlander showed up not in his Windbreaker but in a blue blazer. "Home, Mama," he said, passing out the last of his chewing gum. "I got on my getaway clothes." But he was subdued. At noon, Henry Hathaway's wife dropped by the commissary to tell him that she might fly over to Acapulco. "Go ahead," he told her. "I get through here, all I'm gonna do is take Seconal to a point just this side of suicide." They were all subdued. After Mrs. Hathaway left, there were desultory attempts at reminiscing, but man's country was receding fast; they were already halfway home, and all they could call up was the 1961 Bel Air fire, during which Henry Hathaway had ordered the firemen off his property and saved the place himself by, among other measures, throwing everything flammable into the swimming pool. "Those fire guys might have given it up," Wayne said. "Just let it burn." This was a good story, but a Bel Air story was still not a Durango story.

In the early afternoon they began the last scene, and although they spent as much time as possible setting it up, the moment finally came when there was nothing to do but shoot it. "Second team out, first team in, doors closed," the assistant director shouted one last time. The stand-ins walked off the set; John Wayne and Martha Hyer walked on. "All right, boys, *silencio*, this is a picture." And it was. They took it twice. Twice the girl offered John Wayne the tattered Bible. Twice John Wayne told her that "there's a lot of places I go where that wouldn't fit in." Everyone was very still. And at 2:30 that Friday afternoon Henry Hathaway turned away from the camera, and in the hush which followed he ground out his cigar in a sand bucket. "OK," he said, "that's it." The dream dissolved again.

Since that summer of 1943 I had thought of John Wayne in a number of ways. I had thought of him driving cattle up from Texas, and bringing airplanes in on a single engine, thought of him telling the girl at the Alamo that "Republic is a beautiful word." I had never thought of him having dinner with his family and with me and my husband in an expensive restaurant in Chapultepec Park, but time brings odd mutations, and there we were, one night that last week in Mexico. For a while it was only a nice evening, an evening anywhere. We had a lot of drinks, and I lost the sense that the face across the table was in certain ways more familiar than my husband's.

And then something happened. Suddenly the room seemed suffused with the dream, and I could not think why. Three men appeared out of nowhere, playing guitars. I watched Pilar Wayne lean slightly forward, and John Wayne lift his glass almost imperceptibly toward her. "We'll need some Pouilly-Fuissé for the rest of the table," I heard him say, "and some red Bordeaux for the Duke." We all smiled, and drank the Pouilly-Fuissé for the rest of the table and the red Bordeaux for the Duke, and all the while the men with the guitars kept playing, until finally I realized what they were playing, what they had been playing all along: *The Red River Valley* and the theme from *The High and the Mighty*. They did not quite get the beat right, but even now I can hear them, in another country and a long time later, even as I tell you this. □

Wayne and John Ethan mosey around Durango area, where cast roughed it for six weeks.

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Editorial

Reflections on Hiroshima

"Tell me yourself, I challenge you—answer. Imagine that you are creating a fabric of human destiny with the object of making men happy in the end, giving them peace and rest at last, but that it was essential and inevitable to torture to death only one tiny creature—that baby beating its breast with its fist, for instance—and to found that edifice on its unavenged tears, would you consent to be the architect on those conditions? Tell me, and tell the truth."

—THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV

It is strange how the years change our judgments of our own acts. There were fratricidal divisions, for example, over the idea of our declaring our independence from Britain, of maintaining the Union by force, and of entering two World Wars—ideas that have since been hallowed by a quality of apparent inevitability. On the other hand, there was virtual unanimity on some courses of action that now seem to have been little better than crimes—the military occupation of the South, the persistent defrauding and massacring of the Indians, the imperialistic attacks on Mexico and Spain.

Twenty years after World War II, in which we did fight for the just cause of defeating Fascism, we nonetheless try to ignore or forget the hysterical bigotry that prompted us to send thousands of loyal Japanese-American Nisei to concentration camps. And we try even harder to avoid any moral judgment on our act of dropping atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Then and now, we find it easier to declare that it was an act of military necessity, a necessity to win a just war, and thus immune to moral considerations. Harry Truman, for one, has said that he never lost any sleep over the decision to drop the bomb.

His decision was probably the right one, particularly in terms of the military and political views that govern a nation at war. In those days the major questions concerning any decision were: Will it help win the war? Will it help win it sooner? Will it save American lives? The answers, obviously, were: "Yes." As for any doubts about our attacking undefended civilians, we might as well admit that in times of war we become animal enough to consider the enemy even more animal, deserving only destruction, and his women and children with him. We might as well admit, too, that we then regarded the Japanese in particular as members of an inferior race. Having dared to attack us, we thought, they deserved any retribution we could inflict on them.

Although Truman was justified in his answer to the questions of 1945, the questions themselves have changed over the years. The problem then was: Shall we conquer the aggressor and end the war by dropping fantastic new weapons on his major cities? Now it might be phrased rather differently: Are we justified, for the sake of shortening the war by a few months, in killing and maiming thousands of civilians—men, women, and children—and even poisoning them with so much radioactivity that they and their offspring will be crippled by cancers 20 years after their government has surrendered? If a President could still answer yes, he might nonetheless spend a sleepless night before answering.

It is a credit to the human race that the bombs detonated at a climax of hatred have not been used in anger in the 20 years since then. At crises of violence over Berlin, or Hungary, or Cuba, responsible men in both Washington and Moscow have remembered the legacy of Hiroshima, that the bomb is not only a terrible wound to suffer but a terrible wound to inflict. Yet now that the war in Vietnam reaches ever more dangerous levels of violence, it appears easy for the ignorant and the forgetful—on both sides—to talk about "toughness" and "teaching a lesson." It is apparently equally easy for the bloodless scholars of strategy to talk about "escalation" and "commitment" and "interdiction." Someone once said that the worst crime was to treat human beings as though they were objects, and that is what the slogans of belligerence imply—that we cannot settle our differences except by blind outbursts of destruction, that we have some kind of commitment more important than our commitment to human life.

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